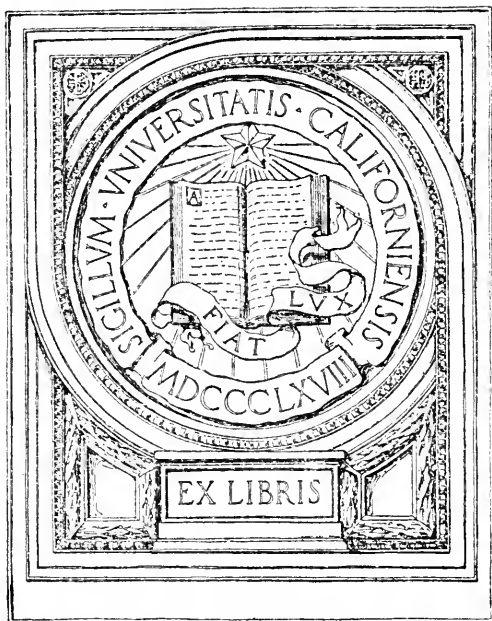


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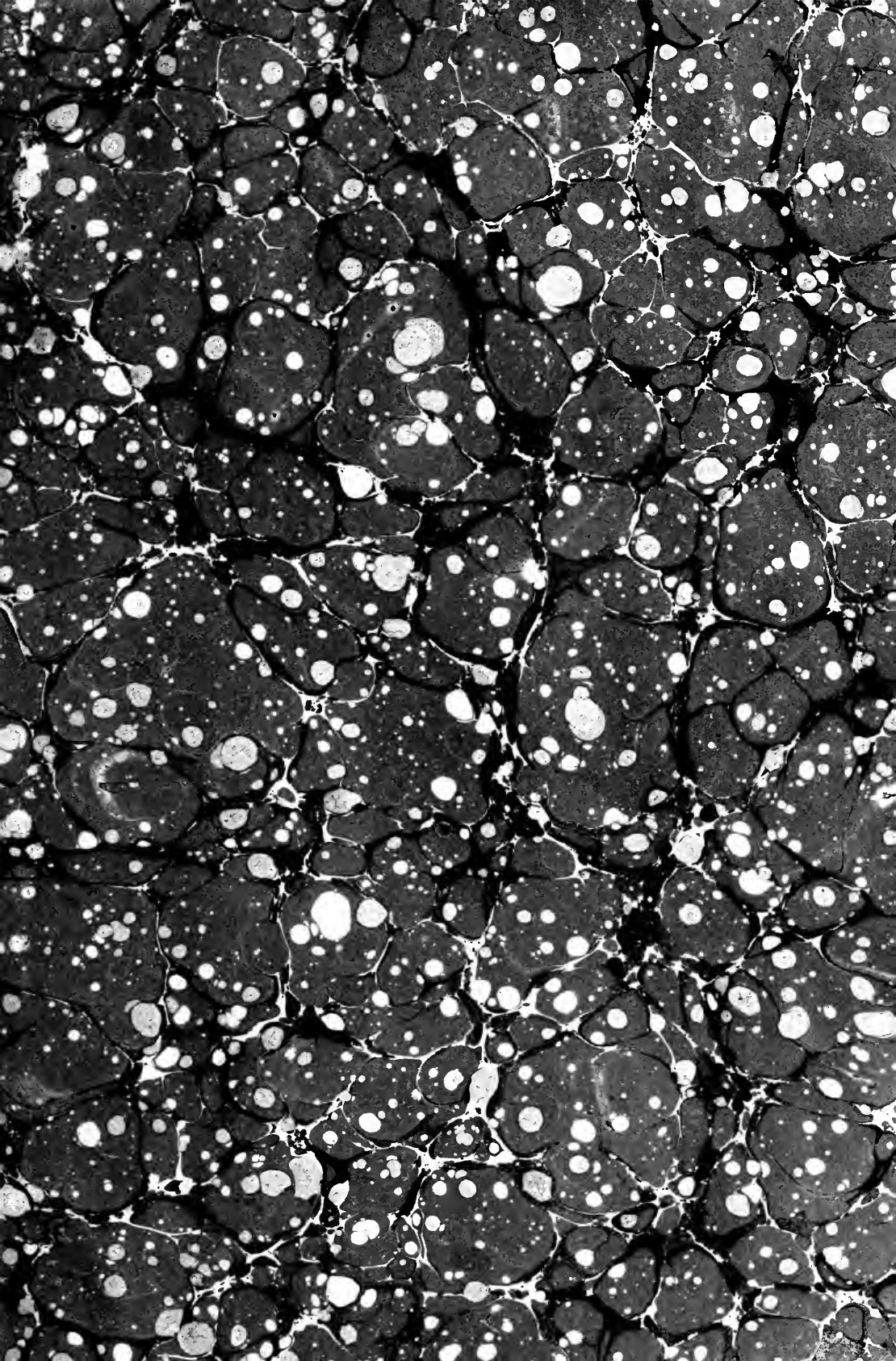
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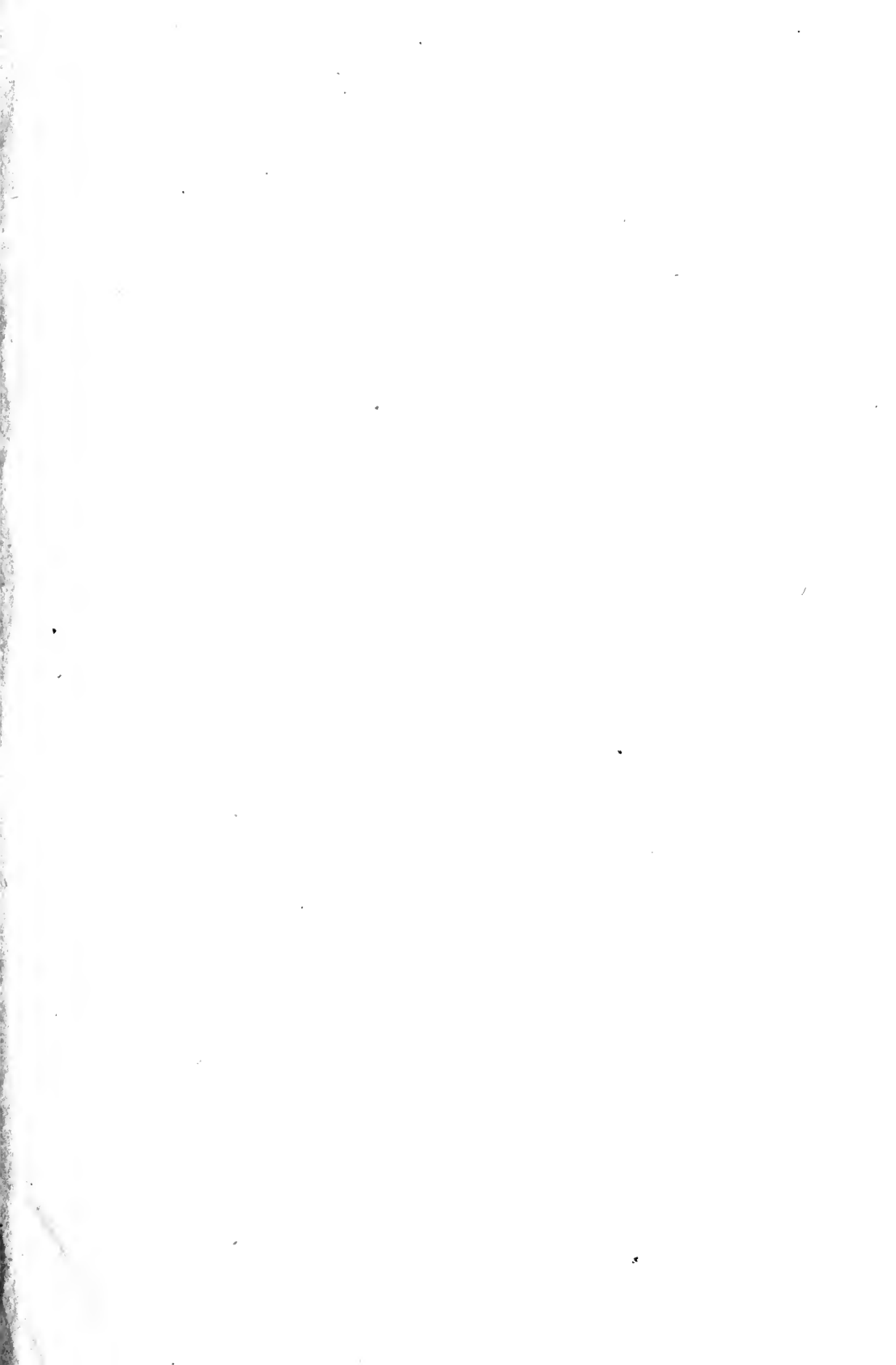
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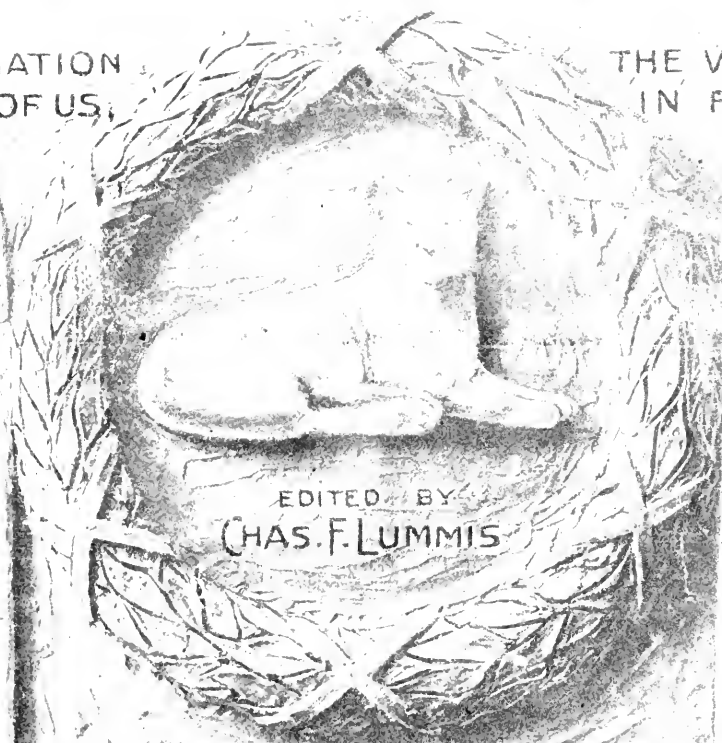


Vol. XXIII, No. 1

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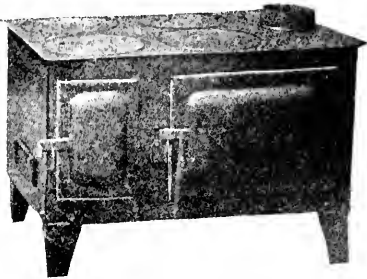


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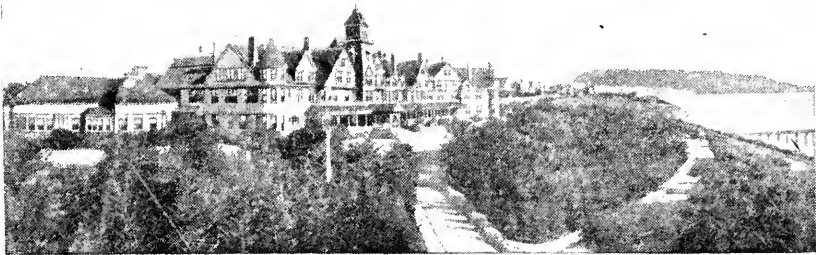
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The Nation Back of Us, The World in Front.

Out West

A MAGAZINE OF
The Old Pacific and the New

(FORMERLY THE LAND OF SUNSHINE)

EDITED BY
Chas. F. Lummis

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JOHN C. FRÉMONT'S "ROCKY MOUNTAIN FLAG"

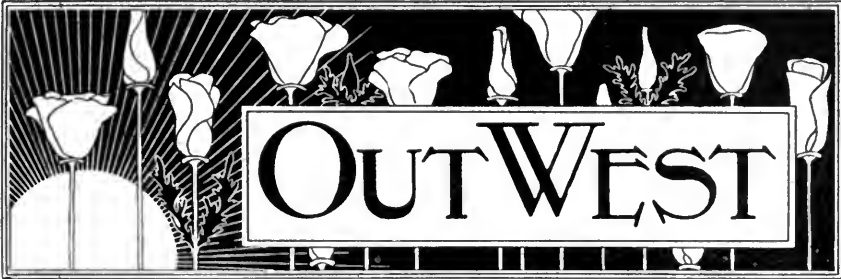
(Unfurled August 15, 1842, on the crest of the Rockies, on "The Pathfinder's" first expedition), with his daughter, Elizabeth Beuton Frémont, who has presented this historic flag to the Southwest Museum



Formerly

The Land of Sunshine

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Vol. XXIII, No. 1.

JULY, 1905.

THE MERCY OF NAH-NÉ

By SHARLOT M. HALL



K

NOX, the gambler—Felix Knox—
 Trickster, short-card man, if you will;
 "Rustler," brand-wrangler, all of that—
 But Knox, the man and the hero still!
 For life at best is a hard-set game,

The cards come stacked from the Dealer's hand,
 And a man swings free of the weights just once—
 When he faces Death in the last grim stand.

Knox had been drummer in Crook's command;
 A devil of daring lived in his drum;

With his heart in the call and his hand on the sticks,
 The dead from their sand-filled graves might come.
 Crippled for life he drummed his last,
 Shot through the knees in the Delché fight;
 But he crawled to a rock and drummed, "Advance,"
 Till the Tonto renegades broke in flight.

That was the man who shamed Nah-né.
 Two miles out on the Clifton road,
 Beyond York's ranch, the ambush lay,
 Till a near, swift-moving dust-whirl showed
 Where the buckboard came. Nah-né crouched low
 And gripped his rifle and grimly smiled,
 As he counted his prey with hawk-like eyes—
 The men, the woman, the little child.

They halted, full in the teeth of the trap.

Knox saw, too late. He weighed the chance
 And thrust the whip in the driver's hand
 And wheeled the mules: "Back! Back to the ranch!"
 He cried as he jumped: "I'll hold them off;
 Whip for your life!" The bullets sung
 Like swarming bees through the shallow pass,
 And whirred and hummed and struck and stung.

But he turned just once—to wave his hand
 To wife and child; then straight ahead,
 With yell for yell and shot for shot,
 Till the rocks of the pass were spattered red
 And seven bodies be-painted and grim
 Sprawled in the cactus and sand below,
 And seven souls of the Devil's kin
 Went with him the road that dead men know.

Ay! That was Knox! When the cowboys came
 On the day-old trail of the renegade,
 Nah-né the butcher, the merciless,
 This was the tribute the chief had paid
 To the fearless dead—No scarring fire,
 No mangling knife; but across the face
 His own rich blanket drawn smooth and straight,
 Stoned and weighted to hold its place.

Dewey, Arizona

* THE LAST VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN THE UNITED STATES

By HAROLD W. FAIRBANKS, Ph. D.



OT the least interesting of the many interesting facts about California is that here occurred the last known volcanic eruption in the United States. Here are cinder cones as perfect as upon the day they were finished, and lava fields whose rocky surfaces are as rugged and barren as though they had just cooled from a molten condition.

Mount Shasta is far from being the only volcanic peak in the State; for the whole north-eastern portion is dotted with hundreds, if not thousands, of them, ranging in size down to mere cinder cones of no more than 100 feet elevation. The older ones are almost obliterated; others though

still rugged are deeply furrowed by the destructive action of ice and water.

Northeastern California forms a part of the vast volcanic region embracing so much of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, where, through innumerable centuries, molten lavas have at irregular intervals poured through the weakened crust and spread over the surface. Thus grew up the Columbia plateau and upon its surface, where it became arched in the Cascade range, that long line of snow-capped peaks which so delight the traveler as he journeys between the Sacramento valley and Puget Sound.

The eruptions from Shasta and Lassen, the two loftiest of California's volcanoes, ceased long ago, and there is nothing in the ap-

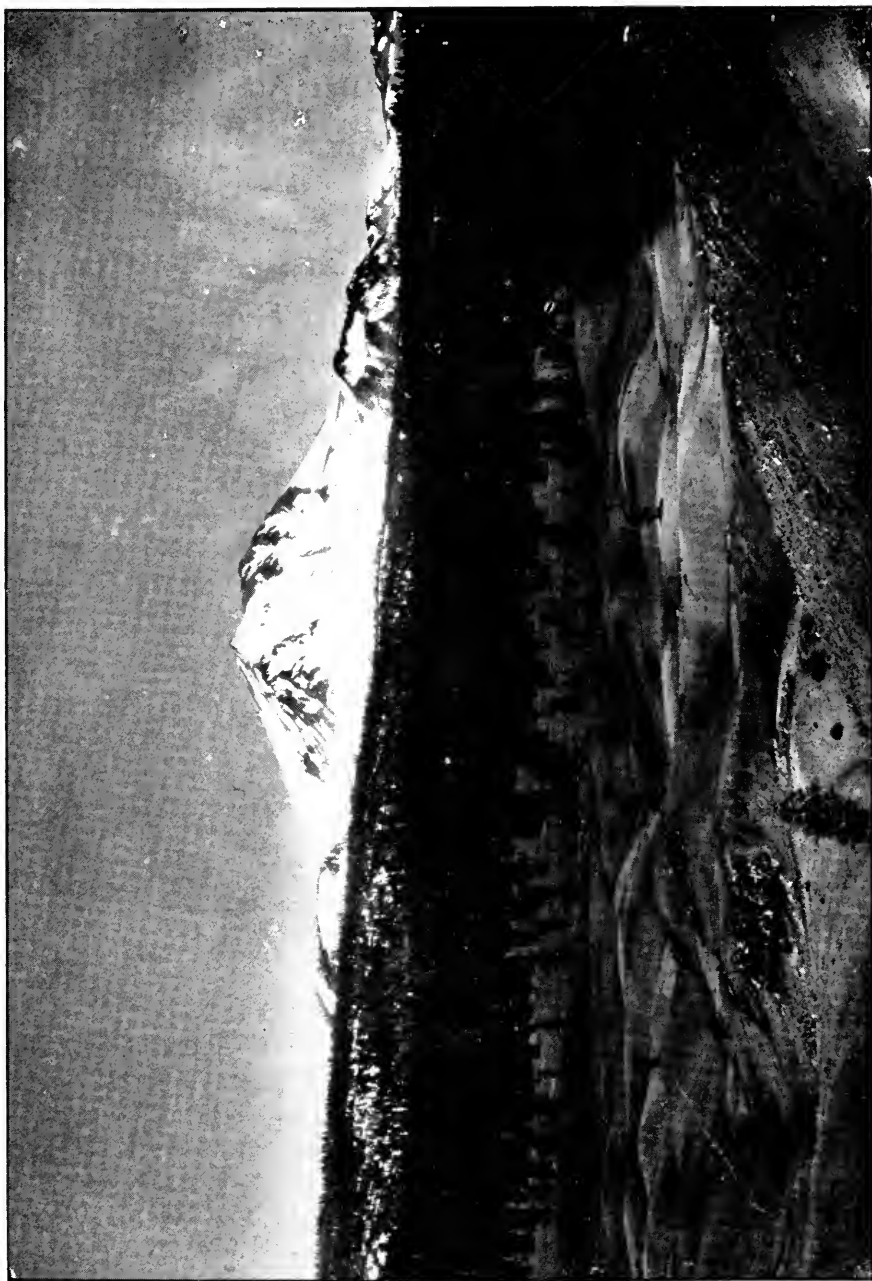


VOLCANIC BOMBS AT THE BASE OF CINDER CONE

pearance of these mountain peaks now to suggest the sights which would have met our eyes had we been here at their building. It must be left for the imagination to picture out the steaming, fiery streams of lava which ran over their craters and flowed down the slopes, the violent explosions which hurled great bombs into the air, and the dense clouds of ashes which at times obscured the sun.

Notwithstanding the fact that the great volcanoes of the Cascade range are apparently extinct, we are not certain that this is really so; for eruptions have continued to occur in their neighborhood up to within the last hundred years. We are living in a period of quiet, but there is no reason to suppose that it will endure indefinitely. Our turn may come by and by.

We do not have to go to the Hawaiian Islands, the West Indies,



LASSEN PEAK AND THE ASH-COVERED SURFACE, FROM THE SUMMIT OF SILVER CONE

or Vesuvius to observe the interesting features associated with recent volcanic action. We have merely to take a camping trip into the mountains a few miles east of Lassen Peak, a region where the hand of man has not yet begun to mar the primitive wilderness, in order to see the youngest of all the volcanoes in the United States.

Here, in a shallow mountain valley, surrounded on all sides by dark pine forests, and with other volcanoes all about, but so old that time has obliterated their original characters, stands Cinder Cone. Its sides, as well as the dark lava field, are desolate and barren, while the ash fields over which the new forest is beginning to spread contain here and there the stubs of trees killed at the time the cone was made.



CINDER CONE, FROM LAKE BIDWELL

Now all is so quiet that it is difficult to believe that, at a time probably no longer ago than when the gold-seekers first began to cross the continent, a stream of molten lava flowed out from the base of Cinder Cone. The flow was quiet and probably failed to attract even the attention of the Indians, but it spread over fully ten square miles, filling the valley and making a dam across it. Above this dam a body of water has collected; and to this has been given the name of Snag Lake, because in its clear depths can still be seen the stubs of the trees which once covered the surface.

Now let us learn something more in detail of this wonderful volcanic region, of the eruptions which built up Cinder Cone and of the hot and boiling springs a little distance to the south.

Lassen Peak is, next to Mount Shasta, the loftiest of the ex-

tinct volcanoes of California, for it reaches a height of about two miles. Its snowy top can be distinctly seen from the Sacramento Valley, rising about the dark-blue, forest-covered mountains.

It has been many thousand years since Lassen Peak was in active eruption, and the agents of destruction, such as ice and rain, have deeply furrowed its slopes. At a period as late as that in which the first Spaniards sailed along the Pacific Coast, the Lassen Peak region was still quiet, and one would most naturally say that volcanic action in this region had ceased for all time. Forests had spread over the ancient craters and everything wore a quiet, peaceful air. To the discerning student, however, the presence of numerous boiling springs would have suggested that the subterranean fires



THE CRATER OF CINDER CONE

were still burning, and that it only needed favorable conditions to start them again into violent action.

It is a little more than 200 years ago, as nearly as we can judge, that, in a quiet little valley a few miles east of Lassen Peak the Indians, if there were any about, must have been disturbed by rumbling noises and tremblings of the earth. The volcanic forces below were awaking to renewed life. Possibly it was because of some movement in the earth's crust, or, more probably, the access of large quantities of water to the heated region below. At any rate enormous volumes of steam and other gases were formed and with explosive forces broke through the crust at the weakest point.

The eruptions were violent. The steam, thoroughly mixed with the lava, forced the molten mass up with it and blew it out of the

crater in fragments of different sizes. The fine sand-like particles, or ashes, as they are commonly called, were spread far and wide, and fell as a smothering blanket upon the forest. The trees were killed within a radius of a mile of the crater, and the surface was buried under a layer four to six feet in thickness. As has already been said, a few of the burned stubs still stand, others lie upon the surface of the ashes, while the greater number have entirely disappeared, leaving little pits in the surface where they once stood.

The larger fragments, known as lapilli and bombs, fell about the crater and built up the cinder cone. The bombs, some of them as much as four feet in diameter, lie scattered about the base of the cone. Their smooth surfaces show that they were in a semi-molten condition when hurled out, and although many are quite irregular,



YOUNG FOREST GROWING IN THE ASHES AT THE BASE OF CINDER CONE

others are almost as round as cannon balls.

After the cone had been built and the eruption of ashes had nearly ceased, a stream of molten lava burst from its base and spread over a portion of the valley. The fact that the surface of this lava has but a small quantity of ashes upon it enables us to tell its relative period of eruption.

Now followed a long period of quiet. Young pines began to take root upon the volcanic ashes and gradually spread over the barren surface about Cinder Cone, although it is difficult to understand how they could get sufficient nourishment. There was nothing to indicate that there would be any more eruptions. The volcanic forces seemed again extinct, but in reality they were only gathering energy for another outbreak.

Time passed along and finally there occurred the most recent eruption of all. Less than 100 years ago a stream of molten lava issued quietly from a vent upon the southern side of Cinder Cone and continued its flow until it had spread over about ten square miles. Its surface is still black and jagged, without a sign of vegetation. The lava moved slowly, as it was not hot enough to be very thin, and shoved along and for a time broke up the hard crust forming upon its surface, so that its borders are formed by rugged precipitous walls which are, in places, 100 feet high. What a contrast there is between the smooth ash-carpet of the forest into which one's feet sink at every step, and the rugged wall of the lava field.

Toward the lower end of the valley the lava spread into a body



THE EDGE OF THE LAVA FLOW FORMING SNAG LAKE

of water, now known as Lake Bidwell; while above the massive dam of lava which reached across the valley, there gathered the waters of Snag Lake.

To climb the cone is a difficult undertaking; for the loose lapilli slide under the feet and progress is slow. When at last, however, the top is gained, an interesting sight meets the eye. Instead of a simple crater-like depression within, there is a double rim—indicating that after the main one was formed, a renewal of eruptions of a less violent nature built up a smaller one in the opening of the first. The crater is now about 200 feet deep and exhibits steep and symmetrical slopes of loose lapilli. This is by far the most interesting as well as symmetrical crater known in the West.



THE DEVIL'S KITCHEN

A half day's ride over a picturesque trail, along noisy streams and by quiet lakes, brings us to Hot Spring Valley, around which are scattered various kinds of springs of volcanic origin.

At the camp-ground are warm springs used for bathing, as well as a pleasantly flavored soda-spring. About a mile up the valley



LAKE TARTARUS (THE BOILING LAKE)

there is a remarkable group of mud- and boiling-springs, known by the very suggestive name of the Devil's Kitchen. Upon a cool morning the hot water gives off a perfect cloud of steam, which, rising above the forest, can be seen for a long distance.

We have to pick our way carefully among the bubbling and sputtering springs; for the water has softened the rocks and formed great quantities of mud, which is honeycombed underneath. In some spots there are pot-like holes, in the bottom of which the mud is quietly bubbling. In others there are groups of small mud-cones look very much like real volcanoes. The force of the gas escaping from some of the springs is great enough to throw continually into the air little chunks of mud.



A MUD VOLCANO AT THE DEVIL'S KITCHEN

A mile south of Hot Spring Valley, and hidden away in the pine and fir forests, lies a body of muddy boiling water known as Lake Tartarus. The lake has been formed by the union of water from a multitude of springs, and the mud which it contains has come from the decomposing action of the hot water. When the air is cold, the lake appears like a huge steaming caldron.

Another mile to the south is the "geyser," a large boiling spring. The force of the steam sends the water in jets, but it is said to be less violent than formerly. A few miles west of the region of the springs mentioned are other boiling springs, but they are reached only by trails.

About five miles south of the camp-ground in Hot Spring Valley is Willow Lake with its remarkable floating meadow. Certain



CINDER CONE, WITH DEAD TREES RISING THROUGH THE LAYER OF ASHES
The trees were killed by the eruption of the ashes

water plants, with which the streams in this region abound, are forming a growth over the surface of the lake. This has become thick and firm enough in the course of years to support the weight of a person, and by using a little care one can walk over this surface, although it shakes under the feet. One can either fish from the edge of the meadow, or cut a hole through it and drop down a line as in fishing through the ice. Willow Lake is far from being the least of the attractions of this wonderful region.

We are awakening today to the importance of preserving the natural wonders of the country, and in this connection we must not overlook the remarkable features of the Lassen Peak district. There are as yet very few settlers here and the attractions have gained but little more than a local reputation. The natural wild beauty of the mountains and forests has not been injured, and we should make it out business to see that the region is set aside as a park and forever preserved.

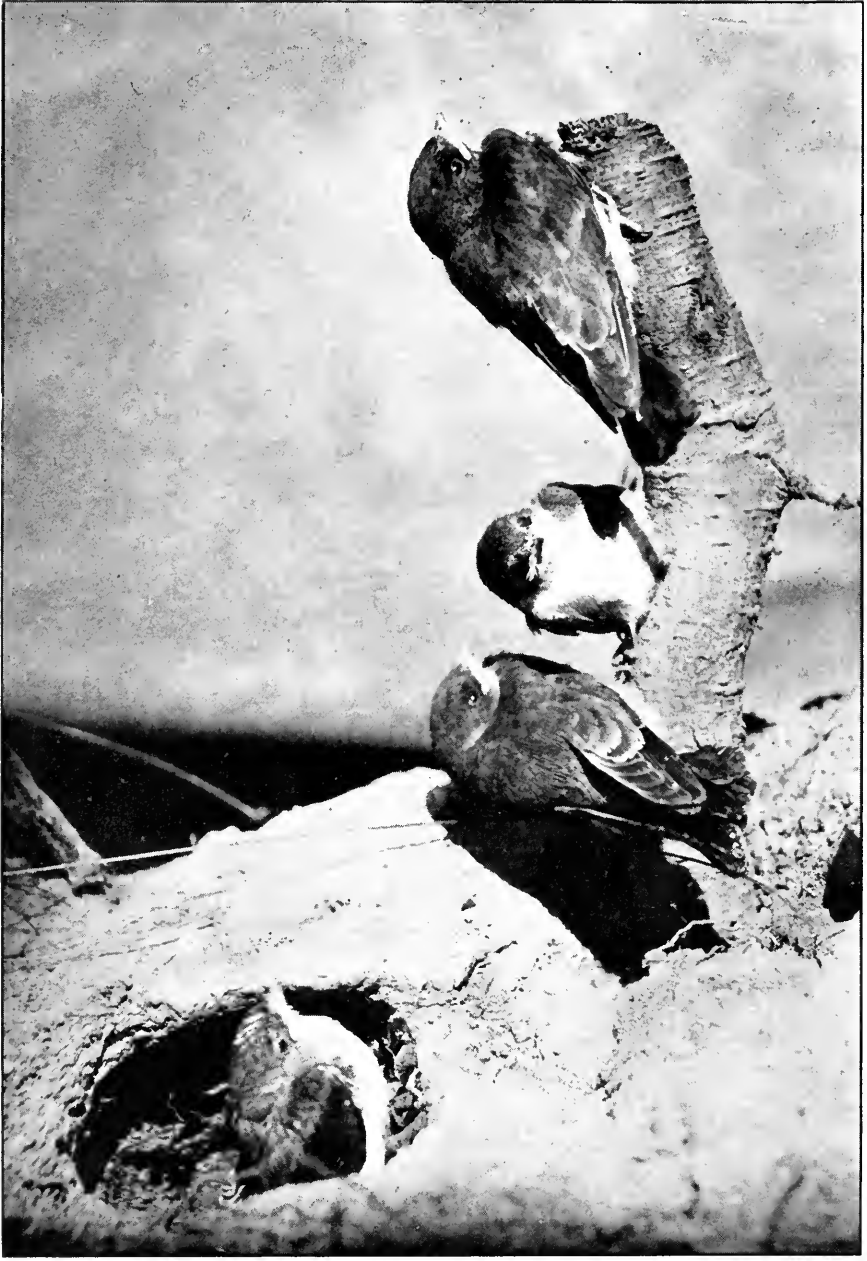
Berkeley, Cal.

THE MOUNTAIN SPRING

By TOM VEITCH

BUBBLING clear from rocky bed,
Luscious grasses rimming 'round—
Whisp'ring pine trees overhead,
Here the mountain spring is found.
Emerald on the mountain's breast,
Where the heated climbers rest,
Fount like Pan of yore might own
Gushing 'neath yon mossy stone.

Oakland, Cal.



BANK SWALLOWS

BIRD HUNTING WITH A CAMERA

By GRACE ADELE PIERCE



WILLIAM LOVELL FINLEY

THE CAMERA in the hands of the naturalist has given to nature study a fresh and general interest. The beautiful and intimate photographs of outdoor life made in recent years have been alike valuable to the student and interesting to the casual observer.

One of the young workers coming to the front in this practical new school is William Lovell Finley, the ornithologist, who is doing successful work with a camera among the coast birds of

California and Oregon. He was graduated in 1903 from the University of California and since that time has been engaged without cessation in his chosen profession, the study and picturing of birds.

In his investigations he has been accompanied by a co-worker, Herman T. Bohlman, and the two have taken some fine and valuable photographs of birds and their nests. In getting these pictures the two artists have passed through some perilous and exciting experiences.

Out in the open for weeks at a time, sleeping in fields or on ledges above the sea, hanging strapped from trees for hours at a stretch, eating where and when and what fate may decree—this is the life of the ornithologist who studies his birds in their natural environment.

Mr. Finley is essentially a man of action and not of theory, and his studies are made entirely from life.

It was in the summer of 1903, as the young naturalist graphically tells the story, that he and his companion, Herman J. Bohlman, determined to make an excursion up the Oregon coast for the purpose of exploring the sea-bird territory and becoming more intimately acquainted with the inhabitants, murrens, puffins, and cormorants.

The journey was not without danger and the young men realized this; but the spirit of adventure was strong, and the

possibility of getting the most perfect set of sea-bird pictures yet taken was sufficient incentive. They climbed the summit of the Coast Mountains, following down the seemingly endless trails to where the Pacific stretches in broad expanse. There, rounding the point at Netart's Bay, they came into full view of their desired haven; three great rocks three miles off shore, looming out of the sea, magnificent against the sky-line with the waves breaking against them.

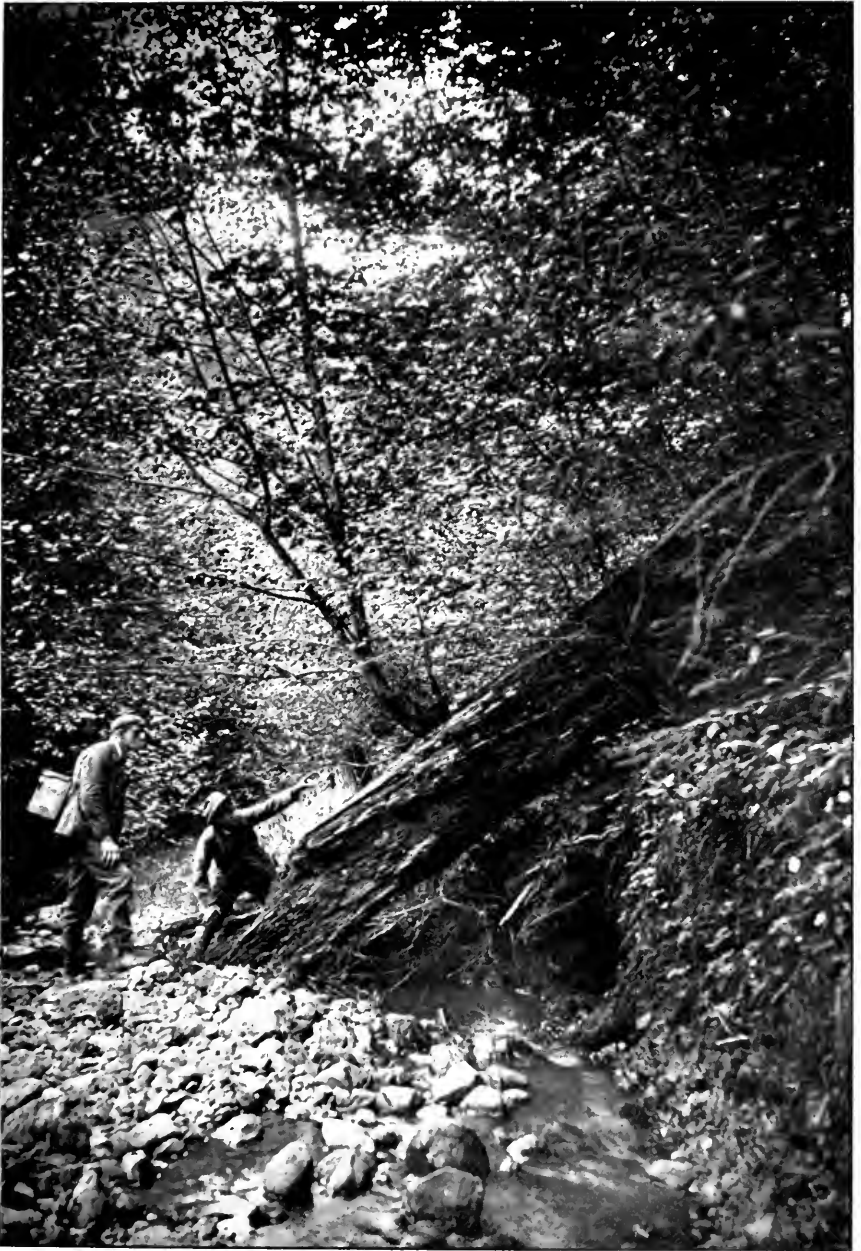
It was the twentieth of June when they arrived at this spot. but the greatest difficulties of the journey were yet before them. The natives of the coast expostulated and advised; the sea was most dangerous in this particular locality and the time was not favorable.



MURRES AND CORMORANT

The two naturalists chose a light dory, a fourteen-foot double-ender, making the proposition seem more than ever foolhardy. The natives thought a heavier craft would stand better chance of landing, but the bird hunters were seamen enough to understand the necessity of using the lighter boat, as nothing heavier could be hoisted up the rocks and out of reach of the continuously beating waves.

They had brought a small supply of provisions, two ten-gallon casks of water, and block and tackle for hoisting their outfit up the cliffs. During the journey along the strand they had gathered and sacked a supply of wood, and they had a few cooking utensils.



BIRD HUNTERS IN THE WOODS

This outfit they packed on board their light craft and set out for the rocks, three miles through rolling surf to the open sea. The coast people turned out to see the launching; twice the frail boat was tossed, tipped, and overturned in the breakers, and the adventurers were obliged to paddle shoreward, shivering with cold. At the third attempt, however, they were successful, reaching the rocks after a long and exhausting pull. They landed on the south side of one of the great rocks, finding haven in a little cove with surface gently rising from the water's edge for about fourteen feet.

After three days of difficulty they were, as Mr. Finley ex-



A HALF-GROWN SEA GULL

pressed it, as fresh for adventure as ever. The camping spot which they had chosen was thirty feet above them and to be reached only by climbing. Hand over hand, clinging to crevices, and digging the way as they went, they reached their destination at last.

On examination the ledge was found to be only eight feet in width and very uneven of surface. It had good points, being protected from storm by an overhanging rock; so the explorers determined to make the best of their restricted quarters and remain where the frequent down-pours of rain could not disturb them.

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PHOTOGRAPHING A CRIMSON-HEADED TANAGER'S NEST

They went to work to make the place comfortable and for half a day tried with a hammer and small drill to level a space large enough for a bed. What the first morning was, after a night spent in "rest" on the rough edges of rock, surrounded by the incessant squawking of great colonies of sea birds is best told by Mr. Finley:

"One who has not visited a bird metropolis by the sea and climbed the rocky ledges can have no conception of the thousands upon thousands of feathered inhabitants. The long slope



SCREECH OWL

up to the peak of the rock was literally carpeted with cormorants and their nests, while myriads of snowy gulls and murrens crowded every crevice of the rocks. Pug-nosed puffins and white-winged guillemots buzzed about the rocks in a continual unrest. It was the sight of a lifetime."

For five days the young men camped in their narrow quarters on the rocky ledge; worked, ate, and slept there. No one unacquainted with the real work of a naturalist can realize how interesting and often difficult such a life is. "It is slow work at first," says Mr. Finley, "this photographing of sea birds in their



A BARN OWL, TAKEN AT SANTA CLARA

natural haunts; but it is satisfactory and gives some of the most strikingly artistic results in the profession."

The real value of photography in this work is that it is a record of the truth and cannot misrepresent. One who gives to the world something new in ornithology must have studied his subject long and thoroughly, and is not likely to give pictures untruthful to his text. The photographs made in this interesting excursion are among the finest yet made of sea-birds.

But this is only one of the many adventures recorded in Mr. Finley's note-book. His hunt for the blue heron has in it the same element of interest. He says: "Of all sights and sensa-



SHRIKE ON PEAR LIMB

tions that come in a bird-lover's experience the most lasting is when he steps from the quieter scenes and suddenly emerges into the heart of a busy bird-town ensconced in some forest."

Several miles below Portland, in the midst of a fir forest, there is such a settlement as he describes. In this village are two hundred bird-homes and not a single residence is less than one hundred and forty feet above the earth, many being a hundred and sixty feet in the air. What effort it requires to photograph these birds on their own branch and fir tree must be left to the imagination.

"One hundred and forty or one hundred and sixty feet may not

seem such a dizzy height when you look up from the ground," says Mr. Finley; "but strap yourself to the limb of a tree and dangle out backward or look down. No matter how strong the rope there is a feeling of death creeping up and down every nerve in your body the first time you try it."

The accompanying illustrations show Mr. Finley and Mr. Bohlman in the woods with their camera. In the climbing scene they are after the nest of a red-tailed hawk. In this particular case the nesting tree measured more than fourteen feet at the base and there was not a limb for forty feet. The nest of the hawk was one hundred and twenty feet directly up and climbing



SWAMP HUNTING WITH CAMERA

for it was out of the question; climbers, ropes, or anything in the way of nest-seeker's paraphernalia would not avail.

In contriving some way of access to the nest the naturalists noted that a young cottonwood was growing some twelve feet away. This might serve as a ladder, so they cut it away until it toppled over against the nest-tree, lodging in a crotch of the first big limb. This formed a kind of draw-bridge up which they made passage one-third of the way to the nest. From this vantage point they lassoed the upper branches, dug their climbing irons into the bark, and at last reached the object of their search. Then came the question of photographing the hawk and his

home. At first it looked to be an impossibility; but the favoring fortune which seems to attend the man who dares attended this effort and the photographers came away with a fine set of pictures.

Every venture of the bird hunter, however, need not be difficult. A great deal of pleasure is to be gained by a study of the home birds—the little creatures about the dooryard or in the domestic haunts. "There is not a tumble-down barn in the country that does not shelter some good material," says Mr. Finley. "Great skill is necessary in photographing any bird in its natural environment, and no bird study is without its especial delight."



YOUNG RUSSET-BACKED THRUSH

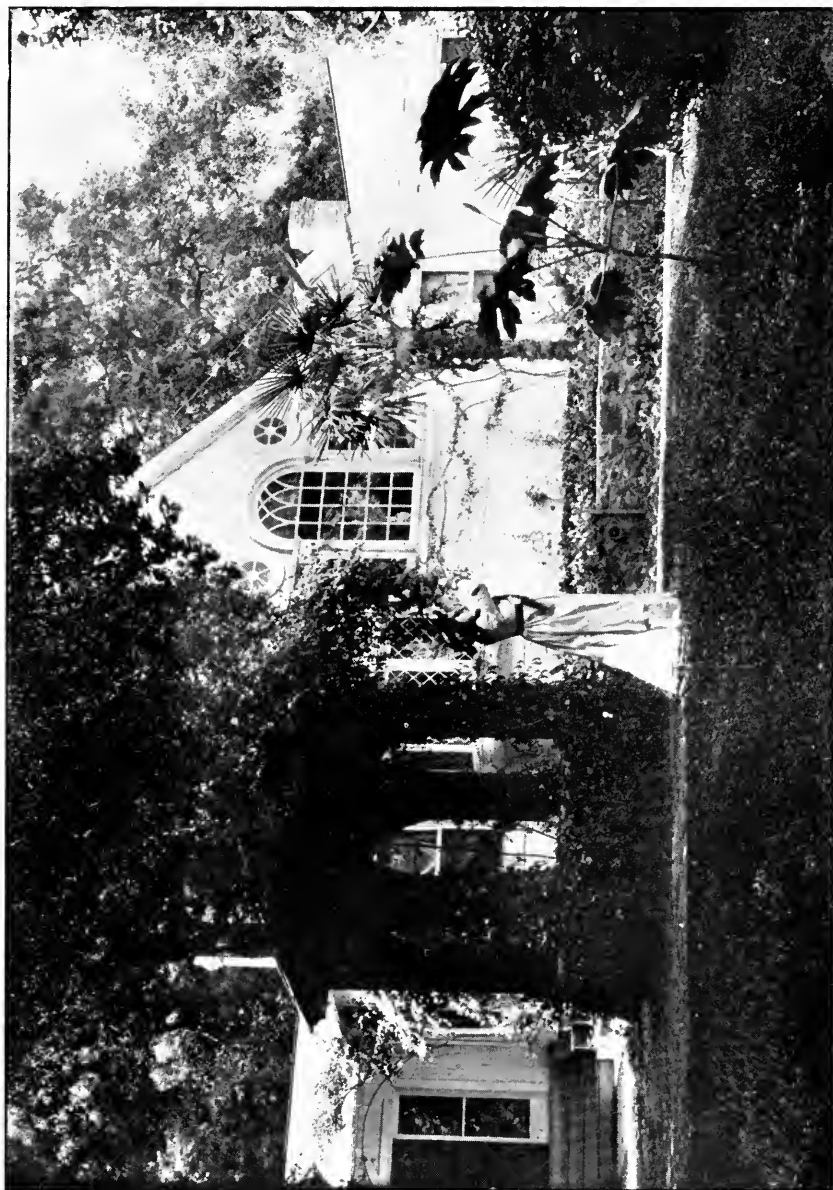
The owl in the illustrations was for many years, and possibly still is, the inmate of a Santa Clara barn; while the bank swallows were intimate acquaintances of the naturalist's youth, living out their little lives in the hollow of their homestead tree and sending out innumerable progeny into the world of sunshine and roses.

There is a story in every life if we could but reach it, and bird-life is not different from human life in its tragedy and comedy, its love and war and domestic felicity. Mr. Finley seems to have gotten at the heart of things in his delineation of bird-history and the library of the nature lover will be enhanced by the truthful work of his pen.



AT THE FOOT OF THE HAWK TREE

Small tree felled so as to make a bridge to limb of larger tree, and thus reach a hawk's nest 130 feet from the ground



"ARDEN," THE HOME OF MADAME HELENA MODJESKA

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FOUNTAINS AND PONDS FOR THE HOME GARDEN



THE actual possession of a fountain seems so expensive as to be quite out of the question to many, who might gladly embrace the notion, if brought to realize simple and uncostly methods of fountain construction. Every garden, provided it is not completely planted to the four walls of a city house, can sparkle with a little green-bordered pond or fountain. Though the garden-owner's purse may be suffering from indigestion consequent upon over-expenditures, he can equip himself with mortar, sand, shovel, hoe and a cheery whistle, the latter always a valuable aid to industry, and make his own pond quite as merrily as he used to dig Mammoth Caves, magic caverns and pirates' dungeons when a boy. Any little corner, any little nook of ground will be glad to accommodate such an achievement, and the expenditure will simply represent the cost of materials.

Of course there are fountains and fountains, and ponds and ponds. They cost all the way from practically nothing to hundreds of thousands of dollars. A small, unpretentious pond, if bordered with greenery, can afford almost as much eye-recreation as an elaborate and formal marble-statued creation, whose cost may have exceeded \$100,000. There are some minds, however, that are tuned only to the pitch of elegance, and would feel discords if compelled to asso-



AN ATTRACTIVE POND

ciate with simplicity. If given their way, such people would go into competition with the Creator and remodel nature, polish mountains, wall rivers with marble, design new coats for birds and wild animals, and otherwise exhibit their superiority of taste.

Art and money are not synonymous. In fact art frequently behaves better if guided by ingenuity and originality and Nature's teachings, than if governed completely by dollars. Because of this a man with a little money, a little time and some cleverness and artistic inclination can usually achieve happy results in his undertakings.

To speak briefly of elaborate and thoroughly magnificent fountains, perhaps no better example of this type exists in America than that in Georgian Court, the home of George J. Gould in



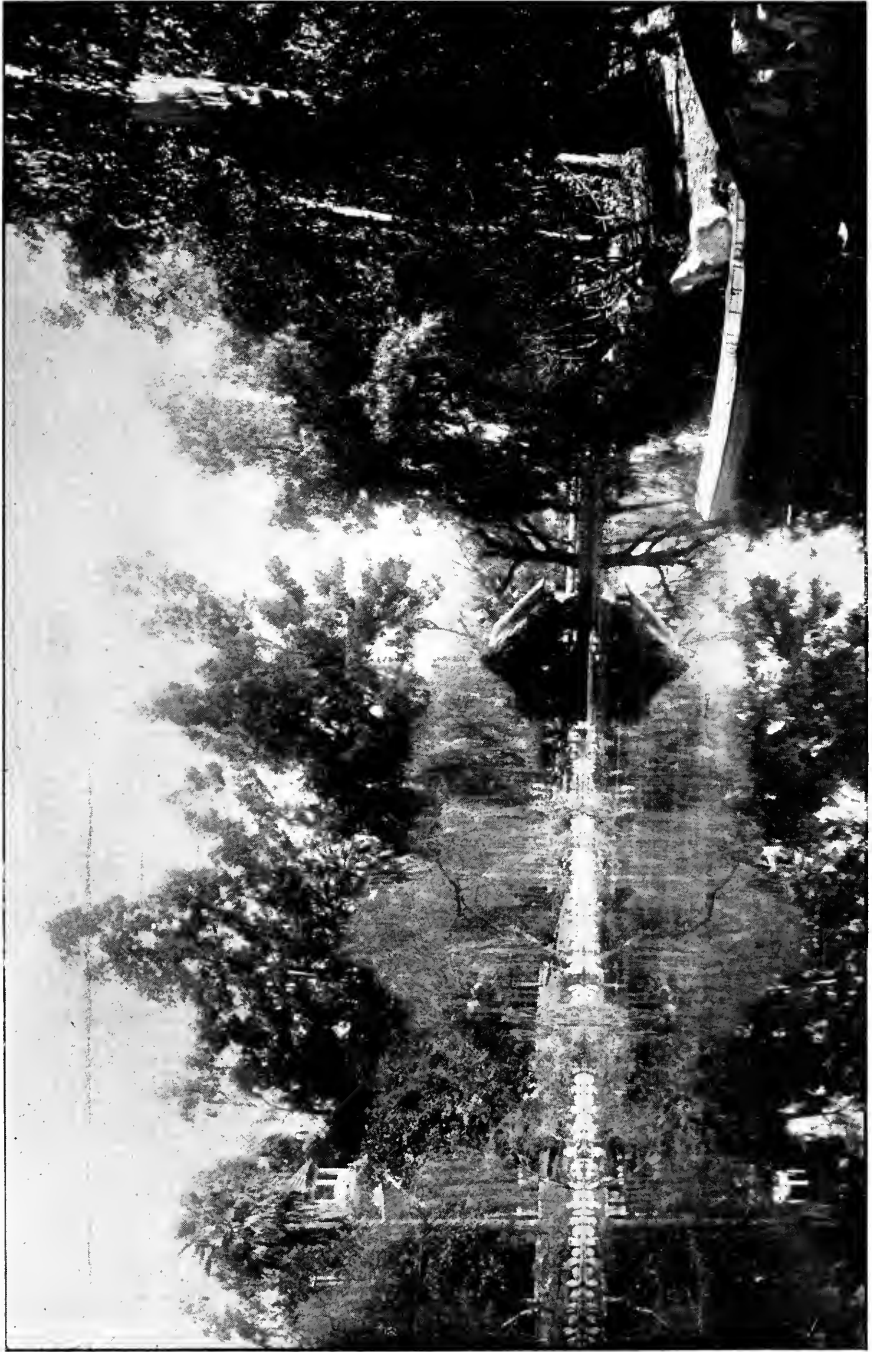
ONE OF NATURE'S "PONDS"

Lakewood county, New Jersey. It is circular, is outlined by a white marble curbing and is sixty feet in diameter. In the center is a huge bronze nautilus shell in imitation of a chariot, in which stands the bronze figure of a man. In his hands he holds bronze reins that seem to be dripping with kelp, over grandly chiseled white marble sea horses. In front of the nautilus has been modeled a bronze octopus which contains an adaptation of electric lights that is decidedly effective and beautiful at night. About this chariot and its occupant are frolicking sea nymphs in white marble. Fountains of this sort, representing as they do the rare genius of celebrated sculptors, are enormously expensive.



A ROCK FOUNTAIN WITH GROTTQ





AT THE BALDWIN RANCH

Another type of fountain most elastic in possibilities, is that fitted for electric display. Some of these embrace in their construction wonderful combinations of electrical ingenuity that make kaleidoscopic colors vibrate and dance and glitter in the spray and among the sheafs of water. For an elaborate electric fountain a hydraulic motor, a wheel, an arc light placed in a parabolic reflector, and an extensive system of cocks and valves are necessary. A large wheel is placed in a room beneath the fountain and is so arranged that colored slides, for tinting the spray, can be adjusted. Some of these large fountains are designed so that living pictures can be presented in the midst of tumbling waters. An affair of this kind is better suited for ex-



RUSTIC BRIDGE AND UNCEMENTED POND

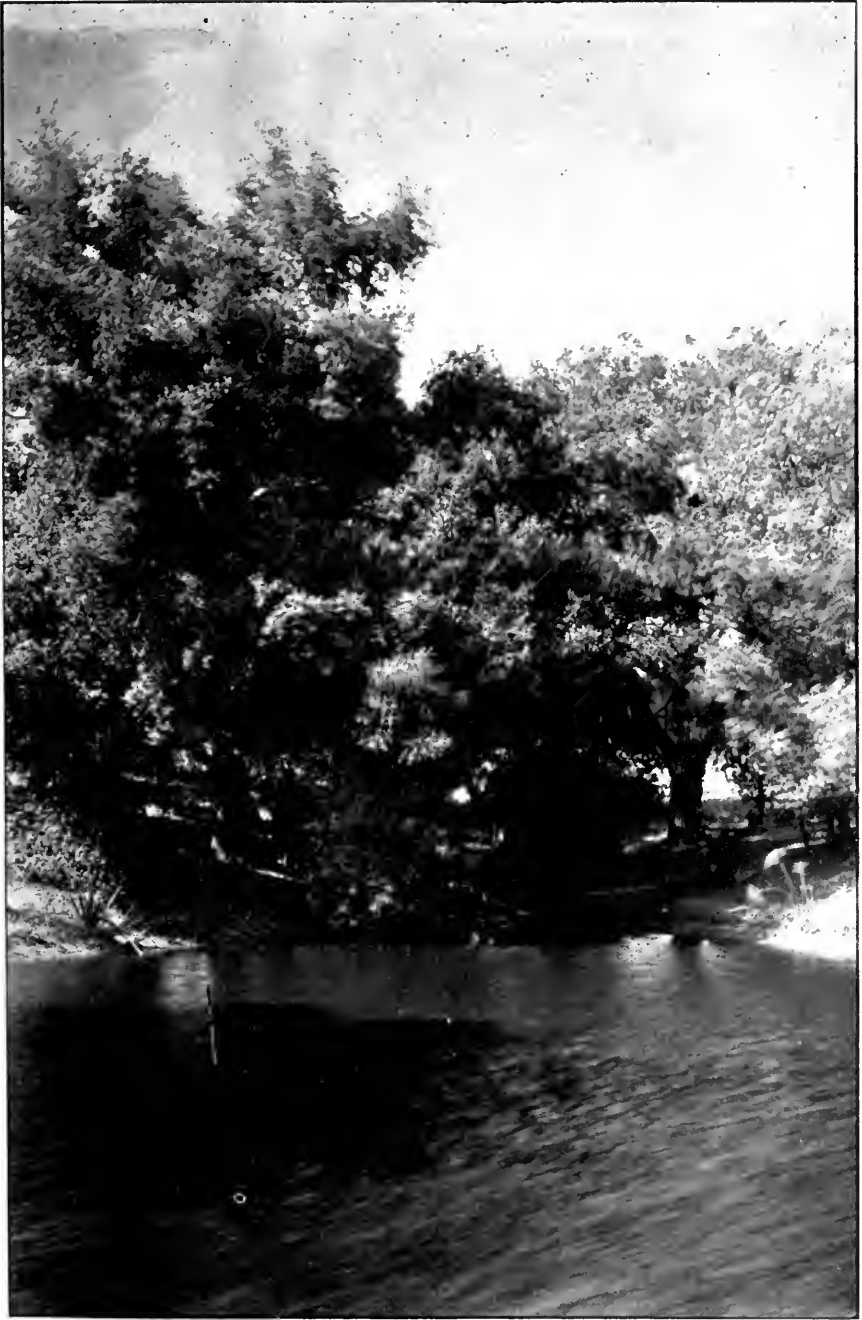
positions and public parks than private gardens; for the expense of conducting one is startling, as the labor of manipulating the complicated switch-boards demands the constant attendance of one, and sometimes several skilled electricians. An unassuming and inexpensive electrical fountain, yet one very attractive, can be constructed by placing electric bulbs in glass casings that extend upward in the center of the fountain. Different colored bulbs can be used to intensify the effect. Though the light will be far less brilliant than that of a more expensive creation, it will nevertheless be a most pleasing innovation for the home garden, and an unceasing pleasure-dispenser when the family wish to sit out of doors on warm summer evenings.

The shape and size of a fountain should be regulated somewhat by environment, though not absolutely, for contrasts are not always incongruous, but are frequently necessary to break monotony. A stately, imposing, and thoroughly dignified colonial mansion surrounded by far-reaching gardens, prim and formal, where trees and shrubs and hedges are trimmed painstakingly and methodically, where flowers are planted by a vigorous system, seems to demand a rigid fountain and miniature lake with abundance of marble or bronze statuary. On the other hand, such a fountain would fight with an unpainted, rambling bungalow, would stare it out of countenance with its ponderous elegance, just as a little heap of cobblestones and a feeble, spurting



A "CORNER" IN PAPYRUS

jet would shock the colonial mansion. Such contrasts are of course conflicts, but lesser ones, as, for instance, a circular, marble-rimmed pond without statuary, partially surrounded by water plants, would look appropriate for the bungalow gardens. The irregularity of the bungalow would offset the regularity of the pond. The colonial mansion might peacefully countenance a large pool of water fashioned after nature, with jumbled, riotous outlines marked intermittently by grass borders, water-plants and careless heaps of rocks and boulders. Such a pool should be large enough to correspond with its aristocratic surroundings. The irregularity of a large pond will soften and take the edges off the stilled sharpness of trim garden paths and symmetry of architec-



A LITTLE LAKE, UNCEMENTED

ture. In making one of these nature-ponds, it is imperative not to outline it entirely with stones, else it will look like a child's mud-puddle. A few feet of grass that laps the water's edge, a pile of rocks, a patch of graceful papyrus or bamboo placed at varied intervals along the entire edge of the pond will prove very friendly with art.

The formal fountain or pond, in order to be successful, must be built by a master hand. The difference between formality and informality is similar to that between the Greek and the Japanese, in that Greek lines are methodical and uniform, each particular part having relation to some other, while Japanese lines are impulsive, uncontrollable and tumultuous in their antics.



PAPYRUS AND WATER LILY

Anyone can construct the informal pond, and the simpler, more irregular it is, the more it chums with Nature. First the builder must determine the size, and mark the border lines. Next must be made the excavation, which should be from three and one-half to four feet deep. A flat bottom with perpendicular rim is preferable for the better accommodation of growing plants. Such a basin is more difficult to make than one whose depth graduates in a slope from the center. The home fountain builder can easily build the latter, but an experienced mason could best manage the former. The cost of having the work done averages about ten cents a square foot. The proportions to be used are one-third cement and two-thirds sand. A cement

basin, though somewhat more expensive, is preferable to one of earth, especially in localities where water is scarce and there is no severe freezing in winter, for it admits of no seepage. It possesses another advantage in being readily cleaned and consequently more sanitary. Masonry prevents an atmosphere of dampness that might prove injurious from an uncemented pond if located close to a dwelling. Where grounds are extensive and water plentiful, uncemented ponds do quite as well as those of cement.

If the uncemented pond is to be built on sandy, porous ground, the bottom of the excavation should be covered with clay or adobe soil, both of which are hard and close-woven, and thor-



BAMBOO AND PAMPAS GRASS ON THE EDGE OF A POND

oughly tamped to make a good foundation. Such a basin will hold water very well. For the comfort and sustenance of water plants, put over this a thick layer of leaf-mold or rich earth and on this, to keep the loose earth from floating, place a thin layer of sand. When this is done the pond will be ready for filling and planting.

Styles and shapes of cement ponds may be elaborate and varied. A hillside location inspires a terrace of ponds, the upper overflowing into those below. A gentle slope suggests a chain of miniature lakes connected by a stream that trickles merrily over a cement or cobblestone pathway. Then there is the pyramid of several basins, the upper one supplied with a fountain

apparatus, and perhaps supporting some creation of the sculptor's skill. But these fountains are only congenial to large gardens and large pocketbooks. Best of all, most friendly and restful, is the flat, irregular pond, fashioned after the little lakes we have found and love as they nestled in forests and mountain fastnesses.

There are two methods employed in planting these cement ponds. The first, and most cleanly, is that of making wooden boxes, filling them with earth, planting bulbs or roots in them and lowering them to the bottom. More attractive, however, than wooden boxes are those built carelessly of cobblestones and cement. If the water is transparent, the wooden boxes, unless



RUSTIC SUMMER HOUSE AND LAKE

they are quite overgrown with greenery, are readily seen, and are far from attractive; but the stone boxes, the jagged edges of which may project above the surface of the water, are artistic and never conflict with good manners. The other method of planting, which is considerably used, is that of putting a thick layer of rich earth on the cement, then a thin layer of sand as in the natural ground ponds. This saves the construction of boxes, and in appearance is, of course, more like Nature.

In rigorous climates wooden boxes are popular; for, upon the arrival of frost and cold, they, with their loads of plants, can be lifted out and carried indoors, where they can sleep and rest and keep warm until Spring, when they can be returned to

the pond for a new awakening and a thrifty growth. In some instances, hot-water pipes are run through the ponds to keep the plants from freezing and make it possible for them to stay out an entire winter; but this plan necessitates a considerable advance in the coal bill.

If a pond is large enough to permit of such elaboration, a rustic bridge will be a decidedly happy innovation, as will be a rustic seat in some cozy corner, where sunshine and pure air can tickle tired nerves into gladness and vigor. Still further rusticity can be obtained—and most pleasing rusticity, too—by piling a heap of wild tree-roots in the center of the pond, letting the twisted, tangled ends protrude at will. The spaces in the center of the



A LOTUS POND

mass can be filled with earth and planted to ferns and other moisture-devotees.

Fish are ever essential in ponds and fountain basins, as they consume impurities which would otherwise soon destroy the charm. They are never troublesome, for they require neither care nor feeding. Gold and silver fish retail at \$5 for one hundred, and, besides being beneficial in clearing the water, are happy bits of gold, as, like sunbeams uncaged, they dart through the water's transparency.

Where it is possible to have a running stream pass through the pond, constantly renewing and purifying the supply of water, mountain trout of various species will thrive and propagate

to such an extent that the family may go fishing before breakfast and have many a delicious meal from the product of their trout "hatchery."

To facilitate cleaning, ponds should be connected with sewers or cesspools, otherwise the water will have to be siphoned out with a hose. A thorough cleaning should take place at least every three months.

Fountains are usually a conspicuous feature in the center of ponds, and merrily they present their heads of touseled spray above rockeries, or peek gayly from grottos. When festooned with sunbeams and gay with iridescence they are most agreeable to live with. A pond without a fountain, one that can be filled



ROCK ARCH OVER FOUNTAIN

and emptied with a hose is less expensive than one with pipes. There are various ways of arranging pipes and perforated iron plates for producing splendid effects in spray. The voice of a fountain is quite as much of an attraction as its appearance; for of the musical trickling and splashing of water, one never tires.

Among some of the most popular water lilies for planting in ponds are the following: *Lynthea Voderata*, Yellow Eastern *Lynthea*, Frank Huster, scarlet, Madagascar, blue, and *Victoria Regia*—white, and largest of all lilies. The leaves are four feet across and so strong that they easily support the weight of a child. These bulbs are said to retail at \$25 each. The plants most graceful and pleasing to grow about the borders are:



PAPYRUS, UMBRELLA PLANT AND RUSTIC BRIDGE



ISLAND OF ROCK IN POND

Caladiums, papyrus, cypress or umbrella plant, reeds, bamboo, green and white striped armuda, striped Japonica, vinca with variegated foliage, pampas grass. The lotus and water hyacinths are also much used, as well as many other plants. The scope for creating new ideas in fountains is a wide one, and certainly the home garden could possess no more comforting ornament than one of these little nature-pools.

Pasadena

AN ADOBE RUIN

By *NEETA MARQUIS*

DEAD labor of the brown untutored hands
 That reared thy walk of day against a night,
 Unlike the toilers swart who spent their night
 To mass the quarried pile on Egypt's sands,

Linking their labor to eternity
 With bonds unbroke by tempest-blasts amain,
 Whilst thou, rude shelter from the wind and rain,
 Unknown to art, dost perish wretchedly.

How like unto that other house of earth
 Wherein thy builder's spirit dwelt and yearned
 For beauty unattained; like thee, returned
 So soon unto the dust that gave it birth.

Los Angeles

AGAINST REGULATIONS

By *JUDITH GRAVES WALDO*



WHEN Andy Miller came out from the station-house at Foster and climbed to his seat on the Julian stage, he found beside him a passenger not down on the stage book. The station-keeper whispered up to Andy:

"It's all right. She paid me. She didn't come in on the train. I seen her come over the trail this morning. Come from some ranch, I guess. Watson's her name. She's paid through to Julian."

It was a blustering day and the mountains to the south were hid in clouds. There was a storm coming. Andy gathered up his lines, hesitated a moment, and then wrapped them about the brake again.

"You'd better go inside, miss. One of the men will give up his place. It's goin' to be a bad ride an' I think there'll be rain."

The girl beside him turned her face to Andy. She was closely veiled.

"I heard 'em talking. Don't any of 'em want to get wet. Besides"—

"Better for them than you, miss." Andy was getting down.

"I won't go inside!" said the girl quickly. "I want to sit up here. I'm not afraid of the rain. I won't go inside."

Andy gathered up his lines again.

"Just as you say, miss!" He nodded to the station-keeper, called to the lead-horses and the stage was off up the road.

"Wonder who she is?" thought Andy. "Knows her own mind, anyhow. Bet she'd be pretty if she'd take that veil off. Wonder why she hangs her feet down. She can reach that board, sure. Wish she'd look around again. Watson? Don't know no Watsons Julian way." Andy whistled softly to himself.

Inside the stage was Mr. Harvy, one of Julian's largest mine owners, and three men from the east who were going with him to look at mining property. Andy had hoped to have one of these men on the seat with him. He knew there would be many questions asked about the country through which they would pass that he would like to answer in his own way, and it would make good telling at the station-house table later. Andy wondered if the girl had ever been over this road before. He wished he dared start some conversation with her, but her manner repelled him. She still sat with her feet hanging down and her long black skirt was drawn well over them. Andy dragged the mail bags from under his own feet and stacked them up in front of the girl.

"Here, put your feet on these; you'll be more comfortable. He hoped some return from this friendly advance, but the girl simply accepted his offer and tucked her skirts down over her feet. Andy watched her.

"Cold?" he asked. He pulled out a blanket on which he had been sitting. "I forgot this. Put it over you. I've a rubber if it rains." The girl tucked the blanket about her without a word.

"Not much on manners," commented Andy, and fell to whistling.

Andy was glad when they reached Ramona, where dinner was to be had and fresh horses. He would get one of the men beside him after dinner. Andy thought it was worse to have someone beside him who would not talk or let him talk, than to be alone. He surely would see that one of the "East'ners" was beside him for the afternoon. What was Andy's dismay, when he sprang from the stage in front of the "Ramona Hotel" and turned to help Miss Watson down, to be greeted with:

"I'm not going to get down. I have my dinner right here in a box. I'll stay here."

Andy remonstrated. The four gentlemen from the inside the stage remonstrated.

"I'll stay here," was all Miss Watson would say, and she took some bread and meat from a box at her side and began her dinner.

"A very strange young woman, I must say," said the eastern men in chorus.

"Self-willed and stubborn," said Mr. Harvy; and they all filed into the dining-room.

When Andy was once more in his place on the high seat of the stage, he felt, vaguely, that some change had come over the girl beside him. As the horses toiled up the summit of "Goose" valley she turned slowly to Andy:

"Don't you want to smoke?"

"Oh, may I?" Andy was feeling for his pipe.

She put out her hand. "I'll hold 'em while you fill it."

"You know how to drive?"

"Yes, a little."

Andy saw that her hands were large and the gloves she wore were heavy. He saw, too, that she held the lines well.

"Like to see a girl that can drive four horses," said Andy. She turned her face to him and he saw that she smiled.

"Wish she'd take that veil off," Andy thought. "I'd like to get a good look at her. Bet she's pretty. Like her voice." Andy took the lines again.

"Been over this road before?"

"No—yes, a long time ago. Is this your regular route?"

"Yes, been on this road since the boom!" Andy grinned.

"Do you go off the road at all, or?"—

"No. Straight through to Julian. Company don't allow no accommodation business."

The clouds were sinking lower. They settled like a cover over the little cup in the hills into which the stage was moving. A few drops of rain fell.

"You really ought to get inside, miss!"

"No, no, I don't mind! You said you had a rubber. I'll be all right."

Andy protested. "They'll make room for you inside."

"Oh, I can't go in there. You'll have to get wet anyhow. It won't hurt me any more than it will you. Let me stay here!"

Andy got out the rubber blanket and covered her with it, carefully. He was mightily pleased now that she wished to stay on the driver's seat. He put on his own rubber coat and settled himself ready for the storm.

"I like to see a girl that ain't afraid of a little rain," said Andy.

The girl asked Andy questions about the country and about the people; and Andy talked. He was very happy now. They were going up the Julian grade and the horses went slowly. It was raining only a little. It was not very light now and the girl had taken off her veil. Yes, she was pretty. Andy thought she was very pretty. She looked over at Andy.

"Do you ever have hold-ups on this road?"

"See that big rock? Well, the last hold-up on this road was right there. Just a boy did the business, too."

"Tell me about it." The girl moved a little nearer Andy and instinctively looked around. Andy laughed.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid. That was six years ago. This road's too well traveled now for anything of that sort to happen."

"Go on," said the girl. "Tell me."

"Well, the stage was right at this bend. There was just Al Williams, the driver, and Phil Derdy on that day. The stage swings around that bend when this Runt Walton comes from behind the rock."

"Runt Walton?"

"Yes, awful small. I never see him, but Al told me. Well, Runt says, 'Hands up, boys.' But Al was a dare-devil and he whipped up, and Runt popped at him, but hit Phil. That stopped Al, of course. The Runt took their guns away and then made Al fix Phil comfortable. Then he took their money and left. He wasn't such a bad lot, Runt wa'n't, just a kid gone wrong from what they tell me."

"Did—they ever catch him?"

"Oh, yes, after a long time. He kept comin' back to his folks. They sent him up for ten, and he served six years, and got away a few months ago."

The girl was looking back at the great rock as the horses toiled up the grade. Andy laughed and leaned over to look at her face.

"Frightened?" he asked.

"No," she said; and added, "Not with you."

Andy wagged his head. "I wouldn't let 'em hurt you."

"Would you fight?"

"Don't know what I'd do," said Andy. Then laughing, "But they shouldn't hurt you." She laughed, too.

"Who you goin' to in Julian?" Andy asked.

"Why, you see, I'm not going to Julian."

"What? Why, your ticket? Where are you goin'?"

The girl moved a bit nearer to Andy and said gently:

"I thought I'd get a seat through to Julian and maybe you wouldn't mind driving me to the old Graves' place. It's not—"

"Why, that's five miles off the road!"

"Hush, yes, I know. But can't you drive me down? I've paid through to Julian and that's much further."

"But the company don't allow that. We run direct. You'll have to come to Julian tonight and get someone to drive you over in the morning."

"You won't have to come the five miles back; there's a road that will take you into the main road from there. It—"

"Oh, I know. But I've strict orders against going off the road. There's lots wants me to. Why, I'd lose my place. There's Mr. Harvy and those friends inside. They'd never hear to it. I would, on my word I would, but for them."

"But I'll have to walk all that way alone, in the rain!"

"You go down to Julian and drive back in the morning."

"No, tonight. Oh, do drive me down!"

Andy looked at her. She had drawn quite close to him and her voice was very pleading.

"I'd like to awful well. But Mr. Harvy would never stand it. Oh, I know him! He'd make an awful row with the company. It's against regulations, you know, so he's got the law on his side."

The girl's face dropped into her hands.

"Oh, see here, don't do that! Oh, come."

Andy took the lines in his right hand.

"It's through all those woods and over the ridge. I—I—" The girl's face was hid again.

Andy was very uncomfortable, so he put his arm around her and said:

"See here. You stop crying and I'll put it pretty strong to those fellows inside, and maybe we can make it all right. I'll try my prettiest. Come, cheer up!"

The girl raised her head and smiled into Andy's eyes. Andy drew his breath quickly, then suddenly caught the girl to him and kissed her. She did not draw away from him and so Andy kissed her again, and she moved to the far end of the seat. Andy called aloud to his horses and sent his long whip whirling out over their backs.

"Have you gone to sleep, you beasts!" yelled Andy, and he thought he heard the girl laugh.

They had reached the summit now and were going down hill. It was quite dark and the rain was beginning to fall heavily. Suddenly Andy pulled in his horses and the stage stopped. The girl was peering forward.

"Here's the road," said Andy. He handed her the lines and got down.

"What's the matter?" called Mr. Harvy. Andy came to the door of the stage and put the matter to the four weary gentlemen within as eloquently as he knew how. There were exclamations from Mr. Harvy and groans from the others.

"Not under any consideration!" said Mr. Harvy. "This is impossible and absurd! Let her drive up from Julian tomorrow. This is against all regulations, Miller." Mr. Harvy got out and told the girl how absurd it was.

"I have to get there tonight," the girl declared. And so they argued. At last in desperation Mr. Harvy exclaimed:

"Well, if you must, all right. We can't go with you! A big strapping girl like you ought not to mind a five-mile tramp, even if it is little damp." And then he said some very disagreeable things to the gentlemen within about girls who expected such absurdities. Quick as a flash the girl was off the stage.

"You mind my word, you'll wish you hadn't done this! Mind what I tell you this night." Her voice was not loud but it rang with a fierceness that made Mr. Harvy recoil. The girl turned toward the road. Andy entreated her to go on with them to Julian, but she flung off his hand, turned back to shake her fist furiously at Mr. Harvy and then strode down the road.

Mr. Harvy got back into the stage.

"A very strange young woman, Harvy," said one of the men.

"A most disagreeable one, surely," said another.

"Is this a type of your western woman, Harvy?"

Mr. Harvy swore.

Ten days later Andy received word from the stage office that, instead of taking the regular line that morning, he was to go out in the afternoon with a special stage with Mr. Harvy and his friends. They would leave Julian late in the afternoon and stay at the station at the foot of the grade that night, and leave for some mines in the Santa Ysabella early in the morning. Andy did not like this. They were very late in getting started, too, and he did not like that. He disliked Mr. Harvy and his friends for the way they had treated Miss Watson. He thought about it a great deal. He thought about Miss Watson a great deal, too.

It was raining again as Andy drove the stage out of Julian that late March day. He knew it would be dark when they reached the grade and pitch blackness that seven miles down. It was quite dusk when they reached the cross roads turning off to Graves' ranch. Suddenly the leaders shied.

"Hands up, my boy." Andy's hand went to his hip.

"No use, Andy! You're spotted on all sides; take it easy!"

Someone was by the horses; a second man was by the stage door, and someone, a mere lad, Andy thought, had him covered with a Winchester.

And this lad gave directions.

"Take away their guns, if they have any. Hand yours over, Andy. Here, here, don't try to fight! We know you're brave! Get down and lead those horses off. This road's too well traveled for hold-ups. That'll do! We're safer here. That's all right." He called to one of his men: "You stay here with Andy!" Then stepping over to the huddled, frightened group: "You gentlemen may come with me."

There were protestations.

"What are you going to do with us?"

"No harm, I assure you. We are just going to have a little walk together. Mr. Harvy, you may lead. Right down that road. Not a word, sir! No, it's not money we're after! Go ahead! We're after a little walk, Mr. Harvy; it's against regulations, but—go ahead! A great strapping fellow like you ought not to mind a five-mile tramp, even if it is a little damp."

Andy stepped suddenly forward. The voice which had been stirring him whenever the boy spoke had sounded familiar words. The man by Andy laid a hand on his arm.

"Come back here. You're not wanted in that party." Andy was laughing, leaning forward with his hands on his knees and laughing. He saw the boy and a companion mount their horses and ride down the road driving the four men. And Andy laughed and laughed again.

"Come back to the stage," said the man. "It'll be a long time

before they get back. If you play fair, we can sit inside and be comfortable!" They climbed in, Andy still laughing.

"Oh, ain't she the smartest little critter! But ain't she a wild-cat!"

The man laughed now.

"That ain't no girl!"

"What do you mean—the little one?"

"Yes, he ain't no girl. Oh, you're easy!"

Andy was not laughing now.

"Do you mean"—

"Yes, just a trick of Runt's. Wish we could smoke, but suppose it ain't safe."

Andy was leaning forward on his knees again—this time in a shame so deep he felt the tingle of it his remaining years.

He had kissed—"I'll shoot him on sight!" Andy muttered deep in his soul. And then he groaned.

It was late when the men toiled back up the road. There was a signal from the woods and the man guarding Andy got down from the stage.

"Get up to your place and take the stage back to the road. Your party's waiting there," and he was gone.

Andy was thankful to find only the four men in the road when he brought the stage up. He knew he should be tempted to do murder, had that taunting voice come back from the woods.

"Are you all right, Miller?" Mr. Harvy asked, as he helped the three wet and muddy bundles of fear and fatigue into the stage.

"Yes," said Andy. "Are you?"

"Yes—I think so. I'll just come up there with you, Miller. I want to talk with you."

Andy reached down a hand and helped Mr. Harvy up. He wished he had not laughed.

"I want to say, Miller," said Mr. Harvy, as the stage started down the grade, "that as these—people—this person has taken no money and—has really not—not harmed anyone, it is hardly a matter we can bring before the authorities, and I think we won't say anything about it, Miller. You understand?"

"Yes," said Andy.

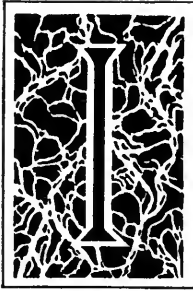
"And, Miller, I think we had better see if the company can't make some arrangement by which the stage can take passengers off of the road to their destinations—that is, on very bad nights. Don't you think so, Miller?"

"They may for all of me," said Andy. "I—this is my last trip. I'm leaving these parts—for another job."

"Indeed? Well, we won't speak of this again, Miller. I'll speak to the company myself about that regulation. You may stop, if you will, Miller, and I'll get inside the stage."

THE YELLOW PERIL

By RENE VAN BERGEN



IT WAS in the beginning of 1895, at Hiroshima, the headquarters of the Emperor of Japan, that the programme of "Asia for the Asiatics" was first mentioned by Mr. Hayashi, then Secretary of the Cabinet. It happened during an interview with a reporter on a native paper, the *Jiji Shimpo*, I think, that the usually self-contained statesman of Japan thus expressed his elation at the nation's victories over China. It is highly probable that, at that time, some of the Japanese leaders did entertain the idea of entering upon a career wholly beyond the means at their command; but the action taken by the Triple Alliance in compelling the retrocession of the Liao-tung Peninsula, had a sobering effect.

Japan's sudden appearance as a formidable power was a disagreeable surprise to several European governments, and Hayashi's announcement caused more or less apprehension. The Emperor of Germany deduced from it his phantom of The Yellow Peril; but the great majority of Anglo-Saxons received the statement with equanimity, considering that if the conception of such a programme was not due to temporary mental aberration, its execution at least was beyond the power of Japan. A very small minority, composed of men who had witnessed that nation's modern evolution, without comprehending the connection between the successive stages, held that if Japan intended seriously to lead a revolt against European supremacy in Asia, she would succeed—unless the unexpected intervened. They based this opinion upon the tenacity of purpose and ability to overcome almost insurmountable obstacles, evinced by the Japanese during their modern career.

A brief retrospect will enable the reader to gauge this characteristic, and also to form an idea of Japan's aims and purposes, not from mere verbal ebullitions, but from the more conclusive data conveyed by established facts.

Within a short time after "Japan's door of isolation had been battered down by Commodore Perry," as Marquis Ito expressed it, the head of the Shogun's Government, Ii Naosuké, Lord of Hikoné and Tairo or Regent, announced a programme toward establishing Japan for the Japanese—that is, to secure Japan's independence. He met with feverish opposition from the buké or military class; and suffered a violent death, because he favored intercourse with Occidental nations. At that time, and until 1868, this military caste, endowed with a patriotism equalling an hysterical religious enthusi-

asm, dreaded territorial invasion by the treaty powers, and consequently advocated the expulsion of foreigners and the maintenance of seclusion. Disturbances followed, culminating in civil war, and ending in a revolution whereby the Shogunate, and with it the feudal system, were overthrown, and the present Emperor, then a boy of fifteen, was placed upon the throne.

During the initial years of foreign intercourse, and owing to the obstinacy of the feudal government in maintaining a gold standard of 6 to 1, as against the prevailing rate of 15 to 1 elsewhere, Japan had been depleted of her gold. When the feverish anxiety to expel the foreigners swept over the country, the clans were eager to purchase at extravagant prices antiquated sailing vessels and steamers, to be converted into men-of-war. Worthless guns and cannon were shipped to Japan where they found ready purchasers, and I remember the names of several foreign firms who retired in the early seventies upon the profits derived from a few of these transactions. Not even the wealthiest nation could withstand so unnatural a strain upon its resources, and the condition of Japan's treasury may be imagined after ten years of such ill-considered extravagance. When Emperor Mutsuhito in 1868, left the ancestral seclusion of Kyoto, the men responsible for the revolution found the nation exhausted; and when they reaffirmed the programme of Ii Naosuké, "Japan for the Japanese," their self-assumed task seemed well-nigh hopeless.

The country's recuperative power would have been insufficient to provide the means for the extraordinary expenditure involved in the programme; it stood in need of careful nursing unless general debility were to succeed exhaustion. New resources were opened under the initiative of men whose atavistic training had inoculated them with the idea that the profession of arms is the sole honorable occupation. They descended voluntarily from the time-honored pedestal by obliterating class distinction. The merchant, who had occupied the lowest step of the social ladder for more than a thousand years, was raised to their own plane. Factories were established under the temporary supervision of foreigners; commerce was nursed with a devotion which compels the admiration of the great mercantile nations. The people of all classes were urged to practice the strictest economy, and governmental expenses were kept down to a minimum. While thus laying the foundation of future prosperity, the leaders did not disparage the effect of general intelligence. Poor as the country was, fifty thousand public schools were opened on the most approved system, and there was no niggardliness when eminent young students were sent abroad to complete their education and to gather useful information.

All of this passed under my eyes, as I was a resident of Tokyo from 1869 to 1875. I am not the only surviving foreign witness who failed to comprehend, or grasp, the underlying causes. I admit that Japan at that time seemed to me *une traduction mal faite*, thereby coinciding with the French opinion. Our excuse is that we saw only externals, some of which could not fail to excite risibility, although, if the motive had been understood, it would have been suppressed by respect. No Japanese could be made to explain, notwithstanding that all shared in the secret. I admit, moreover, that we proceeded upon the wrong hypothesis—that, Japan being an Asiatic country, the Japanese must necessarily be Asiatics, that is, possess the characteristics which render the natives of that continent subservient to our race. It needs a severe mental shock to upset preconceived and apparently well-founded supposition; but long before that shock came, we were prepared to admit errors in our reasoning.

A few days after the Korean refugee, Kim ok Kvon, was murdered at Shanghai, in March, 1894—this was the incident leading to the war with China—I was discussing Japanese conditions with Prof. Stevens of Albany, N. Y., at that time Principal of the flourishing Methodist College at Aoyama, Tokyo. "When I had been in this country six months," he said, "I knew all about Japan. After another year's residence, my mind misgave me as to the accuracy of my knowledge, and now that I have been here seven years, I must confess that I know little more than nothing." Humiliating as it was, I felt compelled to admit that the longer I was in Japan, the more it puzzled me. Intimacy or friendship never led to confidence; it was as if every individual tongue had been sealed by order of the government. During the spring session of the Diet, in 1894, when the war-cloud began to exhibit signs of being surcharged with electricity, I was taking luncheon at the Seyoken restaurant in Gsukiji with an old friend, an ex-daimio and member of the House of Nobles. Talking over early days, he grew more confidential over our reminiscences and I seized the opportunity of asking him a question of slight importance, although the answer would have furnished me with a clew to the trend of the deliberations of the Cabinet. "Domo, sore wo wakarimasen" (I am sorry, but I don't know), he replied. I was satisfied that he could give me the information if he chose, and showed my vexation by saying: "What do you know, anyhow?" With unimpaired good-humor, and pretending to take the question seriously, he answered: "Nothing; I have no brains."

If, therefore, the progress and result of the war with China was an unpleasant surprise to Europe, the old residents of Japan were no less astonished; but Hayashi's interview was a revelation, and thereafter Japan could not again conceal her actions nor secrete

her purposes. We were able to watch her intelligently and dispassionately, because, while we willingly paid tribute to her virtues, the strong animosity of the people toward foreigners, rampant until 1899, served to remind us that Japan, like all other nations, is far from perfection.

It was a marvel to me when, on returning to Japan in 1901, I found that this feeling had completely disappeared to make way again for the politeness which had charmed us in the early seventies. I was aware that an Imperial Rescript upon the subject had appeared, and had no doubt that it would be effective, but its influence upon the lower orders, the coolies and sendo (boatmen), was astounding. It was odd, at first, to be able to perambulate Yokohama and Tokyo without being insulted by the cry of Tojin; and more so when the storekeepers again in their speech assumed the address which they would have employed toward a native gentleman, instead of the contemptuous speech suitable for a coolie. I noticed also, in different parts of Japan, that the school girls wore the hair plaited or hanging down, instead of using the time-honored coiffure which indicated the age. This seems of little importance; but when it is borne in mind that the change from one mode of wearing the hair to another was connected with tradition and, to a certain extent, with national superstition, the conclusion was obvious that the people, the masses, had broken with the past.

It was, however, not the people in whom I was concerned but the Shizoku, as the former buké or samurai are now designated. It is said, and cannot be contradicted, that the members of this class or caste rule as firmly over Japan today as they did in the halcyon days of the feudal system. Modern Japan is, indeed, the word of their creation, as the revolution of 1868 was exclusively accomplished by them; but with the introduction of the conscription, the profession of arms was closed to a large number, and when caste privileges were abolished, these men understood that an honorable subsistence must depend upon individual merit. It was here that the buké spirit showed its mettle. The swords were displaced by book and pen; the samurai student threw himself heart and soul into his work. In the public schools, who stand at the head of the classes? Samurai children. Who reap the reward of being the best scholars, by being sent abroad at government expense to complete their studies and gather information that may be of use? The young samurai. And how do those young men acquit themselves, left to their own discretion and free from all supervision? Few of us who have left college behind, but remember with mingled pleasure and respect some former classmate from Japan.

The army and navy are officered by Shizoku, not by means of favoritism, but because the children of the *heimin* (common people)

cannot compete with them in the schools. We find them in possession of bench and bar. There are few physicians and dentists who do not belong to this caste; and when Dr. Kitasato proceeded to Hong Kong to be inoculated with the bubonic plague that he might probe the disease and discover a cure, it was the old *buké* spirit that made him risk his life in the career of his choice. It may be said that they monopolize the learned professions, including the press, although these occupations are open to all that pass the required examinations. Very few have entered upon the humbler walks of business life; and those who did so voluntarily descended into the *heimin* class; but we find them presiding over great banking corporations—witness Shibusawa Eichi—or directing vast commercial enterprises, as Kondo Rimpei, the president of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha (Japan Mail Steamship Company). These men are fully as much attached to their chosen profession, as were their fathers to that of arms; and this diversion of the *buké* spirit from pursuits of war to those of peace, must be taken into account in discussing Japan's aims and purposes, since, far from losing caste, their success has materially increased their influence.

An absence of a few years, or even one year, from Japan forces one's attention upon the constant and rapid strides the nation is making upon the road to prosperity. There are now capitalists such as Japan did not dream of thirty years ago. The consequence is that wages have increased enormously, and the cost of living has risen in proportion; but the laboring classes can at this time enjoy comforts which were beyond the reach of the storekeepers twenty-five years ago. This accounts for the lower classes breaking off with the past and its traditions, and thereby showing their sympathy with the aims and purposes of Japan's leaders.

The twenty-six years spent in efforts to establish Japan's independence upon a firm basis had proved to the leaders their country's strength. The years immediately following the treaty of Shimonoseki convinced them that it also possesses elements of weakness, which render a serious consideration of such a programme as "Asia for the Asiatic," under the initiative of Japan, simply preposterous. It was not a mere pretext, when, at the beginning of the war with China, Japan declared the desire to establish Korea's independence. The peninsula, with its mountain passes and dangerous coast, can easily be rendered inaccessible by a patriotic people, and under such conditions it would be a bulwark to Japan against a continental foe. The Japanese, therefore, were sincere in the desire to confer what should be a boon to any but an invertebrate people; and yet, what was the result? The traditional animosity changed into violent hatred.

There is no more unruly, turbulent, overbearing class than the Japanese of the lower orders; the planters in the Hawaiian Islands

will confirm this. The shizoku knows it; but he permits no familiarity, and maintains law and order by suppressing the slightest sign of insubordination. During the occupation of Korea, a host of coolies were employed, and some latitude was necessarily allowed; it was abused when occasion offered, and hence the violent hatred of the Koreans toward the Japanese. The necessity of ruling the lower orders with a firm hand has caused the Shizoku to acquire, unconsciously, a domineering manner which is resented by the Chinese and Koreans. A few years ago a Japanese mining engineer was engaged to superintend operations in Yunnan; he was compelled to leave the province within a few months after his arrival, because the natives peremptorily declined to obey his orders. The occupation of Formosa promised to be an expensive failure, until the Japanese Government engaged the services of a competent Englishman as adviser. In July, 1902, I sailed from Nagasaki to Yokohama on the Nippon Yusen Kaisha's steamer *Kosai Maru*, and was astonished as well as pleased to notice that, whereas the officers and sailors were Japanese, the unruly native stewards and waiters had been displaced by Chinese. All this goes far to prove that the authorities are aware of the elements of weakness as well as of those of strength in the national character, and have shaped their policy accordingly.

This is corroborated by the policy pursued during the last decade, which was for Japan essentially one of commercial and industrial expansion. It was a national misfortune that Russia's representatives in the Far East, Pavloff, de Giers, Lessar and Alexieff, persistently violated the several treaties with Japan, and, since no redress could be obtained before an international tribunal, there was nothing left but to submit to the arbitrament of the sword. Japan did not court the contest; she consulted her interests by her sincere and repeated efforts to avoid it; but the Russian diplomats mentioned were equally sincere to establish Pan-Slavism in Asia by fair means or foul, and Japan could not afford to allow *that* phantom to assume shape.

So far as Japan is concerned, the phantom of a Yellow Peril is a mere chimera; persistent, indefatigable, and patriotic as Japan's statesmen are, they have proved themselves to be thoroughly practical and not inclined to chase after windmills. Their ideals for the future are illustrated by their attitude toward the St. Louis Exposition: peaceable progress was not to be interfered with, even by a death grapple.

The history of the Japanese nation shows a consistent upward tendency among her people; and by this expression I mean, as do the Japanese themselves, the leaven of Shizoku—approximately ten per cent. of the total population. They have demanded equality

with the nations foremost in civilization, and earned their admittance by honest and consistent efforts, sacrificing inherited and even cherished national customs when convinced of their irrationality. The same pride which compelled them to swallow many a bitter cup during the period of reformation, causes them to look with contempt upon the Chinese, who, possessed of every element of national greatness, are individually too enwrapped in self to devote a thought to the commonwealth. For many ages Japan has been a thorn in the side of China, and there is more effective though silent antagonism between the natives of those two countries than there is between the Japanese and the European. Between the American and the Japanese nothing but cordiality exists.

The statement is not due to national sentiment; it expresses a fact. Of the Europeans in the Far East, the British merchant is most conspicuous owing to his numerical majority, and, as a rule, he declines to mingle socially either with Japanese or Chinese. He employs a *banto* in Japan, a *comprador* or *shroff* in China, as go-between, because he declines to learn "the beastly language." It is not because he lacks the ability; most of the real knowledge we possess of China, as well as of Japan, has come to us through natives of Great Britain, generally but not always risen from among the interpreters. I have heard highly educated Japanese declare that there are few native scholars who can compare in knowledge of language, literature, and folk lore with Sir Ernest Satow or Basil Hall Chamberlain; but the British merchant, after attending to his office duties, goes to the club, or spends his time in national outdoor sports which he has transplanted to the open posts. He does not care to associate with the natives, whose language he does not understand and whose ideals he cannot comprehend. The American merchant, on the other hand, has no objection to associating with a Japanese gentleman, so long as he is, and acts like, one; and the extraordinary increase in trade, notably in our exports, shows how that line of conduct is appreciated.

The situation may be summed up as follows: Give the Japanese his due; allow him credit for his efforts and for what he has accomplished; in other words, admit him to the equality which he has earned, subject to the social conditions prevailing everywhere, and the Yellow Peril, so far as Japan is concerned, will dissolve in the air. But deny him his right, brand him with the iron of "Asiatic" on the forehead, and he will turn for recognition to his fellow-Asiatics, the sense of injury animating him to dissimulate his own better nature. In that case, the phantom will be thrown out of sight for years to come; but the future generations of Japanese will evince the same tenacity of purpose, the same persistent effort, until the Mongol stands equal to the Causasian in every devil's invention

of wholesale and legalized murder. And when the phantom is resurrected, the world will witness a struggle of races, the mere contemplation of which causes mental nausea.

The history of the past few years corroborates and illustrates this view. It is now known that the so-called Boxer Troubles were in reality a supreme effort on the part of the Chinese to expel the foreigners and return to an isolation which the contraction of the world, owing to modern inventions, renders impossible. Japan, since 1898, had made strenuous efforts to conciliate the Empress-Dowager and her Court, in the hope of being able to frustrate Russia's Pan-Slavistic policy. Instead of holding aloof, and thereby increasing her influence with the Manchu dynasty, Japan cheerfully and honestly joined the occidental powers in rescuing the foreign legations at Peking. She had her reward in the respect and good will which the superior discipline of her troops inspired among the Pekingese. While the paramount consideration of his own individual welfare is a serious obstacle in the way of national restoration, the Chinese is neither fool nor blockhead; and when the march of the allied forces afforded him an opportunity to judge, he gave the palm to the Japanese. Not all the cunning and ability of the Russian representative—not all the prestige of Russia's dreaded power, was able to dislodge Japanese influence at Peking, after the Court returned from its flight.

It is China courting Japan, and not the reverse as it was in 1898 and 1899, because Japan understands the danger underlying the effort to redeem a people so numerous and so hopelessly enshrouded in atavistic prejudices. The task would devolve upon the Shizoku whom she needs at home. They are wanted, badly wanted, to raise the heimin to their own high plane, and their distribution over China would seriously impede the progress of Japan. Two years ago, when traveling in China, I happened to meet a Japanese officer, temporarily detached to assist in drilling some Chinese provincial troops. I could perceive from his remark that "his time would soon be up," that he was not very enthusiastic about his duties; but it showed me also that the Japanese Government dreads the deteriorating effect of association with the Chinese, by reducing the term of such detachment, and changing the officers selected for such duty.

If, at this time, the Chinese were united; that is, if instead of the Eighteen Provinces—Shih Pah Sêng or Sz' Pak Seng, as the Chinese sometimes designate their country—each constituting a semi-independent kingdom, there were a united empire, the phantom of the Yellow Peril might soon assume the shape of a threatening cloud to foreigners in China. At no time in my travels in China have I noticed such deep, if suppressed, hatred toward foreigners as with-

in the past few years. This feeling grows in intensity from the masses to the Kuan (Mandarins). It would be folly to maintain that the Middle Kingdom has been stationary since the Boxer troubles. Strenuous efforts have been made to strengthen the central government, nor were they altogether unsuccessful. When, during the Boxer troubles, Chang Chih-tung and Liu K'un-yi, the two most powerful viceroys of the Yang-toz' provinces, undertook to preserve order within their respective jurisdiction, they acted in direct contravention of telegraphic orders from Peking; but in ignoring these orders, which they pronounced a forgery, they merely re-asserted a prerogative, since the Central Government had no right to involve their provinces in a war of the North.

The two viceroys, however, admitted that this well-established precedent was a powerful advantage to China's enemies. When the protocol was signed, and China had formally accepted the amount of indemnity to be paid by her, the several provinces were notified of their respective contributions toward the annual installments. At that time the Court was still at Hsian-fu. Upon its return journey to Peking, and while resting at Kai Ferg-fu, a protest was received, signed by most of the viceroys and governors, headed by Chang Chih-tung, who had conferred by telegraph with his colleagues, and thus initiated united action. While I was at Shanghai, in the early spring of 1902, I saw another joint protest of the provincial authorities published in the *Su Pao*. It appeared that Sir Robert Hart, the Inspector-General of the Imperial Maritime Customs, had instructed some of his subordinates to proceed into the interior for the purpose of opening postoffices. The local authorities complained to the Taotai of Hankow, who brought it to the notice of Viceroy Liu K'un-yi. The viceroys and governors made common cause, and again it was Chang Chih-tung who first affixed his signature, although the affair did not affect him or his territory.

This instance shows forcibly how the Chinese authorities hamper their own efforts. Sir Robert Hart had not exceeded his duties; on the contrary, all his efforts have been consistently toward the same object, viz., centralizing the government. But Chang Chih-tung and his associates would like to see this accomplished without the loss of their privileges and perquisites—which is impossible. Personally the ex-viceroy, who is now the principal adviser of the Empress-Dowager at Peking, would willingly renounce the perquisites of office, because his official career has proved him to be a patriot; but like all of his fellow-Chinese, his sympathies are with the past, and every deviation from established precedent is a stab at his convictions.

It is a serious error to suppose that patriotism does not exist in

China. A short time prior to the capture of Port Arthur by the Japanese, in 1894, I was talking with a wealthy banker and merchant at Chefoo, and asked him why he did not start a patriotic fund, as the Japanese had done. "Do you take me for a fool?" he asked indignantly. "Suppose I did subscribe \$10,000 for such a purpose, \$9,999 would find their way into the pockets of the mandarins, and the last dollar would be taken as a commission for manipulating the money." But I could see that, if he were satisfied that the money would have been expended properly, Sung Tai would have subscribed many times that amount.

Again, after the event referred to, I had returned to Shanghai, and, as Christmas was approaching I visited a well-known jewelry store on Nanking Road. Chatting with the fat proprietor, I mentioned incidentally that Port Arthur had fallen. "It is not true!" he fairly shouted. I never saw a Chinese so excited, and when I was telling him that I had been there, he interrupted me, trembling with excitement: "I bet you \$100!" Proceeding to the safe, he produced the amount: "No more talkee talkee! Put up your money." Seeing that nothing would satisfy him but to lose the hundred dollars, and as he was growing insulting, I humored him. A few days later he paid, with Chinese stoicism, but his remarks upon the mandarins showed how deeply he was concerned in his country's defeat.

So long as China maintains her present system of administration, she is harmless to cause the Yellow Peril phantom to assume shape. More realistic by far, and I may add more dangerous to civilization, is that of Pan-Slavism.

Why has Russia consistently opposed with the crushing power of her prestige any and all measures that might lead to national reform in China? Why did she deny its government the right to grant railway concessions to Englishmen? Why did she insist upon securing strategic privileges upon railway concessions whose grant she could not, or dared not, prohibit? Why did she force loans upon China, while her own expenses compelled her to borrow? Every step taken by the Russian representative at Peking, since Count Cassini held that position, has been with the view of securing a preponderating influence at the Court, and to carry favor with the Kuan (Mandarins). Every artifice ingenuity could invent was practiced upon the Court to induce it to consent to a Russian protectorate. That object achieved, Chinese money would be used to bribe the venal mandarins into subservancy; hence the repeated efforts to oust Sir Robert Hart from the control of the Customs, and to substitute a creature of Russia. After a few years, when the officials had grown used to the idea of Russian supremacy, officers would be detailed to drill Chinese provincial troops, and after they had

been converted into a disciplined machine, it would be used against the mandarins to displace them by Russians. That was the meaning of M. Paul Lessar's ill-timed admission, "*On leur tiera le queue jusqu'ils mordent.*" (We shall pull their pigtaails until they bite). The scheme was more than feasible, it had every factor of success—until Japan punctured Russia's sole effective means, her prestige.

His Excellency Count Cassini, Russian Ambassador at Washington, in a recent article in the *North American Review*, ascribes to Japan the very policy inaugurated and pursued by Russia. He also refutes the common misapprehension that the Chinese are cowards—and he knows whereof he speaks. It was by the notorious Cassini Convention entered into while he was Russian Minister at Peking, that the idea of rendering China subject to Pan-Slavism first took shape; and as His Excellency draws attention to what Japan might do when in command of China's hordes, it is well to ask what Germany, aye, and the rest of continental Europe, would do, if China's millions were aligned under the banners of the Tsar, and China's resources, combined with the industry of her people, had laid a network of rails over the Asiatic Continent? That is the real phantom of the Yellow Peril—and if it be dispelled, we owe it to Japan's patriotism and foresight.

NOON

By *NORA MAY FRENCH*

THE brook flowed through a bending arch of leaves—
 Flowed through an arch of leaves into the sun;
 But all was shadow where it left my feet—

A shade with netted ripples overrun,
 A brook that flowed in coolness to the sun.

Beyond the arch of shadow, color lay—
 Vivid to narrowed eyelids, fiercely bright,
 And bright the happy water slipped away
 In gleaming pools and broken lines of light.

Los Angeles



THE FIRST CALIFORNIA NEWSPAPER

By W. J. HANDY



YING before me are twenty-seven copies of the first newspaper published in California—possibly the first paper issued west of the Missouri river.

This made its appearance at Monterey August 15, 1846, five weeks after Sloat had raised the Stars and Stripes and taken California for the United States. It was discontinued, or merged with the *California Star*, edited by Sam Brannan, about May, 1847. No complete file of this paper is known to be in existence. Three of our California principal libraries have copies, neither file exactly alike. It would be a rare relic for any library in this part of the state.*

This collection covers numbers one to seven, inclusive, in fine condition, and other numbers to April 27, 1847—twenty-seven in all.

Walter Colton, who originated the idea of this newspaper, was chaplain on the man-of-war *Savannah*, coming to this coast at the time of the occupation, and was present when the Mexican flag was hauled down and the United States flag raised. He was the first American holding the office of Alcalde, first by appointment of the Military Commander. So fair were his decisions to all concerned that he was elected to the same office without opposition; later he was Judge of the Admiralty Court for the whole of California.

Associated with Colton was one Dr. Semple. Semple was certainly a prominent figure in the early days. We find him one of the Bear Flag party at Sonoma; one of the signers to terms of the surrender of Gen. Vallejo and others; one of the guard who conducted the prisoners to Sutter's fort; and President of the Constitutional Convention in 1849. Colton says: "My partner is an emigrant from Kentucky—stands six feet eight in his stockings. He is in buckskin dress, a foxskin cap, is true with his rifle, ready with his pen, and quick at the type-case."

Colton says: "Saturday, Aug. 15. Today the first newspaper ever published in California made its appearance. The honor, if such it be, of writing its Prospectus, fell to me. It is to be issued on every Saturday, and is published by Semple and Colton. Little did I think when relinquishing the editorship of the *North American*, in Philadelphia, that my next feat in this line would be off here in California.

"We created the materials of our office out of the chaos of a small concern, which had been used by a Roman Catholic monk in printing a few sectarian tracts. The press was old enough to be preserved as a curiosity; the mice had burrowed in the balls; there were no rules, no leads, and the types were rusty and all in pi. It was only by scouring that the letters could be made to show their faces. A sheet or two of tin were procured, and these, with a jack-knife, were cut into rules and leads. Luckily we found, with the press, the greater part of a keg of ink; and now came the main scratch for paper. None could be found, except what is used to envelop the tobacco of the cigar smoked here by the natives. A coaster had a small supply of this on board, which we procured. It is in sheets a little larger than the common-sized foolscap. And this is the size of our first paper, which we have christened the *Californian*.

"Though small in dimensions, our first number is as full of news as a black walnut is of meat. We have received by couriers, during the week,

*It has since been bought by the Pasadena Public Library.

intelligence from all the important military posts through the territory. It reached the public for the first time through our sheet. We have, also, the declaration of war between the United States and Mexico, with an abstract of the debate in the Senate. A crowd was waiting when the first sheet was thrown from the press. It produced quite a little sensation. Never was a bank run upon harder; not, however, by people with paper to get specie, but exactly the reverse. One-half of the paper is in English, the other in Spanish. The subscription for a year is five dollars; the price of a single sheet is twelve and a half cents, and is considered cheap at that."

Type being scanty, in many cases words were contracted or mis-spelled; and the letter W being in particularly short supply, it became necessary to use in its place an inverted M, sometimes two VV's or two UU's; the lines are often uneven, spacing irregular and press work thin or heavy, as the ink was distributed hap-hazard—probably with a hand pad. But with all the poor material at its disposal, the *Californian* presents a fair appearance and contains many interesting items of early days.

The Prospectus is somewhat lengthy, but is covered by the one paragraph: "*We shall be for California, for all her interests, social, civil and religious, encouraging everything that promotes these, resisting everything that can do them harm.*"

And pretty good reading; pretty good principles, too. Here it is in full:*

PROSPECTUS.

This is the first paper ever published in California, and though issued upon a small sheet, is intended it shall contain matter that will be read with interest. The principles which will govern us in conducting it, can be set forth in a few words.

we shall maintain an entire and utter severance of all political connexion with Mexico. we renounce at once and forever all fealty to her laws, all obedience to her mandates.

we shall advocate an oblivion of all past political offences and allow every man the privilege of entering this new era of events unembarrassed by any part he may have taken in previous revolutions.

We shall maintain freedom of speech and the press, and those great principles of religious toleration, which allows every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.

We shall advocate such a system of public instruction as will bring the means of a good practical education to every child in California.

We shall urge the immediate establishment of a well organized government and a universal obedience to its laws.

we shall encourage immigration, and take special pains to point out to agricultural immigrants those sections of unoccupied lands, where the fertility of the soil will most aptly repay the labors of the husbandman.

we shall encourage domestic manufactures and the mechanic arts as sources of private wealth, individual comfort and indispensable to the public prosperity.

we shall urge the organization of interior defences sufficient to protect the property of citizens from the depredations of the wild indians.

We shall advocate a territorial relation of California to the United States, til the number of her inhabitants is such that she can be admitted a member of that glorious confederacy.

*In all quotations, the original has been followed in spelling and punctuation.

Samuel Wilson

CALIFORNIAN.

Vol. 1.

MONTEREY, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1846.

No. 1.

THE CALIFORNIAN—It published every Saturday morning
By COLTON & SEMPLÉ.

Terms—Subscription, ONE YEAR \$5 00
" SIX MONTHS 2 50
" PROSPECTUS.

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We shall support the present measures of the commander in chief of the American squadron on our coast, so far as they conduce to the public tranquility, the organization of a free representative government and our alliance with the United States.

We shall advocate the lowest rate of duties on foreign imports, and favor an exemption of the necessities of life, even from these duties.

We shall go for California—for all her interests, social, civil and religious—encouraging every thing that promotes these, resisting every thing that can do them harm.

This press shall be free and independent; unawed by power and untrammelled by party. The use of its columns shall be denied to none, who have suggestions to make, promotive of the public weal.

We shall lay before our readers the freshest domestic intelligence and the earliest foreign news.

We commence our publication upon a very small sheet, but its dimensions shall be enlarged as soon as the requisite materials can be obtained.

FROM THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.

The U. S. sloop of war, Warren, Capt. Hull, arrived on Wednesday 12th, brings us a act of Congress and the proclamation of the President, declaring Mexico and U. S. at war. we give them below.

Act of Congress, approved May 15th 1846.
Sec. 1. In consideration, that by an act of the Republic of Mexico, there exists a state of war, between that Repub-

lic and that of the U. States. It is resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives, in Congress assembled, that with a view to provide the government of the U. States with the means of prosecuting the said war to a speedy and favorable termination. The President be authorized, as he is by these presents, to employ the military and naval forces of the U. States, and to require and accept the services of any number of volunteers not exceeding 50,000 men who may offer, both Cavalry, Artillery and Riflemen, to serve 12 months from the time they shall have arrived at the place designated, or until the termination of the war, unless sooner discharged, according to the time for which they may have enlisted; and the sum of 10,000,000 of dollars of money at present in the Treasury or such as may be hereafter received, not already appropriated for other objects, be appropriated as, it is by these presents to carry into effect the provisions of this Act.

Sec. 2. And it is further enacted, that the Militia, when called into the service of the United States, in virtue of the present Act, or any other, may, if in the opinion of the President (the exigencies of the public service require it) be compelled to serve for a period not exceeding six months in any one year from the date of their arrival at the appointed place, unless sooner discharged.

Sections 3, 4, 5, 6 & 7, Treat of the organization of the volunteers into Companies, Battalions and Regiments, and of chosen officers, and other circumstances relative to their equipment and subjection to the military code of Laws.

Sec. 8. And it is further enacted, that the President of the United States, be, as he is by these presents, authorized to complete immediately, all the National ships already authorized by law; to purchase or hire, arm, equip and man such merchant ships and steamers, as may be found upon examination, fit for being converted into armed ships proper for the National service, and in sufficient numbers for the protection of the coast, and for the general defence of the Country.

Section 9, Arranges that the militia and volunteers shall receive the same pay as the regular army when in actual service.

In pursuance of the above Bill, the President, under date of the 18th May has issued the following

PROCLAMATION:

In consideration that the Congress of the U. States, by virtue of the authority with which it is clothed, has declared by the law of to-day, that through an act of the Republic of Mexico, there exists a state of war between that government and the U. States, therefore I, James K. Polk, President of the U. States by these presents do proclaim the same, and I especially recommend to all persons who hold civil or military employment under the government of the U. S. that they be vigilant and zealous in the discharge of their respective duties. Moreover, I exhort the entire people of the U. S. by their love of country and a sense of the injuries which have obliged them to appeal to the last resort of nations, (and in as much as it consults the means most opportune to abbreviate the calamities) that they would exert themselves to maintain order, to promote re-union, to sustain the authority and efficiency of the laws and to give aid and force to all the measures which may be adopted by the constitutional authorities to obtain an early, just and honorable peace.

IN TESTIMONY of which, I have placed my hand and have caused the seal of the United States to be affixed to these presents

JAMES K. POLK, President U.S.
WASHINGTON, May 15, 1846.

we shall support the present measures of the commander in chief of the American squadron on our coast, so far as they conduce to the public tranquility, the organization of a free representative government and our alliance with the United States.

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From Photo by Taber

Thomas O. Larkin

U. S. CONSUL AT MONTEREY, 1847

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Then follows President Polk's proclamation declaring war with Mexico, dated May 15, 1846. And the following important

NOTICE.

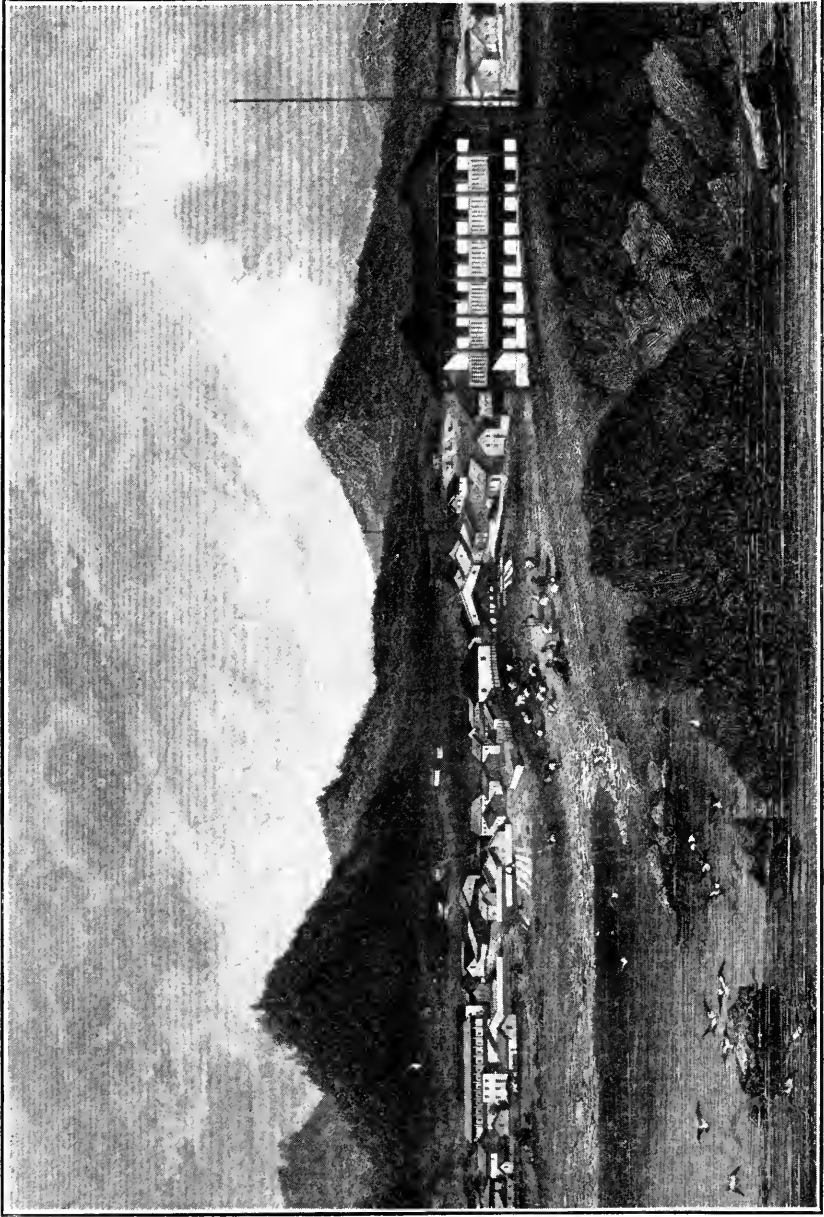
WHEREAS, the authorities of the United States deeming it of the first importance to maintain order and quiet, and to give security to all persons, and to prevent any riot or disturbance in the town of Monterey and its jurisdiction. An order was published prohibiting



From Photo by Taber

Fuller Heath Davis

Probably the only "American" yet alive who was living in Monterey when the first California newspaper was published there. He came here first in 1831, in the bark "Louise," and has resided in California continuously since 1838. He is now nearly 90 years old, and wrote the signature reproduced above, a few weeks ago without using glasses.



MONTEREY IN THE LATE '40'S

From an old print

the sale or disposition of any ardent spirits. Notwithstanding the order, sailors and soldiers of the United States, as well as persons of this plac frequently become Intoxicated. It is therefore evident th persons are still indirectly disposing of liquors. It is hereby ordered that no one is to sell or dispose of any intoxicatin liquors whatever, and all persons that have formerly vende liquor, and vll store and shop keepers and keepers of publ houses are prohibited from keeping any liquors, or wines, of any kind or description in their shops or stores, so doing wll be considered violation of this order, and wll be look upon with the greatest severity, and punished by forfeiture their liquors, fine and imprisonment at the discretion of Magistrate, Monterey, August 13, 1846.

WALTER COLTON,)
) U. S. Justice.
 RODMAN M. PRICE,)

The first battle in California, in which blood was spilled, was fought on the 24th day of June (1846), on the plains between Petaloma and St. Raphael, between a party of Californians under command of Capt. Del la Torre eighty six strong, and a small detachment of the Patriot Army, under Lieut. Ford, (now Capt. Ford,) 22 strong. Some days previous to the battle Del la Torre crossed the Bay with 70 men, and was joined by a small party which had been collected by Correo and Padea on the North side.

The garrison at Sonoma being informed that 3 Americans were prisoners at La Torre's Camp, at party of 22 under Lieut. Ford, left Sonoma on the 23rd, on their arrival at the Santa Rosa Plains they ascertained from some prisoners which they had taken, that La Torre had gone by the Lagoones towards San Raphel, they followed all night, and on the morning of the 24th came up with the enemy, encamped for breakfast in the edge of a plain, bordering on a brushwood of several acres. Lieut. Ford, with several of his men charged on them in such a manner as to draw them to the edge of the wood where the remainder of his force were stationed, the enemy charged so closely that the fire of our riflemen was very effective, having several prisoners, to guard there was only 18 men engaged, they fired only about 18 or 20 shots, and from the best information we can get, the enemy lost 8 killed and 2 wounded, while our men were not touched under a discharge of near 200 muskets. The enemy retired to a hill about a mile off, our party then stopped at a coral, in full view and changed their tired horses for fresh ones from the enemys cavallada with the prisoners whom they had rescued, and those of the enemy whom they had previously taken, retired to the garrison at Sonoma. Lieut. Ford displayed the most perfect coolness, judgement, and daring bravery, the whole party with two or three exceptions, distinguished themselves for bravery and discretion.

From the second paper, dated August 22, 1846:

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

Lieut. McLane of the 1st Dragoons was in town yesterday. The company has just returned from another indian excursion to the mountains. The Indians are beginning to find who has the country, they have divided into small parties, which renders it next to impossible for a company to find them. The only effectual means of

stopping their inroads upon the property of the country will be to attack them in their villages in the California Mountains. We are in hopes that at least a division of that company will be sent down the Toolary valley and to cross the mountains at the Bear River pass to meet the emigration on the 10th of September at Trucky's lake. Should such a division be sent, under command of Mr. McLane, his suavity of manner and gentlemanly deportment, with his knowledge he will have acquired of the country will be of great service to the emigrants and to the country.

FORT STOCKTON. This is a handsome fortification situated at the northwest corner of this town, on an elevated point of land, so situated as to command the town and harbor, on the S. W. corner is a strong block house, with three 42 pounders, the battery extends in an angular circle from N. W. to N. E., and is then continued to south in a regular circle, so that with the block house the whole circle is well guarded. The intention is at present to mount ten heavy guns, and so arranged that they may be moved and brought to bear at any point. The whole will be surrounded by a ditch seven feet deep. The position and plan was directed by Commodore Stockton, and is now under the direction of Capt. Mervine. Mr. Cecil constructor.

NEWS FROM BELOW.

Officers, soldiers and prisoners have been arriving here all the week from Castro's camp.

Capt. Goaquin De Le Torre came in on Tuesday from whom we have gathered all the information we have. Mr. Washburn, an American, who was a prisoner only confirms the main facts stated by Torre, being confined he had but little opportunity of learning any of their plans.

De La Torre says, that when Castro learned that Capt. Fremont had reached the town of Los Angeles, about 12 hours march from him, he broke camp in the night buried his cannon, and left in the direction of Sonora. At his first camp from Pueblo he gave permission to as many as chose to return home, the whole force consisting of about 200. He thinks that about 60 followed Castro and Pico, but Mr. Washburn says he understood there were but 16, officers and soldiers, they kept Mr. Weaver one of the prisoners with them.

Most of those who followed the Governor were persons who had committed so many crimes that they were afraid of justice, the remainder have most of them returned to their ranches.

So far as California is concerned the war is at an end. The next thing is to take steps for the organization of a Territorial Government.

Proposals, for carrying a mail from Monterey to Yerbabuno there and back once a week will be received at this office until the first day of September as follows On horseback, leave Monterey on Saturday morning and arrive at Yerbabuno before Tuesday night, leave Yerbabuno on Wednesday morning and arrive at Monterey Before Friday night.

Compensation paid quarterly.

Address R. Semple Monterey.

From first paper:

In our next number we shall probably commence the publication of a series of numbers in relation to those sections of our country which are unoccupied, and where settlements may be profitably made agricultural purposes, in connexion with convenient water power for milling purpose and their respective contiguity to navigable waters, as a guide to strangers arriving in the country with a view of settling.

From the Californian, August 22, 1846:

CALIFORNIA—No. 1.

This being the only paper published in California, it is desirable that it should not only be interesting for its news, but conducted in such a manner as to make it useful as a history of the country, we have therefore determined to publish a series of numbers devoted to that subject, in which will be embodied the state of the country, public opinion, the circumstances which lead to the present outbreak, and principals and conduct of the actors.

The population of California is estimated at about 10,000, exclusive of Indians, and probably less than two thousand of that number are foreigners, most of these originally from the United States. The latter was rapidly increasing by immigration, while the natives were, if increasing at all, but slowly. The fact became evident to a few men, that, under the present state of things, this tide of foreigners, would soon fill up the country and probably change the very nature of their institutions, they were preparing it; but before entering upon a history of the measures adopted, we shall premise a few facts in relation to the actors on the part of the Californians.

But little more than a year ago, Gen. Terano, the Governor appointed by the Government of Mexico, was in power. Don Jose Castro, Alverado, Pico and others complained of the oppressions of the governor, and accordingly got up a party to depose him of Californians and foreigners, a number of foreigners also on the side of the Governor. Much warlike preparation was made and some long marches, but without a battle, or at least, without the loss of human life, it finally resulted in Pico's assuming the station of Governor, and Castro commander of the military, the situation of both Mexico and California, can not be better described, than in the following paragraph from the N. Y. Herald. "The stupidity and weakness of the people, and the selfishness and tyranny of their military officers and government have reduced Mexico to the lowest grade of degradation and infamy. The sun never shone on a more beautiful country and the God of Nature never dispensed his favors to a greater degree than he has on this now unfortunate country.

Yet notwithstanding these natural advantages, Mexico, from certain causes, is now the meanest and lowest in the category of nations. Her people are ruled with a rod of iron, and are sunk in imbecility and infamy; her military rulers are the most despotic and mercenary that ever exercised power; through the effects of successive revolutions, all confidence in government is gone. There is a never ending struggle by a set of designing men, to attain the management of the national affairs, and the only principal that guides them is self aggrandizement, Such is the condition of Mexico

at the present time, and such it has been for a number of years."

In this state of things Gen Castro issued one proclamation after another, ordering the foreigners to leave the country, and in some instances without arms. The people well knowing the character of the "Commandte" still remained quiet, but at last the decisive blow was struck, which forced us to rally and defend ourselves, or run for the mountains.

WAR NEWS FROM BELOW.

U. S. Frigate Congress Commodore Stockton has returned from the south. They took the town of Angeles without resistance. Had Gen. Castro enfiladed the line of march from San Pedro, he might have made the forces of the Congress wade through their own blood, or, had he remained when he had intrenched himself, there would have been a contest that must have been decided by the superior courage of the victorious party, for in point of physical force Gen. Castro had the advantage. But he precipitately broke his camp and is now in Sonora."

The result is as conclusive as if there had been a general engagement and many lives are spared that must have been sacrificed. War is a calamity, and we should rejoice in every circumstance which mitigates its evils. California is now lost forever to Mexico. Not a shadow of hope can remain that she can recover a foot of the Territory, and we do not believe that one inhabitant in ten, really regrets the result.

From the Californian, August 29, 1846:

CALIFORNIA. The destiny of California is fixed.—She is to become a free and independent state—a member of the North American Confederacy. She is no longer to be subject to a foreign arbitrary power, to domestic revolutions or military rule. She is to make her own laws, manage her own resources, and found those institutions in which her children are to find a happy home.

California has hitherto possessed but very few advantages for developing her resources. Her lands have been in the hands of but few individuals whose enormous grants discouraged emigration. These lands without disturbing legitimate titles, will now find occupants. They will be purchased by a thrifty population, trained to habits of industry. Golden harvests will wave over hills and vallies, where now only the briar and bramble are seen, and where the howl of the wolf is heard, the gloomy silence of the wild cascade will be broken by the thunder of factories, where art and industry will roll out upon the public their richest products.

Commerce will enliven every bay, and penetrate into the gorges of the -i-tant mountains.

This may seem too flattering a picture, but it is no more than what is seen and felt through the length and breadth of the United States.

The same enterprize and prosperity which prevails there avail this country. The same spirit which has made the farmer and mechanic vwealthy there will make them wealthy here.

The s-me spirit that has carried the advantages of an education to every child there, will carry the advantages to every child here. The same -pirit that has founded asylums there for the infirm, the deaf, and dumb, the blind, the houseless vvidow and orphan, will found the same beneficent institutions here.

Such is the destiny of California, such the patrimony which the aged, now descending to their graves, bequeath to their children. Who would dread such a vista? Who bar his offspring from such a heritage?

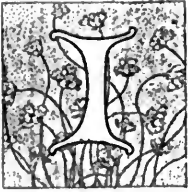
When Colton wrote the foregoing article he had been in California less than three months. The United States had been in possession only since July 14, and possession and information of the whole territory was confined to the coast line. San Francisco, Los Angeles and nearly all the prosperous cities of the present day were hardly known. The gold discovery was a year and a half in the future. Oil and asphaltum were unknown. The fruits, grains and farm possibilities a dream only. How marvelously true his prophecy has been realized.

Pasadena, Cal.

(To be continued.)

THE TIME WE CAME

By *THERESA RUSSELL*



NEVER could understand the philosophy of going away," I purred pensively to Spottie, charitably engaged in washing my ears. "Coming back seems a great deal more sensible to me." "Your logic, Mittens, is almost human," retorted Spottie. "To come back without going away, to rest without getting tired, to eat without getting an appetite—you seem to agree with Folks that if you can work some such scheme as that, you're ahead of the game."

"Yet I observe," I commented dryly, "that even you prefer to bathe without getting wet."

Spottie had nothing to say to this, so he said nothing. He always was queer. "Spottie Sententious" Mother Eve calls him. Then she laughs, and takes me in her arms and strokes me until I feel like all the beatitudes.

"But it's 'Mittens Melodious,' isn't it? Spottie ties his remarks up into nice little epigrams, but Mittens is an example of Continuity in Expression, aren't you, Mittie?"

Then she will fall to tweaking my ear. Sometimes when she and Spottie both get an ironical streak on at once, it makes me feel too lonesome to live. But when she pinches my tail or pulls my whiskers and says things I can understand, I am too happy to die. Spottie says it is a mistake to be so intense, and that I should cultivate nonchalance. But I don't like nonchalance. It's too much like lemon-juice in the milk. It makes me want to go away. Oh, yes, that is what I started out to tell.

You see, we began life at Virginia Camp, and would have been satisfied to end it there, as far as we knew. But we were removed at an early age, without consultation or consent. Once domesticated, however, ranch life in the valley seemed at least equal to mining life in the mountains, and I should not go back now without a protest. Mother Eve says I do nothing without a protest. But why should I? Protests are easy. Even if you believe in Providence, as I do, there is no reason why you should accept or forego everything with meekness and passivity. Providence might change its mind, if sufficiently urged. I have an idea it does. Spottie doesn't think so. He is a fatalist. His lack of piety is a great grief to me. There is something so soothing about pious resignation, with that hope at the bottom of it that it may, as I said, change its mind, after all. Of course, there are some kinds of doctrine I wouldn't care for. I heard them talking about a variety that had a Hades mixed up in it somehow.

I didn't get the details, as I was eating my supper at the time and couldn't take it all in—the talk, I mean. But they said something about it's being a dogma (the fact that it was any relation to a dog would settle it for me) that flourished in the temperate zone, because in the cold countries the people all wanted to go there as soon as they heard of it, and get warmed up, and in this country they wanted to go and get cooled off.

Folks are so funny. All their talk seems to be about going somewhere. There, that reminds me again. Spottie says that starting, with me, is no sign of arriving. Well, why should we arrive? It's just as good where we are. But I was going to tell you about how we came. Spottie said, concerning the journey, that like most things in life, it wasn't the fact so much as the method, that distressed him.

"To be seized and put into a box, and the box put onto a burro and jolted down a ten-mile hill was bad enough; but to be left in that narrow-minded contrivance all night, after you got there, was multiplying iniquity by infamy."

"And yet you never lifted up a voice nor a finger to get out."

"What's the use? You howled enough for two, if there were any good in howling—which there is not. Lie low and play the game."

"How do you know it wasn't my howling that led to our release?"

"If you had listened," scornfully, "instead of talking so much, you would have learned why. Tom Boyle asked Lelia if she could bring us on over that night. And she said she reckoned that by the time she finished arrigatin' th' garden an' got the supper an' washed th' dishes an' toted in wood an' milked th' cow an' sicked th' hogs outen th' alfalfa, it'ud be plumb dark an' time to turn in.' Then, in the morning, when she was finally ready she was held back by the boy.

"What's the matter with him?' Tom asked.

"Aw, nothin'," she said. "He ain't never seen nobody afore; that's all that ails him. When Mrs. Eve comes over here he hides behind me an' bellers like a scared calf. An' I can't git him to go over there, noways. Come on, now, Jimmie. Nobody's goin' to hurt ye."

"Yes, I remember," I said. "It was Jimmie and I that announced the procession from afar. And if it hadn't been for me, no doubt Jimmie would have been given all the attention."

"The more the better, so far as I was concerned," rejoined the unamenable Spot. And indeed, his arrival was no more gracious, if more calm, than my own.

"Oh, good morning, Lelia," I heard a voice say. "You've

brought my kittens over, haven't you? Just wait till I turn this loaf out of the Dutch oven. There!" And I smelled something awful good. "Now let's have a look at them. Aren't they dear! Studies in black and white."

"It's only the white one that studies," said another voice. "The black one is too busy telling you how he feels about it."

Then they let us out. The first thing I saw was a big brown dog. I put my back up in a way that should have intimidated any bow-wow that ever barked, and looked to Spottie for advice as to the next move. But Spottie, where was he? Nowhere in sight, alas, and I was left to face the world alone—a cruel world, with great, red jaws. I ran frantically all around the tent, and even inside of it, calling for Spottie, calling and listening. At last I heard a very faint, cautious reply, from under the tent floor.

"Always remember," he said, when I had finally found him, "that, while your tongue is liable to get you into trouble, your feet will always take you out. That's the reason they're four to one. This place looks suspicious to me," he went on. "Perhaps we'll conclude not to stay."

"How are you going to help yourself?" I quavered.

"Help yourself!" he sniffed. "You'll never do it by running about and making a big noise. That only helps other people to locate you. Lie low, I tell you, and watch your chance. Exercise your head first, your feet next, and your tongue last and least."

"Kitty! Kitty!" came a pleading voice from outside. I had never heard anything like it before. But then, aside from Lelia's, I had never heard any voices but those of men, burros and coyotes. This didn't sound exactly like any of them. I thought perhaps I might like it, when I got used to it. Through a crack I saw a saucer of milk and a pair of eyes. I felt sure I could trust the eyes, they were so near the color of Spottie's, and, with all his faults, Spottie was not one to lure one out to destruction. The milk also looked genuine—as though it might be the same brand as the one they used at home. It was—the "White Rose."

"Let's try it," I whispered longingly.

"Et dona ferentes!" warned Spottie again, nudging me with his elbow.

"What is that?"

"You ignoramus! It's short for, 'Eat doughnuts and fear any teas.' It means," he explained condescendingly, "that if they are going to poison you, they put it in your drink."

"Well, I'm about choked," I said, "and I'd rather die happy than live miserably. If it don't lay me out, you can join in."

"Go ahead, then. Every cause has its preface of martyrs."

I crept out cautiously. Everything seemed to be quiet and absent. The milk was as innocent as a lamb. Spottie only waited to be sure it was safe, and then pitched in and drank so fast he got more than his share after all.

"It's never necessary to be in at the start," he admonished me, complacently polishing off his chops, "as most people think. It is only necessary to be in at the finish, and to get in good licks while you're at it."

After breakfast we felt better. I don't know why, but we did. Life looked less forlorn and the place less dubious.

"I have a new motto," said Spottie, amiably—for him. "When in doubt, eat breakfast. Don't think I should like to live with those people I've heard of who have adopted a no-breakfast slogan."

"What is a slogan?" I purred sleepily.

"It's a wind-bag you hit the other fellow with and knock the arguments out of him."

"What have arguments got to do with breakfast?"

"Some people prefer them—that's all. They don't know any better. But the breakfast is more popular in this country. I remember the Colonel one time, up at camp. 'Jes' fancy, now,' he says, 'any guy gettin' up from a good, fillin' breakfast, an' committin' suicide or gettin' a divorce, or writin' a piece of poetry, or makin' any such phenonenon of himself'

"'Reckon you're kerrect,' says Tom. 'Them deeds is mostly done on poor, hollow, defrauded stomachs.'"

But no sooner had we begun to feel comfortable through refreshment than we began to feel uncomfortable through temperature.

"It will always be this way, I suppose," I grumbled.

"Sure!" said Spottie. "The Colonel says life is a procession of annoyances."

"Why, look at the poor kittens!" exclaimed Mother Eve. "Tongues out and lolling like dogs!"

"Take them down to the river bank," said the other voice. "It will be cooler there."

Accordingly she tucked one of us under each arm and carried us across a stretch of hot sand, down a steep bank, and then we couldn't go any farther for there was something in the way. It looked like water, but I never saw water in any such shape before. There was such an extraordinary quantity of it, more than you could ever drink in the world, and I don't know what else it is good for. In front of this rushing, foaming business, was a funny-looking piece of ground. It was smooth and dark

colored and damp. We were put down upon it. It felt queer, but oh, so cool and good. We walked about carefully at first, lifting our paws high and putting them down softly, for you never know but it may be a trap. But when we found it wasn't, we lay down, and rolled over, and sprawled every way at once, and couldn't get close enough to it. Then Spottie spied some willow trees with their toes dabbling right in the water, and challenged me to a romp in the branches, and we began to feel like ourselves again.

"How easy it is to have a good opinion of the universe, when you're comfortable," purred Spottie, presently.

"What is a opinion?"

"Well," he said, musingly, "the Colonel was saying to Tom that it was 'a thing which if you own it yourself, it's sure good and can be recommended; but which if it belongs to some other fellow, it must have been manufactured in a lunatic shop.'"

By and by someone called Mother Eve, and she went away. Spottie stuck serenely to his post, or tree, rather, but I did not like being left. I started to follow, but the hot sand burned my paws like coals of fire and the bank was so long and steep I did not see how I could make it.

"O, meouw! meouw!" I cried. "Whatever shall I do? To stay is to perish of fright and lonesomeness; to go is to die of heat and fatigue. Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do?"

"Shut up and come back here," advised the unsympathetic Spot. "Be a pessimist in your heart, if you must, but never be one out loud. It doesn't sound well."

"I don't care." I cried. "It's going to be dark pretty soon. You can stay here and be murdered in your bed and go without your supper, if you want to, but I'm going to find the way out."

So I left Spottie for the first time in my life, and started out bravely and alone. Finally I reached the top of the bank, and there, not far away, was a gladsome sight. Between the spreading mesquite tree and the little white tent was a crackling fire. Over the blaze Mother Eve was bending, raking out some coals for the coffee-pot. In six bounds I crossed the Sahara that divided us and never stopped bounding until I was perched safely on her shoulder.

"Well the dear little kittens!" she said. "Found his way all by his own self, didn't he? Now let's go and bring the other one."

"That's the way with pioneers," remarked Spottie, languidly. "Impatience and haste hoof it painfully; patience and poise ride in luxury."

In the beautiful twilight, when Spottie and I were frolicking

up and down the tent frame and the others were sitting on a pile of lumber watching us and wishing, no doubt, that they were kittens, I heard Mother Eve exclaim: "Why, there comes Tom Boyle. What is that he is carrying?"

"Ever see a side-winder?" he asked, as he came up. "Killed this one in the sage-brush just now."

"What kind of a snake is a side-winder?"

"It's a rattler that travels on the bias."

"There are some people who must have been side-winders, then, in a previous incarnation."

We were resting up on the ridge-pole.

"What is an incarnation?" I panted.

"It is what you were before you were promoted to be what you are," said Spottie.

"And what was I?"

"Oh, yes," we heard Mother Eve saying: "They have very distinct personalities. I can see that already. When Mittens wants anything he teases for it until, like the man in the Bible, you give it to him for his very importunity. Spottie disdains to ask, but simply watches his chance and appropriates it."

"Or, as we used to say up at camp, the black one is a beggar and the white one is a thief."

"In that case, Mittens," continued Spottie, reflectively, "I reckon you must have been an Organizer of Philanthropic Associations. And I? Oh, I was just a plain Captain of Industry."

Chloride, Arizona

SUSURRO

By ARTHUR B. BENNETT

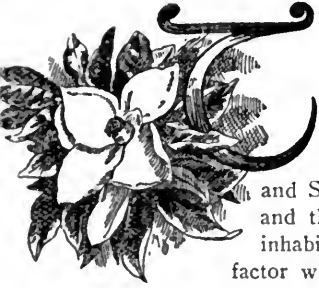
THE rabbit gets his cotton tail from cotton on the trees
That's blown to him on purpose by the sudden summer
breeze;

The breeze it went a-playing with a ripple on the lake
Which, wriggling and shimmering, swam off a pretty snake.
The turtle dove's so shy a one he hardly ever sings,
So breeze he does it for him by a whistle in his wings:
The owl is such a slayer he should be slain by rights,
So mourns by day the wickedness he perpetrates of nights;
The quail he is a saucy one and not afraid to shout,
When anyone is going by, "I spy a man—look out!"
The thousand stars are in the grass when Winter rain is kind,
The Spirit brushes each of them—the Spirit is the Wind.
Hush! List the Wind a-going up atop the lofty leaves,
Because they saw a battle once—because the Spirit grieves;
Hush! Watch, my little warrior, thine eyes thus ever bright!
Grow strong, my little warrior, for hunting and the fight!

San Diego, Cal.

MOUNTAIN STREAM CHARACTERISTICS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

*By J. B. LIPPINCOTT**



THE most important question now before the people of Southern California is the water problem. At the present rate of growth the limit of the present water supply of Los Angeles is in sight. If a sufficient supply can be obtained, it now seems probable that at no distant day almost the entire coastal plain between Los Angeles and Santa Monica, the area between Pasadena and Los Angeles, and the area east of Pasadena for some miles, will be thickly inhabited. It will become the American Riviera. The limiting factor will largely be the water supply.

This city and vicinity is the Mecca of an ever-increasing number of people who wish to escape the rigors and dirt of an Eastern winter. There are many other factors that will tend to increase the population and importance of this locality, but the mild climate and varied topography will always be the greatest.

While we can but hope that the long period of years of low precipitation has come to an end, we should not forget that one of the attractions, and a valuable asset, of Southern California is its great number of cloudless days. The average seasonal rainfall at Los Angeles for the 21 years ending August, 1893, was 18.30 inches. The average for the 11 years following that date, that is, from September 1, 1893, to August 31, 1904, was 11.26. The mean precipitation for the entire period of 32 years, during which the record has been kept, is 15.88 inches. The seasons of greatest precipitation were 1883-84 and 1889-90, when the totals were 38.26 inches and 34.60 respectively. There have been four seasons when the precipitation was approximately one-third of the mean, and six when the precipitation was about two-thirds of the mean.

Considering the fact that the mean precipitation was more than 18 inches up to 1893, it is not surprising that engineers at that time, and for a number of years after, estimated the stream-flow, or run-off, too high.

Anyone who has made a study of a diagram showing the rainfall at Los Angeles and Santa Barbara cannot but be impressed with the great fluctuation in the precipitation. Such a diagram emphasizes the necessity for conserving the water supply in years of abundance.

The water supply can be conserved by forestration and storage of flood waters in surface and underground reservoirs.

Much money has been spent in Southern California in driving water development tunnels (in the mountains). As a means of obtaining a permanent supply this method of development has been generally disappointing. The flow from the tunnel for a comparatively short period of time is greater than the natural flow of the spring or cienega. This increase is due to the rapid drainage of the water stored in the crevices of the rocks or gravels. In order to keep up the supply, the tunnels usually were extended. Manifestly this cannot be a permanent remedy.

An improvement on this method was recently made at the Santa Barbara city tunnel, which has been driven in a stratified sandstone for a length of 5000 feet. A water-tight bulkhead with a gate was placed near the tunnel

*Supervising Engineer Reclamation Service, U. S. Geological Survey; paper read before the Water Congress held in Los Angeles, March 15, 1905.

portal, the gate closed during the rainy season, and the water allowed to accumulate when not needed. During the winter of 1902-3 there was a fair amount of rainfall and the streams were capable during that time of meeting the demands of the city. As soon as the bulkhead could be closed this was done—about July 1, 1903. Because of the fissured condition of the rock in the tunnel it was not feasible, at the point where the bulkhead was first placed, to completely close the supply from the heading, as springs occurred below the bulkhead toward the portal, flowing in considerable volume. However, the pressure ran up to 49 pounds to the square inch on July 25th, as indicated by the pressure gage placed in the discharge pipe, indicating an accumulated head of water back of the bulkhead of 114 feet. This shows that the tunnel was developed into a storage reservoir. The gate valve in the bulkhead was gradually opened as the season progressed, and the supply maintained a flow of from 24 to 33 miner's inches during the remainder of the summer. On October 17th, when the valve was completely opened and the pressure had been reduced to zero, the flow had fallen to 18 miner's inches. This was sufficient to carry the city through the summer successfully.

During the summer of 1904 a new bulkhead was placed at a point in the tunnel where a heavy clay seam occurs in the rock. This new bulkhead was more effective than the first one in holding back the water. The pressure on the gage at the Santa Barbara tunnel, March 1, 1905, was 70 pounds to the square inch, representing a head of 161 feet on the bulkhead.

Another method of intercepting the ground water has been by building submerged dams. Such dams have been constructed on the Pacoiwa Wash, the Arroyo Seco and Santiago cañon. This method has been disappointing, as the velocity of underground water has been proven very slow, usually not over 15 feet per day through the voids of sand and gravel. A method of measuring the flow of underground water has been developed by the Geological Survey by Prof. C. S. Slichter. For a description of this method, see Water-Supply and Irrigation Paper No. 67.

One of the most efficient means of conserving and regulating the water supply that falls on the mountains is by forest-cover. The great importance of preserving and extending the forested area cannot be too strongly emphasized. The fires must be prevented, for in this region, bordering closely on desert conditions, artificial forestation is most difficult and expensive.

Mr. James W. Toumey, Collaborator Bureau of Forestry in the Agricultural Department, selected certain small and adjoining drainage basins in the San Bernardino Mountains in a portion of the catchment area proposed to be utilized by the Arrowhead Reservoir Company. Throughout this area this corporation for a term of years has been making exhaustive hydrographic studies of the available water supply. A large number of rain gauges have been established and stream measurements were carefully made over weirs by skilled engineers in the employ of the Arrowhead Reservoir Co. It is here proposed by the company to divert the water flowing from a number of these small mountain basins, which are situated on the northerly slope of the San Bernardino Range, by means of gravity canals and tunnels to the southern side of the range and into the San Bernardino Valley.

The Arrowhead Reservoir Company has placed its hydrographic data at the disposal of the Bureau of Forestry, which organization made the forest study in connection therewith. The data that is presented by Mr. Toumey is perhaps the most precise and definite information on the subject of related stream-flow to forest-cover that we have so far been favored with in this country. Its conclusions, while they were to be expected, are gratifying

in their definiteness. We can do no better than to quote Mr. Toumey in extenso:

"Because rainfall is most abundant where forests grow, many believe that forests exert an important influence on the amount of precipitation. A more reasonable inference, however, is that *rainfall is the great factor in controlling the distribution and density of forests.*

"Whether forests have any appreciable effect in cooling the air to or below the dew-point is uncertain. From the known effect of forests on the temperature and relative humidity of the air, it is reasonable to infer that they may have some such effect, at least to a small degree, and consequently that they have some influence in increasing precipitation. The present evidence, however, derived from many series of observations conducted in Europe and elsewhere, is so conflicting that a definite answer to this question, having the stamp of scientific accuracy, is not possible.

"In a careful study of the behavior of the stream-flow on several small catchment areas in the San Bernardino Mountains, it has been found that the effect of the forest in decreasing surface (flood) flow on small catchment basins is enormous, as shown in the following tables, where three well-timbered areas are compared with a non-timbered one:

PRECIPITATION AND RUN-OFF DURING DECEMBER, 1899.

Area of catchment basin.	Condition as to cover.	Precipitation.	Run-off per square mile.	Run-off in percentage of precipitation.
SQ. MILES.		INCHES.	ACRE FEET.	PER CENT.
0.70	Forested	19+	36—	3
1.05	Forested	19+	73+	6
1.47	Forested	19+	70—	6
.53	Non-forested	13—	312+	40

"This is the stream discharge during a month of unusually heavy precipitation.

"At the beginning of the rainy season, in early December, the soil on all four of these basins was very dry as a result of the long dry seasons. The accumulation of litter, duff, humus and soil on the forest-covered catchment areas absorbed 95 per cent of the unusually large precipitation. On the non-forested area only 60 per cent of the precipitation was absorbed, although the rainfall was much less.

RAINFALL AND RUN-OFF DURING JANUARY, FEBRUARY AND MARCH, 1900.

Area of catchment basin.	Condition as to cover.	Precipitation.	Run-off per square mile.	Run-off in percentage of precipitation.
SQ. MILES.		INCHES.	ACRE FEET.	PER CENT.
0.70	Forested	24	452+	35
1.05	Forested	24	428+	33
1.47	Forested	24	557+	43
.53	Non-forested	16	828+	95

"The most striking feature of this table as compared with the previous one is the uniformly large run-off as compared with the rainfall. This clearly shows the enormous amount of water taken up by a dry soil, either forested or non-forested, as compared with one already nearly filled to saturation. During the three months here noted, on the forested basins about three-eighths of the rainfall appeared in the run-off, while on the non-forested area nineteen-twentieths appeared in the run-off.

RAPIDITY OF DECREASE IN RUN-OFF AFTER THE CLOSE OF THE RAINY SEASON.

Area of catchment basin.	Condition as to cover.	Precipitation.	April run-off per sq. mile.	May run-off per sq. mile.	June run-off per sq. mile.
SQ. MILES.		INCHES.	ACRE-FEET.	ACRE-FEET.	ACRE-FEET.
0.70	Forested	1.6	153—	66—	25—
1.05	Forested	1.6	146—	70+	30—
1.47	Forested	1.6	166+	74+	30+
.53	Non-forested	1.	56+	2—	0

"The above table clearly shows the importance of forests in sustaining the flow of mountain streams. The three forested catchment areas which, during December, experienced a run-off of but 5 per cent of the heavy precipitation for that month, and which during January and March of the following year had a run-off of approximately 37 per cent of the total precipitation, experienced a well sustained stream flow three months after the close of the rainy season. The non-forested catchment areas which, during December, experienced a run-off of 40 per cent of the rainfall, and which during the three following months had a run-off of 95 per cent of the precipitation, experienced a run-off in April (per square mile) of less than one-third of that from the forested catchment areas, and in June the flow from the non-forested area had ceased altogether."

ANNUAL RAINFALL AND RUN-OFF ON FORESTED AND NON-FORESTED CATCHMENT AREAS IN THE SAN BERNARDINO MOUNTAINS.

Area of catchment basin.	Condition as to cover.	Precipitation.	Run-off per square mile.	Run-off in percentage of precipitation.
SQ. MILES.		INCHES.	ACRE FEET.	PER CENT.
0.70	Forested	46	731	28
1.05	Forested	46	756	30
1.47	Forested	46	904	36
.53	Non-forested	33	1192	69

In conclusion it may be stated that while there is little definite scientific information that forests increase rainfall, we have certain striking instances represented where the rainfall is greater on adjacent forested areas than on those that are denuded. At least in the arid regions it may be stated that the total annual output from a de-forested drainage basin is greater than from a timbered area, but that the regimen of the stream is distinctly to the disadvantage of all who are interested in the use of the watered resources of the country, whether they be domestic water supply engineers, irrigators, or water-power investors. From the denuded area the floods are greater and the drought is more intense. To remedy this condition one naturally turns to the storage reservoir for relief, yet even in this extremity one is confronted with adverse conditions. The violent flood from the bare basin rushing through the mountains carries with it eroded sediment which it deposits in the first pool of still water that it encounters. The result is the reduction of the storage capacity of the reservoirs along its course. Forests are the natural and greatest storage reservoirs and regulators of water supply. On few streams do we find reservoir capacities even approximating the total annual output of the drainage basins above them. The evaporation from storage reservoirs is usually great, often equalling 20 per cent of their capacity annually. Accepting the facts as outlined above, the great importance of preserving the forests, particularly in the semi-arid regions of our country, is most manifest. In Southern California, Arizona and New Mexico, particularly, we are so closely bordering on a condition of desert that when the forest is once destroyed the difficulty of reproducing it renders the task well nigh hopeless. We should therefore all join with the Bureau of Forestry in its effort to save the forests and thus store the flood.

The mountains and foothills of Southern California are usually so precipitous that there are few unused reservoir sites where the storage capacity is sufficient to justify the expenditure of money necessary to construct the impounding works. The capacity of the sites that exist is relative small. In some instances the water supply is insufficient to fill the storage basins. Reservoir sites are more numerous in San Diego and Santa Barbara counties.

The history of the principal reservoirs that have been constructed in Southern California is too well known to be given here. I will mention briefly some reservoir sites that, on account of the great value of water, are worthy of consideration.

One of these is located on the San Luis Rey river. The area of the watershed above the dam site is 210 square miles, all to the east of the main crest of the coast range. The estimated capacity of this reservoir is 193,200 acre-feet on the 100-foot flow line. If this reservoir had been constructed, it would probably have been dry, or nearly so, for a number of years past. The Escondido Irrigation District has the prior right on this stream. A

gauging station has recently been established on the San Luis Rey river near Pala that will determine approximately the amount available for filling the Warner Ranch reservoir. The gauging station is located below the intake of the Escondido Irrigation District.

The Arrowhead Reservoir Company has been making a careful study of the available water supply on the head waters of the Mojave river since 1892. The plan of this company contemplates the storage of the run-off from 78 square miles of mountain water-shed, which has an elevation of 5,000 feet or over. The principal reservoir site is located at Little Bear Valley. The construction of the dam at this point is now under way. The capacity of this site at 160 feet above the stream bed is 60,179 acre-feet.

Two other reservoirs are contemplated, one at Grass Valley, with a capacity of 27,547 acre-feet, and another at Huston Flat, with a capacity of 24,753 acre-feet. The plan contemplates the diversion of the water from these reservoirs into the San Bernardino Valley. The tunnels on the diversion line have been completed. The stream measurements made by the Arrowhead company have not been given to the public. While they have been disappointing, they are said to justify the construction of the main reservoir.

Another site is located on the Mojave river, in San Bernardino county, just above the town of Victorville, Cal. The main line of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railway passes through the reservoir and through the gorge at the dam site. Before this reservoir could be utilized 5½ miles of new track would have to be built. This is without doubt the most capacious reservoir site in Southern California. The capacity has been estimated at 300,000 acre-feet at a point 145 feet above the stream bed. The Geological Survey established a gauging station at this point on February 27, 1899. The average flow from 1900 to 1904, inclusive, has been 62,948 acre-feet. The underflow has been determined by the Geological Survey to be about one second-foot.

DISCHARGES OF MOJAVE RIVER AT VICTORVILLE, CAL.

YEAR	ACRE-FEET
1900	32,204
1901	103,820
1902	36,756
1903	107,842
1904	34,121
Mean	62,948

A reservoir site exists on La Cañada above its junction with the Arroyo Seco, Los Angeles county. This site has a capacity of 3200 acre-feet at the 90-foot flow line. The drainage area tributary to the site is 27.6 square miles. Some water could be obtained by diverting the flood flow of the Arroyo Seco, but these waters are now nearly absorbed by the gravel beds above Devil's Gate and are then collected by the city of Pasadena. In wet years this reservoir might be filled and its water used to supplement existing supplies for Pasadena, and thus be used to conserve the water stored in the gravel beds and save on pumping bills.

Reservoir sites of considerable value exist on Triunfo and Malibu creeks. The water from these reservoirs could be used to partly supply the lower foothill lands from Hollywood to Santa Monica, by a gravity system of conduits.

The drainage area above Reservoir No. 1 is 68 square miles of low mountains. The rainfall has not been measured. To meet drought conditions the reservoir capacity should be large enough to hold a *three years'* supply so as to hold over from years of plenty to years of drought. The flood waters from these streams waste into the ocean west of Santa Monica. A gauging station has been established by the Geological Survey to measure the stream discharge. A dam 100 feet high would be about 20 feet long at base and 150 feet on top, and it is roughly estimated would hold 21,000 acre-feet of water. This is an unusual dam and reservoir site for Southern California. It is reported that a dam is now being built near the head of this stream to store flood water for local irrigation.

Reservoir No. 2 would command the same canal line as No. 1. The drainage area above this site is 37 square miles of similar country as that above No. 1. A gauging station has also been located upon this creek. The dam should be built so as to hold a three years' supply. These flood waters now waste

into the Pacific. A dam 140 feet high would be about 50 feet long at base and 450 feet long on top, and have a capacity roughly estimated at 9000 acre-feet, or 416 miner's inches, for six months' flow.

There are two reservoir sites on Piru Creek in Ventura county. This creek is a tributary of the Santa Clara River. Its summer flow is diverted for irrigation in the Piru cañon and near Piru City. The impounded flood water could be conveyed down the Santa Clara Valley. A large amount of flood water runs to waste from this water-shed. One site, known as the Piru reservoir, is located at the junction of Rays and Lockwood Creek. A dam 140 feet high would furnish a capacity of 13,160 acre-feet. The other reservoir is located at Lockwood Valley, on Lockwood Creek. A dam 125 feet high would give a capacity of 14,857 acre-feet. The drainage areas tributary to these cities are 139 and 55 square miles, respectively. The drainage area is all above 4,000 feet elevation, and a portion of it is over 5,400 feet. The precipitation in the Piru basins was about 75 per cent of that in the San Gabriel. The flow of Piru Creek occurs largely in flood waves. In mid-summer it is but a few inches, and during the winter season floods of 6,000 second-feet have been measured at the Piru dam sites. Because of dry years these sites should be so managed as to hold over water from wet years. Measurements of stream flow have been made by the Antelope Valley Water Co.

There are five reservoir sites located in the Santa Ynez drainage basin that have been surveyed and their capacities determined. These are the Juncal, drainage area 13 square miles, capacity at 100-foot flow line, 3,222 acre-feet; Main River, drainage area 71 square miles, capacity of 65-foot dam, 4,023 acre-feet; Mono reservoir site, drainage area 119 square miles, total capacity at 100-foot flow line, 8,763 acre-feet; Quicksilver Mine Reservoir site, capacity at 90-foot flow line, 10,577 acre-feet; Gibraltar reservoir site, 6 miles below the mouth of Mono Creek on the Santa Ynez River, drainage area 207 square miles, capacity at 140-foot flow line, 15,793 acre-feet. This site is below all the others. The discharge of the Santa Ynez River is in floods, as in the case of other Southern California streams. It is estimated that owing to prospective drought conditions provision for a 19 months' supply should be made. The stream flow has been measured now for three seasons and clearly indicates that on this basis the full capacity of at least the Gibraltar site could be safely used, yielding a continuous flow of 650 miner's inches on the above assumption. This would supply the city and leave 500 inches of water for irrigation. The water will have to be conveyed in a tunnel four miles long under the coast range. This tunnel is now being built by the city of Santa Barbara and the reservoir site has been purchased.

The following measurements of discharge have been made:

1902-03	21,200 acre-feet
1903-04	4,194 acre-feet
1904-05	57,127 acre-feet

For particulars in regard to the reservoir sites mentioned above, see Water-Supply and Irrigation Paper No. 116.

In April and May, 1903, a series of measurements were made by the U. S. Geological Survey to determine the amount of storm water absorbed in the sand and gravel washes of the larger tributary streams of the three principal river basins of Southern California—the Santa Ana, San Gabriel and Los Angeles rivers. Measurements were taken at the mouths of the cañons where the streams leave the mountains, at all canal diversions, and at such intervals along the streams as time and the available force detailed for this work would allow, the location of the point where the stream entirely disappeared or left the valley being noted in all cases.

STORM WATER DISCHARGED FROM TRIBUTARY STREAMS AND SINKING IN THE LOS ANGELES RIVER BASIN ABOVE BURBANK, CAL.

(Discharge for 24 hours.) ACRE-FEET.

STREAM.	DIVERSIONS.	WASTE.	TOTAL.
April 18, 1903.			
Big Tujunga		311	311
Little Tujunga		54	54
Pacoima		194	194
Total		559	559

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STREAM.	DIVERSIONS.	WASTR.	TOTAL.
May 5, 1903.			
Big Tujunga	73	73
Little Tujunga	4	8	8
Pacoima	48	48
Total	129	129

June 4, 1903.			
Big Tujunga	6	18	24
Little Tujunga	1	1
Pacoima	6	10	16
Total	12	29	41

STORM WATER DISCHARGED FROM TRIBUTARY STREAMS AND SINKING IN THE SAN GABRIEL BASIN ABOVE EL MONTE, CALIFORNIA.
(Discharge for 24 hours.)

STREAM.	ACRE-FEET.			Passing El Monte. ACRE-FEET.
	DIVERSION.	WASTE.	TOTAL.	
April 26, 1903.				
San Gabriel	79	565	644	454
San Dimas	38	38	...
Dalton	18	18	...
Santa Anita	79	79	...
Eaton Cañon	57	57	...
Total	79	757	836	454

May 23, 1903.				
San Gabriel	139	192	331	...
San Dimas	1	4	5	...
Dalton	2	3	5	...
Santa Anita	6	20	26	...
Eaton Cañon	6	6	12	...
Total	154	225	379	...

STORM WATER DISCHARGED FROM TRIBUTARY STREAMS AND SINKING INTO THE SANTA ANA RIVER BASIN ABOVE COLTON, CALIFORNIA.
(Discharge for 24 hours.)

STREAM.	ACRE-FEET.		
	DIVERSIONS.	WASTE.	TOTAL.
April 24, 1903.			
Santa Ana	32	230	262
Mill Creek	10	67	77
Plunge Creek	46	46
City Creek	44	44
East Twin Creek	20	20
West Twin Creek	17	17
Lytle Creek	111	125
Total	56	535	591

May 16, 1903.			
Santa Ana	93	95	188
Mill Creek	97	38	135
Plunge Creek	12	6	18
City Creek	14	8	22
East Twin Creek	4	6	10
West Twin Creek	4	4	8
Lytle Creek	30	28	58
Total	254	185	439

These gravel beds are the natural and most available storage reservoirs in Southern California.

There is a demand for all water that can be developed or conveyed to Southern California. Our arid lands are far in excess of our water supply. I believe that we have now over-developed the underground supplies. Practically all the unused storage reservoirs of value in Southern California have been mentioned above. They are all urgently needed to meet local demands and practically all will be built. While I cannot here present the details of a plan to meet this situation in and around the city of Los Angeles, I feel safe in saying that it can and will be properly met, and though the cost will be high, it can be made a paying business proposition. We should rather obtain and control a new supply than take by condemnation neighboring waters now required and used.

Los Angeles

THE PROMISE OF THE SIERRAS

By D. S. RICHARDSON



WHEN I am dead, and on my breast
 The friendly clods are lightly pressed,
 Then shall I sink from sight of men
 And be as one who has not been.
 E'en those who wept will cease to weep,
 And I shall sleep the long, sweet sleep
 Forgotten and forgetting all—
 My lot the common lot—my pall
 The voiceless dark that all must know.
 Nor do I grieve that this is so.
 Yet, from the snow-clad peaks above—
 Whose every wrinkled front I love—
 A whisper comes; bend low thine ear,
 My wondering heart, and thou shalt hear:

*Because he loved us, we will be
 The guardians of his memory;
 Because he loved the river's song,
 The laughing brooks that leap along
 Shall sing more softly as they pass
 His resting place beneath the grass.
 Because he loved us, flowers shall bloom
 More sweetly on his nameless tomb;
 And on his heart the sod shall lie
 More gently as the years go by.
 There is no death; love paid the debt;
 Tho' moons may wane and men forget,
 The mountain's heart beats on for aye;
 Who truly loved us can not die.*

And so I wait—nor fear the tide
 That comes so swiftly on to hide
 My little light. The mountains glow;
 I have their promise, and I know.



Through all the years of my work at his side, the Lion's accustomed attitude towards vacations has been one of somewhat scoffing tolerance. They were well enough for people who had nothing better to do; but as for himself, when he wanted real recreation, he put aside, gently but firmly, the allurements of even the most enticing ancient Spanish tome, selected the proper weapons from his tool-chest, and fell to work upon his serial stone wall. It appears at last that the charms of serial stone walls may also stale. For, lo, these many days the soul of the Lion has been athirst for cool cañons—for sparkling trout-pools—for the breath of the pine, and the silences, and the star-glimmer from an unsmoked sky. Wherefore the Lion has gone a-fishing—and, following an illustrious example, has left his Secretary of State sitting on the lid.

Pending his return—when he will doubtless speak for himself in those familiar tones which leave no doubt as to his meaning—it may be said that his acceptance of the vacant position in the Los Angeles Public Library will in no wise interfere with his efficiency upon this magazine, nor in any one of the many undertakings in the public behalf upon which he is engaged. He yielded to the urgent insistence that it was his civic duty to serve the community he loves so well, in this capacity for which he is so peculiarly adapted, only after the most careful consideration of all his other, and prior, duties. He sees how, by better systematization of his own work at some points, by more assistants at others, and by an added sacrifice of the things he would like to do on the altar of the things that need doing, he can help along the causes nearest to his heart even better than before. And he believes that, good as the Los Angeles Public Library has been, he can help to make it better.

Therefore, it is safe to say, every lover of the Den will willingly excuse its occupant for once from his accustomed "stunt"—and will wish him the best of fishing and of all the other good things that go with it.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.

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*By their consent, and subscribed by the Southwest Society.

THE Latin of it has long been the motto of an American commonwealth, but the plain English "It Grows as it Goes" seems good enough legend for the Southwest Society. It fits not only in theory but in practice. The Society truly grows as it goes—and it goes as it grows. It is steadily doing things worthy to be done, and is constantly swelling its ranks with the kind of people who logically belong in such a movement to do the right things in the right way.

In quantity, the membership is certainly to be proud of. At this writing it has 296; by the times these lines are read, it will considerably exceed that figure. Before the first of July it will, no doubt, round out to 300—and it has no notion of stopping for a minute even at that notch. In fact, by the time that all who really ought to be identified with such an undertaking realize just what is doing, we might almost follow the proverbial advice to "roof the place, and make it unanimous." But the quality of this membership is no less notable than the unprecedented numerical growth. Among the latest accessions are the two first honorary life members of the So-

ciety, Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, LL. D., President of the United States, and Chas. Eliot Norton, LL. D., of Harvard, the foremost art critic in America, friend and literary executor of Ruskin, and the founder of the Archaeological Institute of America. The Southwest Society has always been "good company," but it is "fast getting no worse." As to its membership, it will do no harm to remark again that only four other societies among the 15 of the Institute *have* as many members, today, as the Southwest Society has *gained* since March 1st, 1905, and only two have as many as this Society has gained in six months.

It is a foregone conclusion that there will very soon be a special organization among and of the women's clubs of the Southwest for the purpose of building a noble art gallery in conjunction with the Southwest Museum. This was officially voted, June 21st, by the convention of delegates from the leading women's clubs. Plans are formulating as rapidly as can be in a case where the thing must be done right if done at all. Enthusiasm and "business sense" are alike becoming epidemic among the women; and the art gallery will be carried out in the way that is obviously best—that is, under the highest auspices and up to the strictest standards. In the way of preliminary encouragement the Art Gallery plan has already been very fortunate. Mrs. Henry Wilson Hart (who has just become a life member of the Southwest Society) has donated \$1,000, and pledged paintings of far greater value; and several other women have promised liberal support. The Southwest Museum will, in any event, include a great art gallery; and unless all signs fail, it will be built as an enduring monument by and to the women's clubs of the Southwest.

Meantime the Southwest Society is pursuing its policy of Doing Things. Its archaeological researches and exploration under Dr. Palmer's expert direction are going forward; and other large and immediate enterprises which cannot yet be detailed are in active process of realization.

Mr. Farwell, the leading expert who worked for four months last year on the folk-songs the Society had gathered, will return this month to complete his task. Not that he will be able to finish all the songs the Society will have gathered, but enough, at least, to make ready for publication the largest, the most exact, and the most important volume of folk-songs ever issued anywhere.

A minor detail, but not unimportant, is the beginning of a collection of California Indian baskets for the Southwest Museum—and for this a small but precious nucleus has already been made. Through the Sequoya League, which is marketing the baskets of the Mission Indians of Southern California, the opportunity offers to preserve the most typical for the benefit of the public, present and future; and

by the generosity of Mrs. Eva S. Fényes, Miss Thomas, Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Foy and Mr. McFarland, the basket collection of the Southwest Museum has made a material and important beginning.

Even as these pages are printed the Southwest Society has welcomed the President of the Archaeological Institute of America, Prof. Thos. D. Seymour, L.L.D., of Yale University, one of the ripest of American scholars, and one to whom this new Western affiliation of the severest scientific body in America owes much.

Dr. Seymour lectured before the Society June 26th, on "Excavations in Greek Lands," with lantern slides showing the rich architectural discoveries made by scientists of France and of our American Institute by excavations on the Acropolis of Athens, at Corinth and Delphi. A select and interested audience followed the lecture intently. Gen. Harrison Gray Otis, first vice-president of the Southwest Society, presides. The secretary reported a continuance of the astonishing growth of the Society, which at that date numbered 303 members.

Since the last number the following new members have been added to the roster:

Honorary Life:—Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Washington, D. C.; Charles Eliot Norton, LL. D., Harvard University.

Life:—Mrs. Henry Wilson Hart, Los Angeles; Wm. P. Wesselhoeft, M. D., Boston, Mass.

Annual:—

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THERE is a deep revival of interest in the work and aims of the Landmarks Club, which has been quietly but steadily toiling for ten years in preservation of the old Missions and other landmarks. The Club has by no means gone to sleep; and now, having paid off a heavy indebtedness incurred by the expensive repairs at Pala, it will make an active campaign this summer to gather fresh funds and apply them to best advantage.

On the 30th of May the Board of Trade of San Fernando entertained an excursion of about 175 invited guests in the most hospitable Western fashion. A bountiful lunch was spread in the cloister of the old monastery, and the guests were taken about to see the sights of that uncommonly beautiful valley.

One of the most encouraging features of this pleasant occasion was the development of local interest in, and the responsibility toward, the old Mission. Hitherto, the lack of this has been the most serious obstacle. The Landmarks Club has spent nearly \$3,000 on the San Fernando Mission; but there has been no one on the spot to care for it, and to keep away the fools that dig for treasure, and other vandals. The newspaper report of vandalism there have been grossly exaggerated; but in this country, unfortunately, no such monument is safe from our common irreverence unless directly watched. The organization of the Fernando Board of Trade puts a different face on the matter; and this responsible body, acting in

conjunction with the Landmarks Club, and backed by the public spirit of the community, will do all possible in protecting a monument which before many years will be one of the chief assets of the valley.

It is also encouraging to know that the San Fernando people are beginning to move for the restoration of the town's proper historic name—which has been stupidly robbed, by official vandals, of the original "San."

Probably the largest crowd that ever visited a Southern California Mission enjoyed the 7th of June at the Mission of San Juan Capistrano. It was an excursion of the Knights of Columbus who had come across the continent for their national convention; and there were present over 3,000 people. For one who has had much experience in these cases—and much of it sorry—it is a pleasure to testify that he has never seen quite so respectable an excursion in such a place. There was not a single act of vandalism or disrespect; and the day was worthy of the memories of this beautiful old pioneer outpost of civilization, and a credit to the order whose ethics bring about such admirable manners. The excursion also did much to spread and extend public interest in the Missions and in the work of the Landmarks Club for their preservation.

When the Biennial of the Federated Woman's Clubs of the United States was held in this city, three years ago, the work of the Landmarks Club was presented to that national gathering, and the seed seems to have fallen on good ground. In Wisconsin, for instance, there has been much activity for the preservation of landmarks; and it has been fostered by the women who received on their California journey the hint and the inspiration.

There is a vast amount of work crying to be done on the Southern California Missions. No one else will do it. The Landmarks Club will. It has a long lease on three Missions. The first requisite to the work is funds; and all persons are requested by these presents to help the cause.

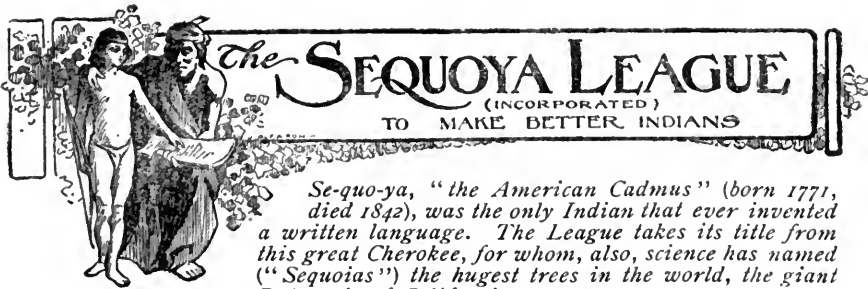
Membership is \$1.00 a year; life membership \$25.00. A handsomely illustrated pamphlet, showing something of the actual work of the Club, will be sent free on request.

RECEIPTS FOR THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, \$7,644.18.

New contributions—Roy B. Stephens, Pasadena, \$3.

\$1 each—Mrs. F. F. Browne, Pasadena; J. E. Haverstick, Philadelphia; Norma L. Seelye, Winchester, Mass.; H. C. Barbize, Santa Ana, Cal.



Se-quo-ya, "the American Cadmus" (born 1771, died 1842), was the only Indian that ever invented a written language. The League takes its title from this great Cherokee, for whom, also, science has named ("Sequoias") the hugest trees in the world, the giant Redwoods of California.

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THE Los Angeles Council of the Sequoia League has rounded out its first year, and celebrated a birthday by holding its first annual meeting on Tuesday, June 13th. Rt. Rev. Jos. H. Johnson, President of the Council, presided, and there was a goodly attendance of warmly interested members and friends. Wayland H. Smith, Secretary of the Council, read the secretary's and treasurer's reports, and related something of the work done during the year. Addresses were made also by Bishop Johnson and Mrs. M. N. Greenleaf, besides remarks by Chas. F. Lummis, Chairman of the National Executive Committee. The officers were unanimously re-elected for another year, and the work goes forward with deep interest and with strong encouragement.

The Council has, in fact, every reason to be proud of its first year's accomplishment. It has stirred up the Department to assist the Campo Indians, whose pleas for help had hitherto gone unheeded; and the Council itself has expended a large sum in supplementing the inadequate government aid. It is not too much to say that the Council has kept 150 Indians from going cold and hungry this year—and has saved a good many of them from literal death by starvation. It has not only fed them, and given them bedding, and clothed them, but has supplied them with all their seed for planting their poor little fields; has maintained and encouraged their only native handicraft, the making of baskets; and, as those who best know the circumstances are free to say, has given them an entirely new feeling and bearing. A year ago they were hungry, ill-clad, and without hope; today they are well fed, well clothed, and as comfor-

able as they can be temporarily—that is, until the government shall give them decent lands upon which, by industry and economy, they can avoid starvation. And besides having provided this liberal temporal relief, the League has taken up, with Congress and the Department, the matter of the permanent remedy—that is, the providing respectable lands. It will push this matter to a finish, no matter how long it takes.

The need of some such organized machinery to carry out the public desire for justice toward these Indians, and to assist the distant routine of the Department, is evidenced every day. For a little example; last month the government matron at Campo, Miss Robinson, and her assistant (the fine young Indian woman, Miss Lachapa), were notified by the Department that there would be no money for their salaries further, “the appropriation being exhausted.” If they wished to work for nothing for a month, the pay would probably be resumed thereafter.

The League is not here to pay government salaries, nor to provide positions; but on the other hand it does not wish the Indians left without the ministrations which has been of very vital benefit to them—these two ladies and Miss Rosalia Nejo conducting successfully the little school and visiting and caring for and teaching and assisting families. Nor does the League exactly look to see these devoted women “work for nothing and board themselves.” It is understood that a good many teachers in the Indian Service have received similar notification. It is a very safe hazard, however, that no clerk in the Indian Bureau is going without his salary for the month. So the League has sent down \$60 to tide Miss Robinson and Miss Lachapa over. Miss Nejo was not concerned by this drying up of government funds, for she is anyhow supported from private sources—the League, among others, contributing \$10 a month regularly for her unselfish wants.

One of the most vital details in the matter of these Southern California reservations is protection from the stock of white neighbors. A rich cattle company cannot be expected to fence its acres and keep its cattle in. Unless the Indian can fence his garden and his fields, they are devoured in a night, and he has no redress. The Department has long recognized this state of affairs, and in a lukewarm manner has aided the Indian to fence. After 20 years, however, the fencing is ludicrously inadequate. The League recently sent down a check to pay for barbed wire to complete fencing on an Indian reservation for which the government had “no funds.” It is believed that with the growing pressure of intelligent public opinion, organized and focussed as it is by the League, and under the competent administration of Commissioner Leupp, this long serial story of depressing failure will work out to a better ending.

The League has also brought to the attention of the District Attorney of San Diego County an abuse by a deputy assessor who has been collecting the \$2 poll tax from some of these Campo Indians. This procedure was, of course, illegal; and was also rather more than absurd—considering that San Diego as well as Los Angeles has been for nearly a year contributing generously to keep these same Indians from hunger. District Attorney Cassius M. Carter has called the attention of the Assessor to this abuse, and it may be expected to end. It is also to be expected that the money will be refunded to the Indians.

The Council is still marketing all the baskets that the five Campo reservations can produce, and is succeeding admirably in its instructions to them to abandon the new patterns and dyes and to use only the honest old methods.

The Ponus Council, at Stamford, Connecticut, is pursuing its activities successfully; and recently turned into the treasury of the National League, \$115.47, in aid of the National work.

FUNDS FOR THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, \$1,281.00.

\$2.00 each (membership)—Miss Ruth Wolfskill, Prof. J. A. Foshay, Wm. H. Avery, Chas. C. Carpenter, Theo. B. Comstock, E. E. Bostwick, J. V. Vickers, F. J. Ganahl, Prof. R. H. Tripp, Mrs. Jacob Baruch, Mrs. R. H. F. Variel, Maj. E. F. C. Klokke, all of Los Angeles; Mrs. Frederic C. Williams, Forestville, Conn.; U. S. Senator Geo. C. Perkins, San Francisco; Col. A. H. Sellers, Chicago.

CAMPO RELIEF FUND.

Previously acknowledged \$1,261.00.

New contributions—Miss Ruth Wolfskill, \$18; E. E. Bostwick, \$3; Clara E. Capen, \$2—all of Los Angeles.





Jack London thinks he was converted years ago from Individualism to Socialism. He wasn't. Though his banner waves today at the head of the most radical wing of the Socialistic forces, he remains a rampant Individualist in thought and expression. The proof? It is glaringly evident in everything he writes—nowhere more conspicuously than in the passionately eloquent and outspoken essays which he styles *War of the Classes*. Take, for example, the closing essay, "How I Became a Socialist," and, from that, the oath which he swore unto himself and from which he dates his "conversion to Socialism." The italics are his own.

All my days I have worked hard with my body, and according to the number of days I have worked, by just that much am I nearer the bottom of the Pit. I shall climb out of that Pit, but not by the muscles of my body shall I climb out. I shall do no more hard work, and may God strike me dead if I do another day's hard work with my body more than I absolutely have to do.

I am moved to wonder who will find inspiration to any lofty deed in that oath; what kind of an army would enlist for such a rallying-cry; what sort of social order would arise upon such foundation. The truly socialist socialist would state his resolution quite otherwise—something like this, perhaps:

All my days shall I work hard, with mind and body, according to my strength, for the common weal. I shall ask for myself no material benefit which is not equally accessible to every brother and sister. I shall make loving service to the full measure of my power the ideal of my life, and shall teach and preach and strive for that ideal only. And may God strike me dead if I ever try to escape from my full share of the hard work that must be done.

This may seem to the London school of socialists mere foolishness. But it will make more converts, and better converts, than the standard of life which they avow. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50 net.

THE LUTE

Sturmsee is frankly offered by its author, with apologies for its shortcomings, as an effort to give some indication of "what the Philosophy of Evolution has, as yet, to say regarding 'the whole duty of man,'" in his social and economic relations, and "to attract the non-philosophical reader by a coating of fiction. Personally, I prefer my serious discussions of these questions "straight," instead of sweetened and diluted; but each to his taste. No further hint of the author's identity is given than that he is the author of *Calmire*. A description of a young gentleman whistling may be quoted as evidence that even economics and sociology do not necessarily clip a wing which is predestined to soar.

If you know that song ("Good Night, Farewell"), pass the first

phrase over in your mind, and try to imagine the sustained notes expressed by a high clarinet with a French horn's richness of tone, though of course a different pitch, and a violincello's mysterious attendant vibrations, all rendered with thrilling fervor, and you may get some cold notion of the marvelous instrument with which Glendale was playing upon the emotions of his friends. He went through the beautiful song, making each lovely modulation a delight, and each intense surge of feeling almost a pain; and when he had finished, not a person there, not even his cousin who had heard him before, but felt that he was a man known to them for the first time.

The author has limited himself to 682 pages; but even so the book is not to be recommended for light summer reading. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

When one is informed that the hero of William R. A. Wilson's *A Knot of Blue* is named Raoul de Chatignac, it follows quite naturally that the four conspirators against his life and honor should start to their feet and stand motionless, when he unexpectedly appeared. The sequence was equally inevitable:

THE
EXPECTED
HAPPENS

Raoul walked deliberately across the room and halted in front of his enemy.

"Monsieur," he said in clear, vibrating tones. "I have the satisfaction of telling you that you are a cheat, a rogue, and a scoundrel. I have come to kill you. Will you fight? If provocation is yet lacking, perhaps this will aid you in your decision," and as he spoke he raised his hand, which grasped a glove, and smote his enemy a blow between the eyes."

Whoever likes this sample will like the book. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

Though the book was published more than a year ago, it is not too late to say, for the benefit of those who may have overlooked it, that Lincoln Steffens's *The Shame of the Cities* is on the whole the most important contribution to our knowledge of municipal corruption and its causes that has yet appeared. Mr. Steffens writes with a cold-blooded restraint that is far more impressive than passionate declamation; and says, in effect, with Antony, "I only tell you what you all do know." He lays the primary responsibility for the rottenness upon the shoulders of the "good citizens"—"the men with a stake in the community"—and makes it stick there. It is a very sombre picture—yet the author remains an optimist of the best type. The book should be in every library. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.20 net.

PLACING
THE
RESPONSIBILITY

A gang of burglars, a haexer and a pow-wower, a secret cavern, a curse, a family feud, a pretty girl and her lover, and an unreasonable father are among the features which add interest to F. L. Pattee's *House of the Black Ring*. But perhaps the most unusual feature is the result of the breaking into poetry of one of the "Pennsylvania Dutch" characters. Here it is:

Hooray for Penn-sil-way-ne-ar wanst
Where folks is fat and cam;
Hooray for scrapple, schnits, and krout.
Unt peegs what takes t'e pam.

Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.50.

A beautiful Greek dancing girl and an even more beautiful Roman charioteer to whom she is betrothed are the central figures about whom Tiberius,

Sejanus, Agrippina and others revolve in Walter S. Cramp's *Psyche*. It is interesting to learn that the author studied shipbuilding in the famous yards established by his father and uncles, and that the taking over of them by a stock company placed him in a condition to gratify his greatest desire—the study of ancient, mediæval and modern Rome. This romance seems to be the first-fruits of his study. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

In *A Modern Utopia* H. G. Wells undertakes to picture a world paralleling this one precisely and with people inherently the same, yet both possible and more desirable. It is no completed paradise which Mr. Wells offers, but a world a little more rational, a little saner, a little more just and wisely ordered than this. The book is not "easy reading," but will prove profitable to the right class of readers—among whom are not included any who believe that all wrongs can be righted by the application of any "ism." Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50 net.

Dorothea Gerard has chosen an unhackneyed setting for her *Sawdust*—a Polish town among the forests of the lower Carpathians. The characters are unhackneyed as well, though the motif of the tale, as summed up by the publishers, sounds not wholly unfamiliar. "The beautiful daughter of the proud, but poor, lord of the manor is wooed and won by the son of the thrifty owner of the saw-mill which so rapidly lays low the primitive forest." This theme is developed with interesting variations. The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia. \$1.

After the Divorce, well translated from the Italian of Grazia Deledda by Maria Lansdale, is a story of modern Sardinia. A young peasant husband is unjustly convicted of murder and sentenced to twenty-seven years penal servitude. His wife, though still loving him, at last gets a divorce and is remarried. The truth about the murder becoming public, the convict is released—and then things happen which are not pleasant for the second husband. Henry Holt & Co., New York; Fowler Bros., Los Angeles. \$1.50.

Herbert K. Job has been one of the most successful of the new school of "camera-hunters," both in getting fine and unusual photographs of the wild birds of home and in interesting the public in his work. *Wild Wings*, lately published, deals with his adventures while hunting after his own fashion—and a plenty of them he has had. It is fully and beautifully illustrated from the author's photographs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. \$3 net.

The first chapter of Virginia Frazer Boyle's *Serena* would make a first-rate short story, with but slight alteration. The novel as a whole hardly fulfills the promise of the opening chapters, though it does not fall below a reasonable standard. A young girl in Northern Mississippi, who has to take her brother's place in the Southern army to keep the family name unstained, gives the story its title. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Our First Century, by George Cary Eggleston, may be classed as light and agreeable historical reading. It "seeks to give a popular account of the life, manners and customs of those who first planted English colonies along the Atlantic coast, and laid the foundations of our country." The illustrations are selected for their bearing upon the manners and customs of the time. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. \$1.20 net.

"An American born and bred, who was drugged, hypnotized, mesmerized, or what you will; made unknowingly to commit a theft, made unknow-

ingly to cross the Atlantic, to travel under a false name, to attempt to usurp a title and a throne," is the hero of Charles Stokes Wayne's *A Prince to Order*. The story will not disappoint any who are attracted by this summary of it. John Lane, New York. \$1.50.

The Vision of Elijah Berl was a vision of a great irrigation project which should make the desert blossom like the rose and bring wealth and power to its promoters. The dream was realized at last; but the dreamer was dead, saved from dishonor only by an impulse of heroism at the last. Frank Lewis Nason tells the story. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

Ten of Petrarch's sonnets, a ballata, two canzoni and a double sestina, all exquisite, are exquisitely translated by Agnes Tobin and published in a fittingly beautiful form under the title, *The Flying Lesson*. Miss Tobin shows such gifts as translator as are very uncommon. William Heineman, London; Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. \$2 net.

Pathos is the dominant note in *The Quakeress*, by Charles Heber Clark, more widely known under his pen-name, "Max Adeler." The Quaker lassie who is the heroine of the tale loves and is loved by a fascinating young Southerner—loves him to her final heartbreak. The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia. \$1.50.

The life-and-death fight between cattlemen and farmers in a ranching section of Colorado is the leading motive of John H. Whitson's *Justin Wingate, Rancher*. Politics, narrow escapes and love-making are thrown in for good measure. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

Wolcott Johnson has written a very quiet and tender little tale in *An Old Man's Idyl*. It is in the form of a diary, rambling off into reminiscences, and tells affectionately of a peaceful and happy wedded life of thirty years. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1 net.

Ten short stories of the frontier, by Rex E. Beach, are published under the title, *Pardners*. Mr. Beach's West, whether in Texas or Alaska, and whether the situation be tragic or comic, is the simon-pure wild and woolly article. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Government and the Citizen, by Roscoe Lewis Ashley, is a thoroughly sound and useful text-book. The "California Edition" has an Appendix containing supplementary facts about the government of this State. The Macmillan Co., New York. 75 cents.

The Boys of Bob's Hill discovered a cavern and formed a band of bandits—and then had a plenty of the kind of troubles which boys count as fun. Charles Pierce Burton tells about them. Henry Holt & Co., New York; Fowler Bros., Los Angeles. \$1.25.

On Tybee Knoll is a clean and vigorous story of work and adventure on the Georgia coast, by James B. Connolly. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. \$1.25.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.

CHIPS FROM A WESTERN PHILOSOPHY

No temple of happiness was ever built from other material than the slow-hewn stones of duty accomplished.

There is no night for the soul. Lift the black curtain and the light is always beyond.

The most unfriendly criticism usually has a kernel of truth in it. Don't let its bitter flavor keep you from chewing till you find it.

Success is slippery standing-ground except for him whose feet have been roughened by the thorns of failure.

An ideal is not something to be vainly striven for. It is a mark to be surpassed.

Ridicule is by no means the worst thing. I would rather be laughed at a hundred times than wept over once.

The most effective weapon against trouble is a smile.

Good humor and bad temper are the two most contagious things on earth. But good humor will always win if they really lock horns.

The vital joy is in the struggle. To win is worth while only as a vantage point from which to win higher.

Keep your soul in the free and open wherever your body may be.

No loss can be so great but that you may get a net profit from it—if you will.

Religion is not a belief, or any number of them. It is a way of living.

To be happy is to make others happy—and this is a rule which works just as well the other way.

It is of small consequence how long you live. The significant fact is how much you live.

You can't grow ship-timber in a hothouse. The fibre to defy tempests weaves itself nowhere but outdoors.

The easiest way over a wall is right through it oftener than most people think.

Make the measure of your treatment of each man not his desert, but your greatness of spirit.

Wishing and hoping are the twin sisters of failure—and childless. Willing and working are the parents of success.

Can't you *see* your way to success? What are your hands and feet for, then?

The tenderness which is only large enough to cover two or three is a mighty scanty garment and too frail to stand much wear.

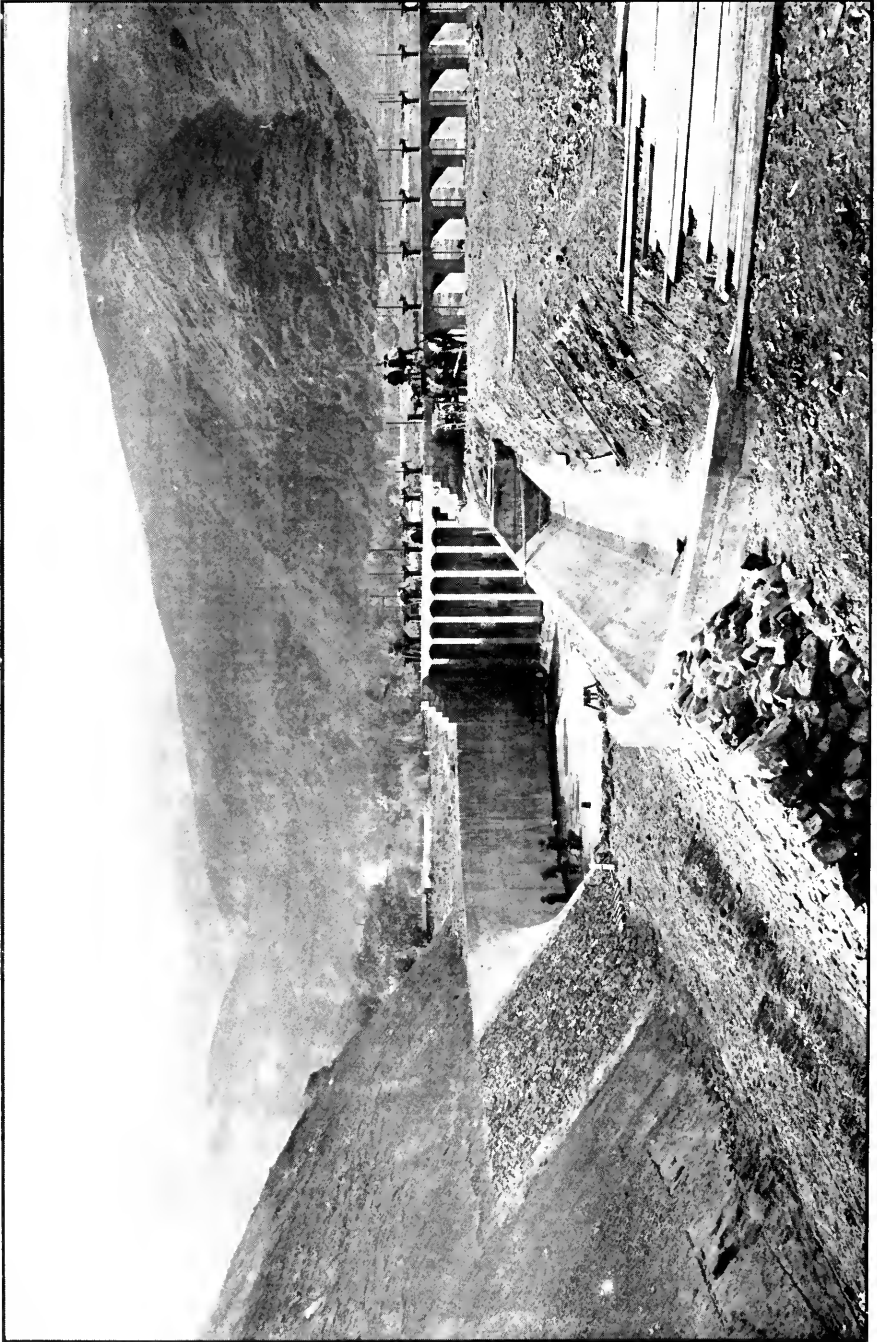
Jealousy is of no kin whatever to the family of love. Vanity begets it and selfishness gives it birth.

The only dangerous lie is a twisted truth.

Facts are of value mainly to make the lens through which we observe all of life.



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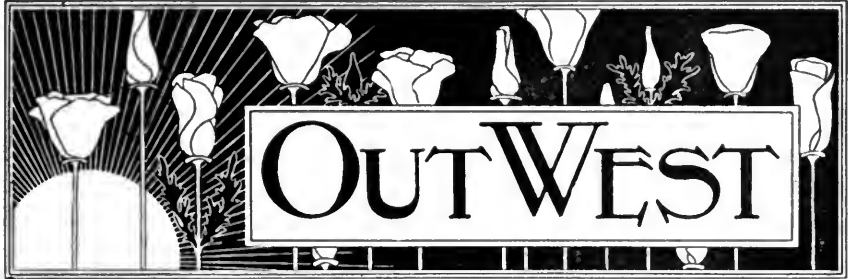
HEADGATES FROM CARSON RIVER, TRUCKEE-CARSON PROJECT

Formerly

The Land of Sunshine



THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT.



Vol. XXIII, No. 2.

AUGUST, 1905.

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"ON LOCATION"

By LEROY HENNESSEY

TRANSIT and level and chain,
Muscle, endurance and brain,
Arms of the bloodless Captains
Thralling the burning plain.

Out there somewhere in the purple, lies the endless end of things,
Miles and miles and miles of No Place, where that choking sky-line
clings.

'Way beyond, ten million people, ships and trains and fruit and gold;
They would span this wicked desert, link the new land with the old
We must locate and survey;
We have come to point the way.

Wagons, mules, and grub and party moving toward the hopeful
West.

What we'll do will make or break us; when it's done, 'twill be our
best.

Friends we have will know we did it; "Company" will not forget.
Pay is small but credit's something; some we know will know us
yet.

First camp here; we've got our start.
Home's behind; forget your heart.

Left some weeks and miles behind us; Devil take that swearing
chief!

Water's gone and food is rotten; sleeping isn't much relief.
Hours long and men are sweating; world's on fire; sky's white hot;
Eyes are smarting; skin is itching; learning things we'd rather not.
Job's not moving very fast;
Wonder when we'll see the last.

Cactus, sagebrush, sand, and silence; thirst and sun and "cursed survey!"

Stakes and stakes and stakes—we drove 'em—stakes and stakes and
—one more day.

Once there were some men and women; once the week and month
and year;

Once a world and we were in it—days and days and Nowhere here.
Once, before our orders come,
Once, I think, we had a home.

Chain and chain—another hundred; chain and chain and "Drive one
there."

Sight and sight and "That point's settled;" tack on keel-mark and
"Take care."

Tangents, curves, and frogs, and angles; "Three degrees" and "Let
'er go."

Switch-points, leads, and gage, and figure; "What you guess you'd
better know."

Camp again and firelight.
All asleep and—one more night.

Ghosts—and ghosts—and ghosts—and whispers; creep—and creep
—and creep—and chill;

Think—and think—and think—of living; night—and night—and
thinking still.

Stars of tin and moon of copper, nailed up in the aching black;
Guess and toss and burn and shiver—wonder when we're going
back.

Grinning Death, and awful plain,
And—that foolish Sun again.

Dizzy rod and dancing target, grade and level, cut and fill;
Tote that transit leagues unnumbered—center of the desert still.

Once, a thousand years behind us, saw a shadow blue and strange.
Days and days we stalked that phantom; chased that silly, shifting
range.

Once, before this Hell began,
Once, I think, I was a Man.

We're not in the Land of the Living; we're dry bones that squeak
and crawl.

I'm an ape and you're a monkey; that thing's not a girl at all.
Some, they say, will come with voices, come to stretch an iron hand
Out across this blazing horror—funny lie, that "Promised Land."

Snakey track, just like an eel,
T'hold two coasts with grip o' steel.

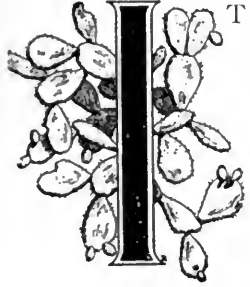
Someone's talking; breeze is cool; mists a-falling off the sun.
World is new and full of people, and thank God, THAT JOB IS
DONE.

Fires out and canvas folded; creaking wagons moving round;
That blue shadow turned to mountains; that mirage is solid ground.

Damn the pay, the end has come!
Credit hang, WE'RE GOING HOME!

WHEN THE GATES WERE LIFTED ON THE TRUCKEE

By WILLIAM E. SMYTHE



IT WAS precisely 10:23 a. m. of Saturday, June 17, 1905 Senator Francis G. Newlands raised his hand; his wife, Edith McAllister Newlands, smashed a bottle of champagne against the metallic crank of one of the gates; United States Senators, members of Congress, the Governor of California, the Lieutenant-Governor of Nevada, the Chief Engineer of the Reclamation Service, and a number of private citizens prominent for years in the national irrigation movement, bent to the cranks, each of which manipulated a gate. Within a few moments the flow of the Truckee was cut off and stranded fishes were flopping helplessly in the exposed bed of the stream. At almost the same moment the gates were lifted at the head of the diverting canal, and the waters turned from their ancient channel, where they had wasted for ages in the sinks of the desert, and began their long journey through tunnels and canals to the valley of the Carson, to enter upon their mission of making homes in the wilderness.

As the flood burst with a hoarse roar into the new canal, hundreds of spectators lifted their voices in ringing cheers which echoed back from the surrounding hills. National irrigation was an accomplished fact! Patience had done her perfect work. The seed planted long ago in the stony soil of public indifference, watched and tended by patriotic and undiscourageable men, had come to fruitage. Judging from my own feelings, and from the talks I had with many of the large and distinguished company, three thoughts were uppermost in every mind.

First, there was the thought already expressed—the triumph of a great movement which had fought its way inch by inch until at last it prevailed and saw its story written on the face of the earth.

Second, the thought that in a field where individual man had gone down baffled and defeated in his struggle with the forces of nature, organized and associated man had been able to deal with the situation with the utmost ease and success.

Third, the thought that if the Nation can build irrigation works, and build them so much better and more quickly than private enterprise has ever been able to do, this demonstration must inevitably be, not the end, but only the beginning, of the application of this principle in national affairs.

Illustrations for this article are from photographs furnished by the Pacific Portland Cement Co., which supplies all the cement used by the Reclamation Service in Nevada—more than 60,000 barrels of their "Golden Gate" brand up to date.

In the light of these thoughts the 17th of June, 1905, was a great day not merely for the settlers of Carson Valley, not merely for Nevada and the West, but for the whole American people.

What is known as the Truckee-Carson project will ultimately irrigate 375,000 acres of land and cost about \$9,000,000. Nine years will be required to bring it to completion. The portion of the works put into operation on June 17th will distribute water to about 50,000 acres and represents a cost of about \$1,750,000.

The main canal now in operation diverts the water from the channel of the Truckee at a point about twenty-four miles east



ENTRANCE TO TUNNEL NO. 1, TRUCKEE-CARSON PROJECT

of Reno, and conveys it through the divide to the Carson River, a distance of thirty-one miles. This canal has a capacity for the first six miles of its course of 1,400 cubic feet per second, or 70,000 miner's inches under a four-inch pressure, and, for the remainder of its course, of 1,200 cubic feet per second. The depth of water will be uniformly thirteen feet, and the top of the banks is two feet above the high-water line. The width at the top varies from twenty-four to sixty-three feet, the narrow part being lined with Portland cement concrete and having a heavy grade. Nearly two miles of the canal, exclusive of tunnels, are



INTERIOR OF TUNNEL NO. 1, TRUCKEE-CARSON PROJECT

lined with concrete. There are three tunnels, one 300 feet, one 9,000 feet, and one 1,500 feet in length. All are lined with concrete, twelve feet wide and about sixteen feet high to crown of arch inside. The main canal discharges its water into a natural reservoir on the Carson and flows thence four and one-half miles to the diversion dam at the head of the distributing system, where it is led out upon the land in two wide-reaching canals, one on each side of the river.

The canal on the south side has a width of twenty-two feet, a top width of seventy-eight feet, and carries twelve feet of water, the capacity being 1,500 cubic feet per second. The canal on the north side is thirteen feet wide at the bottom, forty-five feet wide at the top, carries six and one-half feet depth of water, and has a capacity of 450 cubic feet per second. At present, these two canals are completed for a length of thirty-eight miles. With their main branches, they will ultimately have a total length of over ninety miles, while the laterals and drain ditches to be constructed in Carson Sink Valley alone will aggregate fully 1,200 miles.

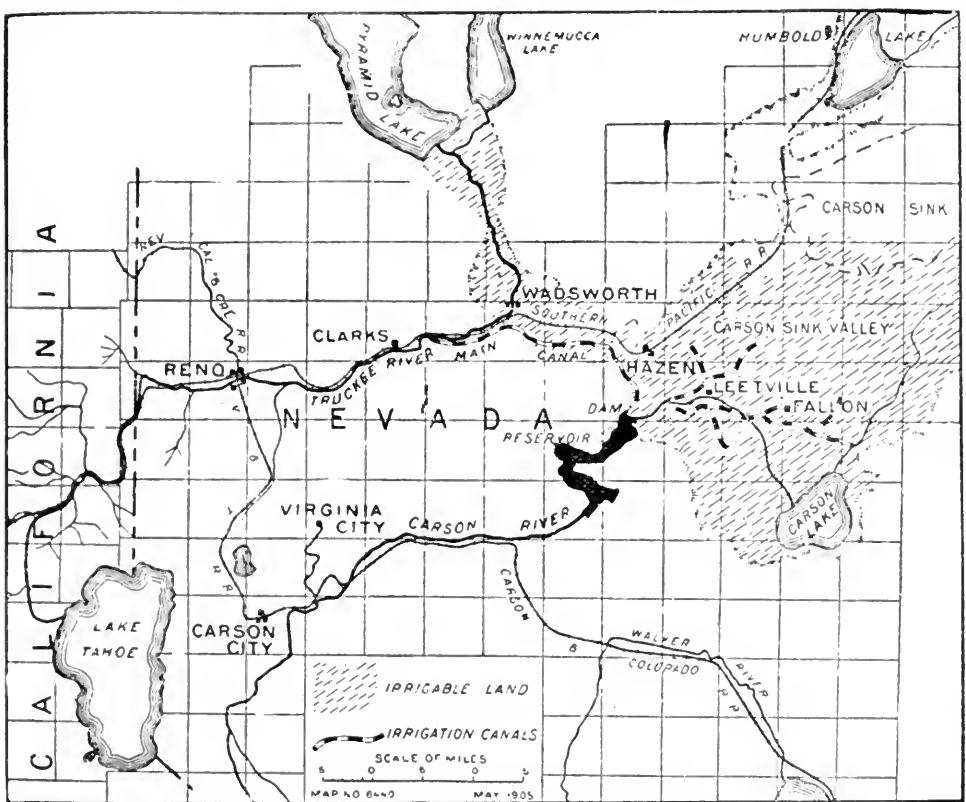
The dam in the Carson at the head of the distributing system is something to bring a smile of satisfaction to the faces of those who have known the crude brush dams of the pioneers and the endless difficulties which arose from them. This government dam is a solid concrete structure, built for a thousand years. It constitutes an absolute guaranty of a permanent water supply to the settlers. This, indeed, is the character of all the work which the Government has done.

The Supervising Engineer who built these works, and whose enduring monument they will be, is L. H. Taylor. He is an exceedingly modest man who says little, but works much. When the crowd called for him on June 17th, it was discovered that he alone was missing from the throng which gathered about the speakers. He was found standing on his dam, carefully inspecting the head-gates to make sure that everything was in order for the great act of turning on the water. He was finally captured and made to stand, blushing and diffident, in the face of a storm of cheers. But all he could say was: "I will let the works speak for me."

Nevertheless, it was a great moment for Taylor. Nearly fifteen years ago he was brought to Nevada by Francis G. Newlands to make a comprehensive study of the irrigation possibilities of the Sagebrush State. He then proceeded to outline a vast project—so vast, indeed, that he became an object of ridicule and was regarded as a dreamer of idle dreams. That was

long before anybody believed that Uncle Sam could be induced to furnish the money for such undertakings.

Taylor never altered his purpose. He never lost faith in its ultimate realization. When the Reclamation Service was organized, his opportunity came. He was placed in charge of the work, with such financial backing as only the Nation can supply. Now distrust has turned to confidence, ridicule to admiration, laughter to cheers. Taylor stands forth one of the engineers of the world, one of the builders of Nevada and the West. But he is the same Taylor who used to occupy a back seat at the



MAP OF THE TRUCKEE-CARSON IRRIGATION PROJECT

early irrigation congresses with an apologetic air, but with a certain sparkle in his eye which indicated that he would yet be heard from.

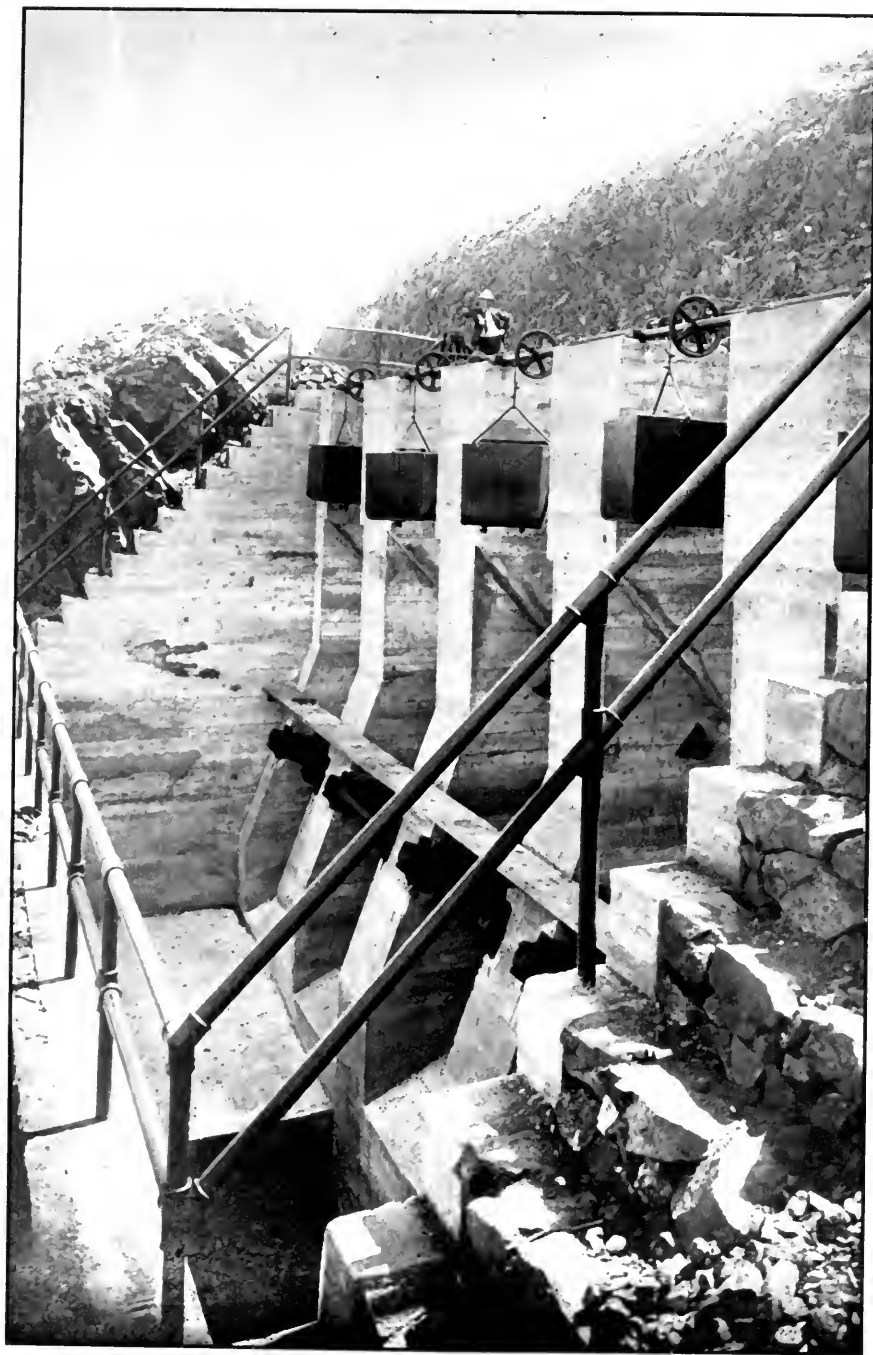
The land to be irrigated is located in a number of valleys along the Truckee and Carson rivers, extending on each side from the Central Pacific Railroad, the greatest distance from the road being twenty-five miles. The soil is adapted to alfalfa and other forage crops, potatoes, onions, beets, and other vegetables, apples, pears, berries, and similar hardy fruits.

Nearly all the land now irrigated is public property, or was such until entered by settlers. Two-thirds of it has already been filed upon and the remainder is being rapidly taken. No price is charged for the land, except filing fees, which are nominal. But the settler must repay the cost of irrigation in ten annual installments, without interest. This amounts to \$26 an acre, of which about \$10 an acre has been incurred by the provision of drainage facilities. The United States Agricultural Department estimates that one-tenth of the land irrigated by private or cor-



UP-STREAM FACE OF WASTE GATE, CANAL NO. 1, TRUCKEE-CARSON PROJECT

porate enterprise has been seriously injured, if not permanently ruined, by excess of water and lack of drainage. Drainage is imperative as a means of carrying off the heavy alkali deposits. The settler is fortunate to be able to make his home where conditions have been scientifically ascertained in advance and where the best engineering skill, together with abundant capital, have been available to make the most thorough preparation for his success.



DOWN-STREAM FACE OF WASTE GATE, CANAL NO. 1, TRUCKEE-CARSON PROJECT

Any unmarried person over twenty-one years of age, or head of a family, who is, or has declared intention to become, a citizen of the United States, who has not used his or her homestead right, or who is not then owner of more than 160 acres of land in any one state, can file on any one of the tracts surveyed by the Government. Title to lands cannot be acquired until all payments for water have been made, ten years hence. The law requires a homesteader to see and select his land personally.

There is one warning which should be sounded for the benefit of a certain class of settlers. The man who attempts to make



DIVERSION DAM ON TRUCKEE RIVER, TRUCKEE-CARSON PROJECT
This is an "open-type" dam for discharging flood-water

a home on the primeval desert, even with free land and the best irrigation and drainage facilities, requires money to make a successful start. There will doubtless be exceptions to the rule—men who will get work in the locality from the Government or private parties and be able to hold on until their land yields returns, when, by dint of hard work and economical living, they can build their homes, improve their lands, and make their annual payments for water rights. But the average man will need capital in order to bring his farm to a paying stage. This capital he cannot borrow until he gets title to his land, and he cannot get title until he completes payment for his water rights,

ten years hence. There is no way in which these payments can be commuted.

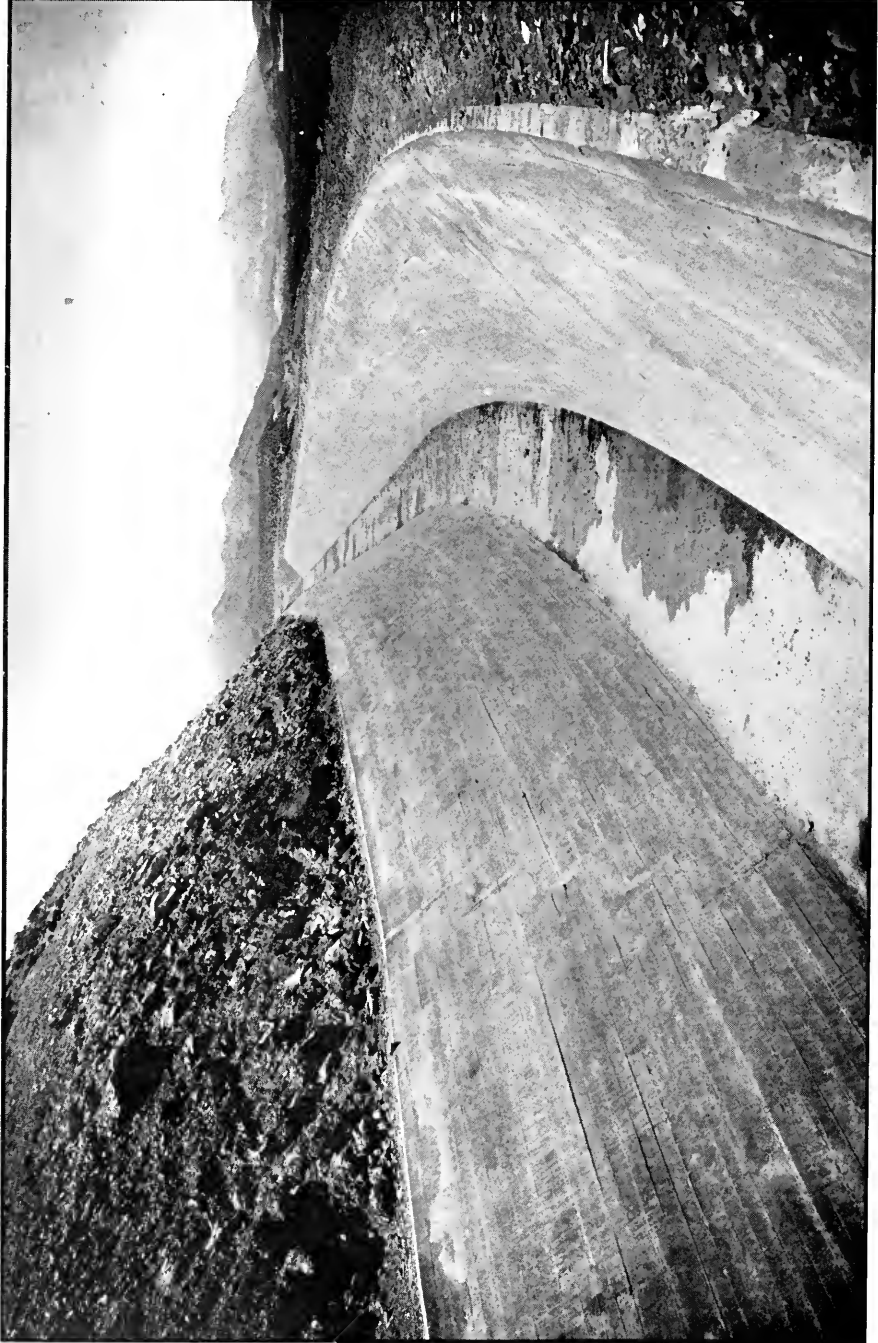
The reader will make the obvious comment that the law fails to make provision for those most in need of homes. That is a sad truth. The next great battle will be for the New Zealand system of advances to settlers. "But that is Socialism," you say. Yes, and so is national irrigation. Does anyone know how the lot of the common man may be improved except by measures which are properly to be regarded as Socialistic in character? If so, I know a number of eminent and apprehensive gentlemen in



HEADGATE ON MAIN CANAL FROM TRUCKEE RIVER

this country who would like to be advised.

While the land now open to settlement is almost entirely public land, a number of large private estates will be irrigated when the works are completed. These must be subdivided to comply with the law, and water rights paid for on just the same terms as those which apply to public land. For the settler who has sufficient capital the opportunity is a grand one. The rapid growth of towns and various local industries will open many chances for young men who want to go in and grow up with the country. But for the average settler without means the doors are closed, alike on public and private land. Before the doors



CEMENT-LINED CANAL, TRUCKEE-CARSON PROJECT

can be unlocked, the Government must loan money to the class of settlers most sorely in need of such opportunities or it must permit others to loan them money. New Zealand thinks it is wise for the country to borrow at three per cent. and loan to settlers at four per cent. Lending millions on homesteads, New Zealand has not lost one single dollar, but has added five or ten dollars to the wealth of the country for every dollar loaned in this way. Will Uncle Sam do likewise? The future will answer; but I think he will.

As I stood in the crowd by the banks of the Truckee during the ceremonies which preceded the lifting of the head-gates, my mind went back to the early days of the national irrigation movement, I felt that I touched elbows with those who would not be noted by the newspapers among the distinguished guests or caught by the cameras of the enterprising photographers.

First of all, I saw John W. Powell, the earliest scientific explorer of Arid America and the first to comprehend the meaning of its strange environment. There he stood, his shaggy head, his grim, determined, yet intellectual face, his empty sleeve reminding us of his sacrifices for the Republic on the battlefields of war before he became a foremost figure on her battlefields of peace. How his great soul must have swelled with the pride and joy of achievement if he stood under that clear Nevada sky when the Great Dream came true!

Then there was that picturesque figure, Richard J. Hinton, who used to quarrel with us sometimes, but whose only rivalry with Powell and the rest was to see who could do most for Arid America and for humanity. He feared the early policy of ceding the lands to the states, because he thought it might foster a spirit of separatism. He longed for a policy which should cement the Union for which he had fought—for which he continued to fight until his dying day. He, too, would have swung his old slouch hat and swelled the chorus of cheers when the water turned sharply from its ancient channel to pass through the hills to the waiting valley beyond.

Then there was that old man of quaint eloquence, Judge James S. Emery of Kansas—the friend of Abraham Lincoln, and the friend of man. What pictures he painted of the coming glories of Arid America, and, as he used to say, “the Sunflower State which I love so well!” O, for a few words from dear old Emery, if he could have stood on the dam as the water gushed into the first canal built by the Government!

Finally, the rotund figure of that finest of Mormon diplomats, George Q. Cannon. Say what you will of his religion, he preached the gospel of irrigation from a heart which always beat

true to the interests of the American settler in the desert. What would we have given to see his radiant smile when the head-gates were lifted and the Truckee sped upon its mission to make homes and fill the silence with the laughter of children!

These were but a few of the shadowy forms which surely stood on the banks of the Truckee at the memorable hour when national irrigation became a fact—that is, if the dead ever come back to revisit the dearest scenes of their former labors and to witness the realization of their fondest hopes.


Congratulations, old comrades, living and dead! We may do nothing else on earth, but this thing we have done, and it shall endure forever!

San Diego, Cal.

THE COLORADO

By *THERESA RUSSELL*

In June.

 H troubled river,
 Vexed to deliver,
 Chafing thy borders and lashing white foam,
 Now in thy high tide
 Flinging thy waves wide
 Surging and sobbing thou makest thy moan.

In December.

Oh quiet river,
 Ripple nor quiver,
 Mars thy serenity nor breaks thy peace;
 Hushed now to dreaming,
 Glowing and gleaming,
 Brooding in silence thy lamentings cease.

Oh frenzied river,
 Oh placid river,
 Youth ever utters its passionate plea;
 Then grown aweary
 Protest and query
 Sepulchred lie 'neath an unruffled sea.

Chloride, Arizona

SACAJAWEA

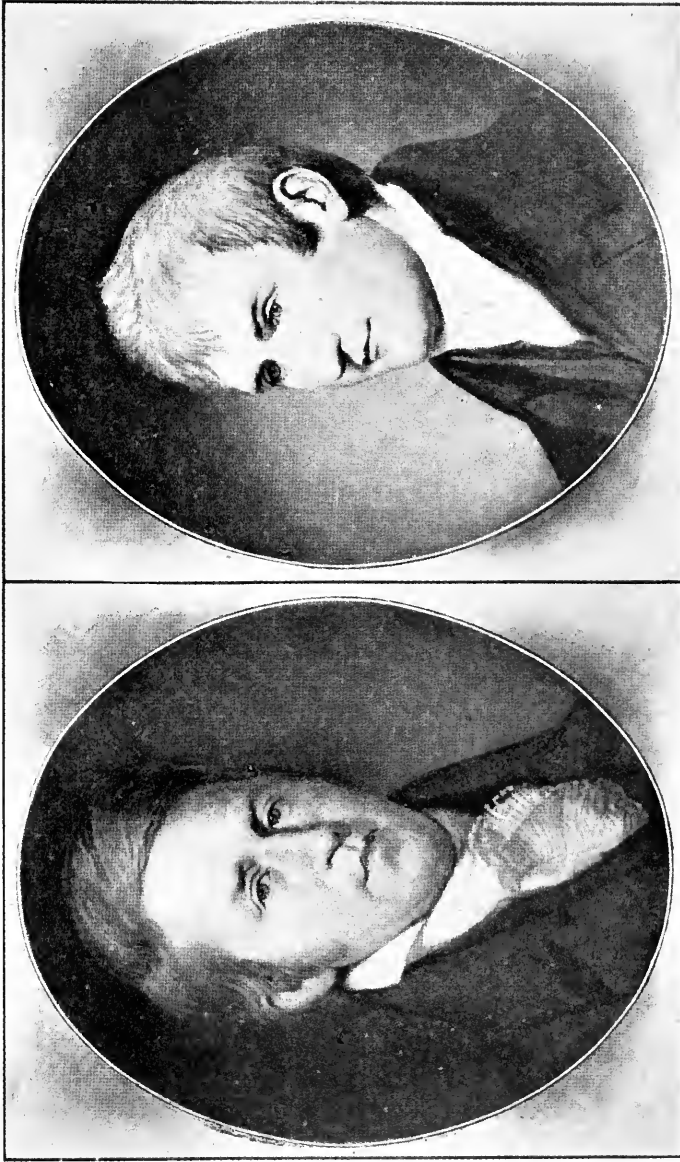
By F. W. FLETCHER



IN THE summer of 1800 a little band of Shoshoni Indians was encamped on the south bank of the Jefferson River in Montana, about one mile above the point where the Jefferson, the Madison and the Gallatin unite to form the Missouri. The camp was in a beautiful valley, surrounded by mountains, and the little huts of poles and brush were built among the willows and cottonwoods by the river-side. From an Indian standpoint the location of the camp was perfect. Their horses, with which they were well supplied, fattened on the luxuriant wild grasses, tended by old men and boys; the streams were plentifully stocked with fish; there were many deer among the foothills; and immense bands of buffalo grazed on the plains in the river valleys.

Indeed, it was mainly for the purpose of hunting these animals that the Shoshoni had come down into the buffalo country; for their home, if home it could be called, was across the Divide, on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, by the headwaters of the Columbia, or its southeastern tributaries. Not from choice did the Shoshoni dwell so high up in the mountains, far from the haunts of the buffalo; but the Minataree and the Arikara, their relentless and powerful foes, were masters of the eastern plains, so that only at peril of their lives did the mountain Indians descend to the lower valleys, nor did they often venture beyond the foothills. Game was not plentiful in the mountains, and it was famine that forced them to go down to the buffalo country. The Shoshoni were good fishers but poor hunters. Their method of hunting deer was for several horsemen to surround one in an open valley and run him down by relays of fresh horses; good sport, no doubt, but of little avail for securing food. In the Pacific streams, during certain months, were great quantities of salmon, and these were the chief food supply of the Indians. When the salmon failed, hunger and distress visited the lodges of the Shoshoni.

At the camp on the Jefferson River all was peace and contentment. The hunters had returned from the day's chase in high spirits, for buffalo were plentiful and easy to secure; the squaws were busy cutting up the meat and spreading it in the sun to dry. Suddenly from the cotton woods along the river bank appeared a band of Minataree warriors. The Shoshoni were not fighters and sought safety in flight, the men, with true Indian chivalry, mounting the horses and leaving the women and children to care for themselves; this they attempted to do by flight and by hiding among the trees, but most of them were captured. Four Shoshoni men, as many



LEWIS AND CLARK

*Reproduced from Noah Brooks's
"First Across the Continent," by
permission of Charles Scribner's
Sons.*

women, and several boys, were killed; while four boys and a number of girls were captured.

Among the girls in the Shoshoni camp when it was attacked was



LEWIS IN INDIAN DRESS

Drawn by St. Menin. Reproduced from Noah Brooks's "First Across the Continent," by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons

Sacajawea,* the sister of Cameahwait, a Shoshoni chief. In company with a girl companion, she endeavored to escape. They suc-

*Pronounced Sah-cah-gah-wé-ah, meaning the bird-woman

ceeded in eluding their pursuers for a time and reached a fording place in the river several miles above their camp. This ford they attempted to cross but were discovered by the Minatarec and captured; and, according to Indian custom, became the property of their captors. This not uncommon fate of an Indian girl, far outside the borders of civilization, in a portion of country then absolutely unknown to white men, would have little interest now had not subsequent events made it a matter of considerable importance to the government of the United States. Sacajawea and the other captive became the slaves of the Minataree, whose villages were far to the east, on Knife River. Thither they were taken, though Sacajawea's girl companion managed to escape and returned to her kindred on the Snake River. Of Sacajawea's life for the next few years little is known. She doubtless became a member of her captor's family, and with them followed the chase, going with them, no doubt, down the Missouri to trade with the whites.

However Sacajawea may have passed the years between 1800 and 1804, history was making in the land of her fathers; history that was to bring doom to her people, while it added a chain of great states to the new Republic and extended its reach from ocean to ocean. Thomas Jefferson, great Democrat but greater statesman, as President of the United States, purchased from the first Napoleon in 1803 the vast territory known as Louisiana. He purchased it primarily to obtain the port of New Orleans, but he was greatly interested to know what manner of country it was that Talleyrand had practically thrown into the bargain up in the northwest.

For more than a dozen years he had looked with prophetic vision toward that unknown region and had gathered every scrap of information brought back by the few fur traders and voyagers who had adventured beyond its borders. Before the purchase was completed, and in the face of the opposition or indifference of all his associates, he urged upon Congress the necessity of a government exploring expedition to determine positively the character of the great wilderness beyond the Missouri River.

After repeated effort, he obtained an appropriation of twenty-five hundred dollars to send an expedition through the territory, being careful to point out that "the interests of commerce place the principal object within the Constitutional powers and duty of Congress," though regarding the Constitutional power for the purchase itself, "the less said the better."

His private secretary, Captain Meriwether Lewis, was placed in charge of the expedition, which set out some months before purchase was made sure. The exploration of the northwestern country had long been a matter of great personal interest to Captain Lewis, and it was their common interest in the matter, no doubt,

that formed the bond between the two men. By request of Captain Lewis, Captain William Clark was associated with him in the undertaking. He was an officer of experience and ability, especially in Indian warfare, brother to George Rogers Clark, the hero of old Vincennes.

In the fall of 1803 the two officers repaired with their followers to St. Louis, then the village of Pain Court. The Spanish commander at St. Louis had not yet received official notice of the transfer of the country to France, much less of the subsequent sale to the



SHARP NOSE, CHIEF OF THE SHOSHONI

United States. He would not, therefore, allow the Americans to be quartered in the territory; and because of this and the lateness of the season they passed the winter on the opposite bank of the Mississippi. In March, 1804, a formal transfer of the upper regions of Louisiana to the United States took place at St. Louis, Captain Lewis acting as one of the officials representing the government.

On May 14th the expedition left its winter quarters and set sail up the Missouri River. More than two years were to elapse before it would again return to civilization. In addition to the necessary supplies, it carried "fourteen bales and one box of Indian pres-

ents." Late in October the expedition had reached a point not far from the present site of Bismarck, North Dakota, and here it was decided to remain for the winter, among the Mandan Indians. For future dealings with the Indians an interpreter was needed, and the officers soon secured the services of Toussaint Charboneau, "a man of no peculiar merit," says Captain Lewis. One of his two wives was the Shoshoni Indian girl, Sacajawea, whom he had bought from her captors, the Minataree. Charboneau could speak the Dacotah languages, but Sacajawea could speak the Shoshoni language as well, which was even more important to the expedi-



GREAT FALLS OF THE MISSOURI RIVER, FROM ABOVE

tion; for, while it could push its way through the country of the Sioux by its own resources, it must depend upon the Shoshoni for horses to transport the baggage and for guides to direct them through absolutely unknown mountains to navigable streams on the Pacific side. Very likely these considerations led the young officers to select Charboneau rather than some other trapper familiar with Indian language. At all events, and fortunately for the expedition, as it proved, Charboneau was allowed to take his wife along. Not only was she the sole female in the company, but she carried

on her back in a net-work basket a baby boy, born but two months before the long and arduous journey began.

It is not the present purpose to record in detail the memorable journey made by Captains Lewis and Clark and their hardy followers; but rather to recall the humble part played in it by the simple but faithful Indian woman, Sacajawea. In the smaller of their original boats, with the addition of simple dugouts specially adapted to their purpose, the expedition left the winter quarters at Fort Mandan, April 7, 1805. Beside Captains Lewis and Clark, there were in the company thirty-six persons, not including Sacajawea's



GREAT FALLS OF THE MISSOURI, FROM BELOW

baby. There were several Canadian and Ohio river boatmen, and two or three hunters; the others were picked men, privates in the United States army. Captain Clark took along a negro slave, named York. He was, without doubt, the first negro to go up the Missouri River, and his black skin and curly hair attracted wide-spread attention, while his fame traveled faster than the expedition. More than one chief brought his braves, ostensibly to treat with the white officers, when his ill-concealed curiosity betrayed that he was far more anxious to see York than to secure the friendship and protection of the United States.

During the first month after leaving the Mandans, the expedition passed the mouth of the Yellowstone and came to the Milk River, so named by Captain Lewis from the color of its waters. To the Indians it was known as "the river that scolds at all others." Here an accident occurred that in its results redounded more to the credit of Sacajawea than to her spouse. The boat steered by Charboneau, "the worst steersman of the party," was capsized. Unfortunately it contained all the "papers, instruments, medicines, and almost every article indispensable to the success of the enterprise."



CITADEL ROCK, MISSOURI RIVER

"The Indian woman," says Captain Lewis, "to whom I ascribe equal fortitude and resolution with any person on board at the time of the accident, caught and preserved most of the light articles which were washed overboard." The boat and its valuable cargo being saved, it was thought "a proper occasion to console ourselves, and we accordingly took a drink."

Sacajawea's reward came the following day, when "a handsome river about fifty yards wide" was named "Sacajawea's River." The honor was not destined to be permanent, however, for the stream is known to modern maps as Crooked Creek. "Judith's River,"



PALISADES OF CLARK'S FORKS



CLARK'S FORKS

passed a few days later, was named for the young lady who subsequently became the wife of Captain Clark. Her name still graces the river, and has been added to the great valley through which it flows, as well as to some noble mountains near its banks.

As the party proceeded, many plants and animals new to science were discovered; most interesting of these, perhaps, was the grizzly bear, with which the men, armed with their clumsy flint-locked guns, had many a perilous and exciting battle. From the Minataree Indians, possibly the captors of Sacajawea, the leaders of the party had learned that the Missouri River would take them far up into the Rocky Mountain country; but long before the journey in boats would end they would reach some immense falls in the river, around which the boats must be taken by land. When the mouth of Maria's River was reached, June 3rd, it became an important question as to which of the two streams was the real Missouri. They were of nearly equal volume, and both apparently headed in the Rocky Mountains, now plainly visible from the bluffs. Small parties were sent up both streams to reconnoitre. On their return a few days later a general council was held, at which it developed that all the men believed the northerly stream to be the Missouri, while the two officers believed the westerly stream was the one to follow. A mistake would probably be fatal to the success of the expedition, which must cross the mountains during the months of summer and early autumn.

Accordingly, Captain Lewis, taking four men and leaving the main party at the forks of the rivers, set out on foot in a south-westerly direction, determined to find the falls described by the Indians or follow the stream to the mountains. On the third day, as he was walking some distance from the river, he was greatly cheered by the sound of a distant roaring of water, and following its direction for a few miles came to the banks of the river and hurrying down the steep bluffs, seated himself on the rocks and "enjoyed the sublime spectacle" of the great falls, vainly regretting that he had not brought along a "cimera obscura." Captain Lewis pushed on alone up the river, finding a series of magnificent falls in the course of a few miles, and finally reaching the upper falls, which he recognized by the tall cottonwood tree, growing on an island, in the branches of which a black-eagle had built her nest, as the Indians had told him. The falls are still known as Black Eagle Falls, and their waters move the wheels of the modern city of Great Falls, Montana.

Captain Lewis had solved the problem of the proper course to pursue. Accordingly the main party was brought up the Missouri, to Portage (now Belt) Creek, where preparations were made to carry the boats and baggage around the falls. To the northerly

stream Captain Lewis gave the name Maria's River, for Miss Maria Wood. "It is true," he said, "that the hue of the waters of this turbulent and troubled stream but illy comport with the pure celestial beauties and amiable qualifications of that lovely fair one, but it is a noble river." On the return of Captain Lewis he found Sacajawea quite ill, which gave him "great concern as well for the the poor object herself then with a young child in her arms, as from consideration of her being our only dependence for a friendly negotiation with the Snake Indians, upon whom we depend for horses to assist us in our portage from the Missouri to the Columbia River." Fortunately a "large sulphur spring" was found on the bank of the river opposite Portage Creek, and Sacajawea "found great relief



RAINBOW FALLS, MISSOURI RIVER

from the mineral water." Subsequently she suffered a relapse, caused by eating wild berries, and for a time her life was despaired of, but she finally recovered.

To carry the boats and baggage around the falls required a portage of eighteen miles, across plains thickly covered with prickly-pears. The heat was well-nigh intolerable, the toil severe. Two weeks were occupied in making the portage, though a considerable portion of the baggage was left in a cache near the sulphur spring. On July 4th, Independence Day was celebrated for the first time in the Rocky Mountain country. The last of the stock of rum was distributed to the men in honor of the occasion. Captain Lewis had

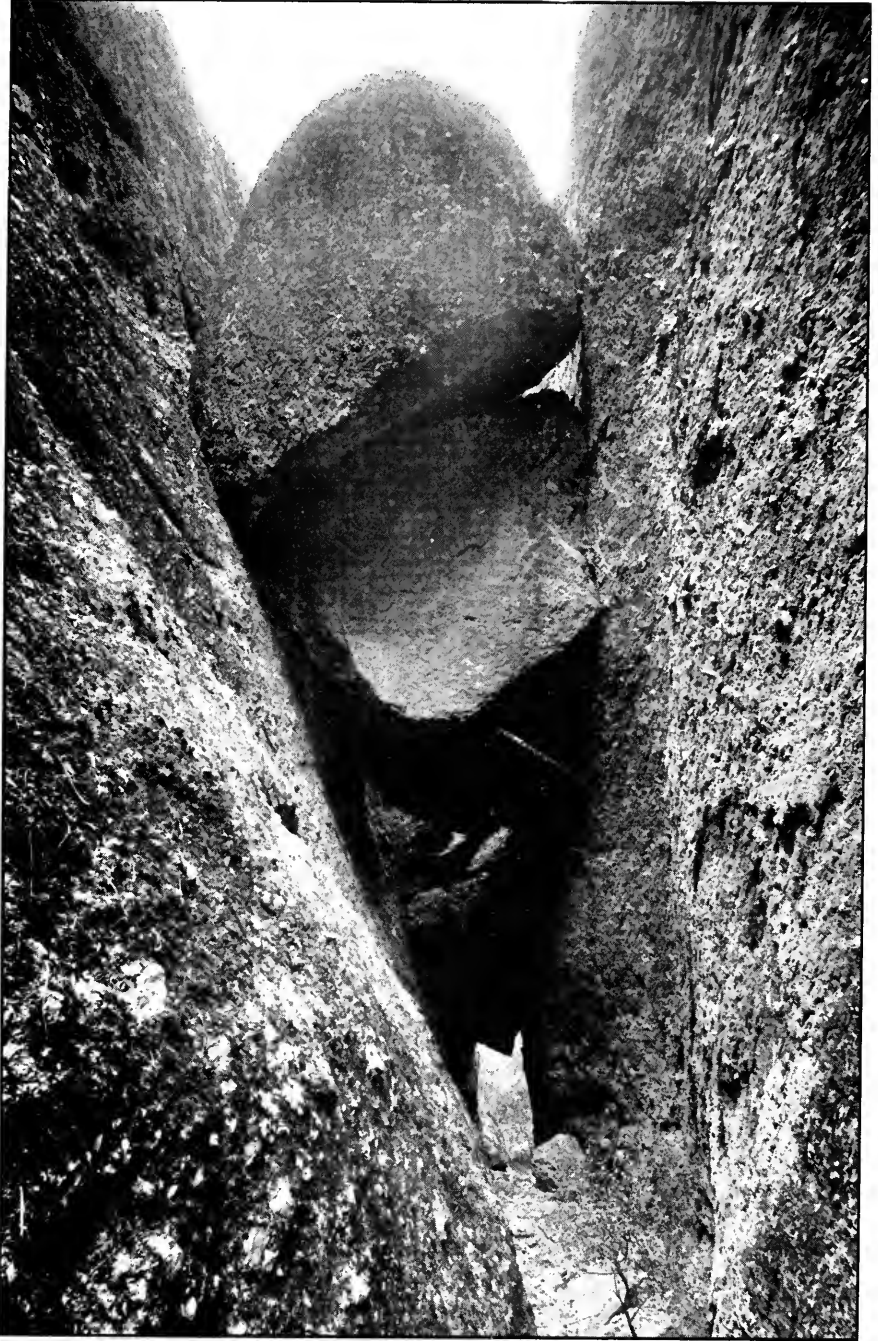
brought from Harper's Ferry the iron frame of a boat to be covered with skins. After causing a delay of several days and much labor, the "Experiment," as the boat was called, was abandoned as unseaworthy.

On July 15th, the expedition again set out up the Missouri River, passing and naming Smith and Dearborn Rivers in the next three days, and arriving, July 19th, at the romantic gorge still known as the Gates of the Mountains. Three days later the party passed a small stream, now called Beaver Creek, and was delighted to find that Sacajawea recognized the country, and said that her countrymen came to this creek to procure white paint from its banks. She also stated that the three forks of the Missouri were not far ahead. Captain Clark, with two or three men, went ahead by land, in order



EAST ENTRANCE TO HORSE PLAINS, MONTANA

to meet the Indians and treat with them, if possible, before the main party should arrive. In this, however, he was not successful, though he found many recent tracks of Indians and horses. July 27th, the main party reached the three forks of the Missouri, two days behind Captain Clark, who joined it the same day, very ill from fever. The name Missouri was now discontinued, and the three forks received the names, Jefferson, Madison and Gallatin Rivers. A camp was located about one mile above the forks on the western and largest branch, the Jefferson. Curiously enough, the site of the camp, according to Sacajawea, was precisely the spot on which she and her friend were encamped at the time of her capture five years before. With the proverbial stoicism of her race she did not "show any distress at these recollections or any joy at the prospect of being restored to her country."



A CLEFT AMONG THE PINNACLES

THE PINACLES OF SAN BENITO COUNTY

By SCHUYLER G. HAIN



VANCOUVER, in 1794, wrote of the rock pinnacles of what is now San Benito County, California, as, "the most remarkable mountain I have ever seen." At the present time there is a movement under way to have 15,000 acres, embracing the heart of this interesting region, set aside as a national park, that its beauty may be permanently preserved and guarded. The Secretary of the Interior has withdrawn the tract from entry, pending Congressional action.

The entrance to the proposed park is not unlike the doorway to the Garden of the Gods, but on a grander scale. Here the cliffs of many-colored rock rise hundreds of feet in sharply defined terraces, or great domes and pinnacles. Beyond, scattered over an area of some six square miles, is a mass of conglomerate rocks wonderful in extent and in fantastic variety of form and coloring.

Two much-broken water courses cut the northern and southern ends of the mountain, breaking into deep chasms filled with the debris of old slides, in which are dark, rock-covered caves, still for the most part of unknown extent, and pools of water of varying depth, left by the winter rains.



"HEART POOL," IN CAVE IN BEAR CAÑON

The main features of the entire region are the massive walls and towering rock-peaks, and the deep, narrow-walled cañons through which the foot-trails wind.

The two main gorges are more frequently seen by visitors and the trip through either of them can be made in a day with time to spare; but the explorer may wander for weeks among the side cañons and upper rocks, seeing something new each day. To the right of the northern water course, which is the one followed by the principal trail, rises "Palisade Rock," about fifteen hundred feet from base to summit; terraced back in great steps and ledges over which in rainy seasons swift little streams leap



ABOVE PINNACLE CAVES
(Rock in foreground 250 feet in diameter.)

and plunge and are beaten to white clouds of spray along the cliffs below. From one spot eight of these brief, beautiful waterfalls may be counted without turning.

A little distance beyond this pass the cañon widens out to a small valley, and fronting the valley is the cliff-ringed amphitheater named for President Jordan of Stanford. Here Nature seems to have taken the most methodical care in setting on end hundreds of rock pinnacles, rising tier on tier till the topmost procession, nearly a mile away, is 1,800 feet above the little valley.

Opposite "Painted Rock" is the "Bridal Chamber," a circular



A MONUMENT NOT MADE WITH HANDS

area entered through a narrow gorge. The perpendicular walls are from 150 to 300 feet high, and in the rainy season a small stream sweeps over the highest point and is dashed along the ledges in a veil of filmy mist, covering most of the enclosed space.

Beyond the little valley and the "Jordan Amphitheatre," the rocky walls assume strange and fantastic shapes and each turn in the trail reveals some new beauty and wonder.

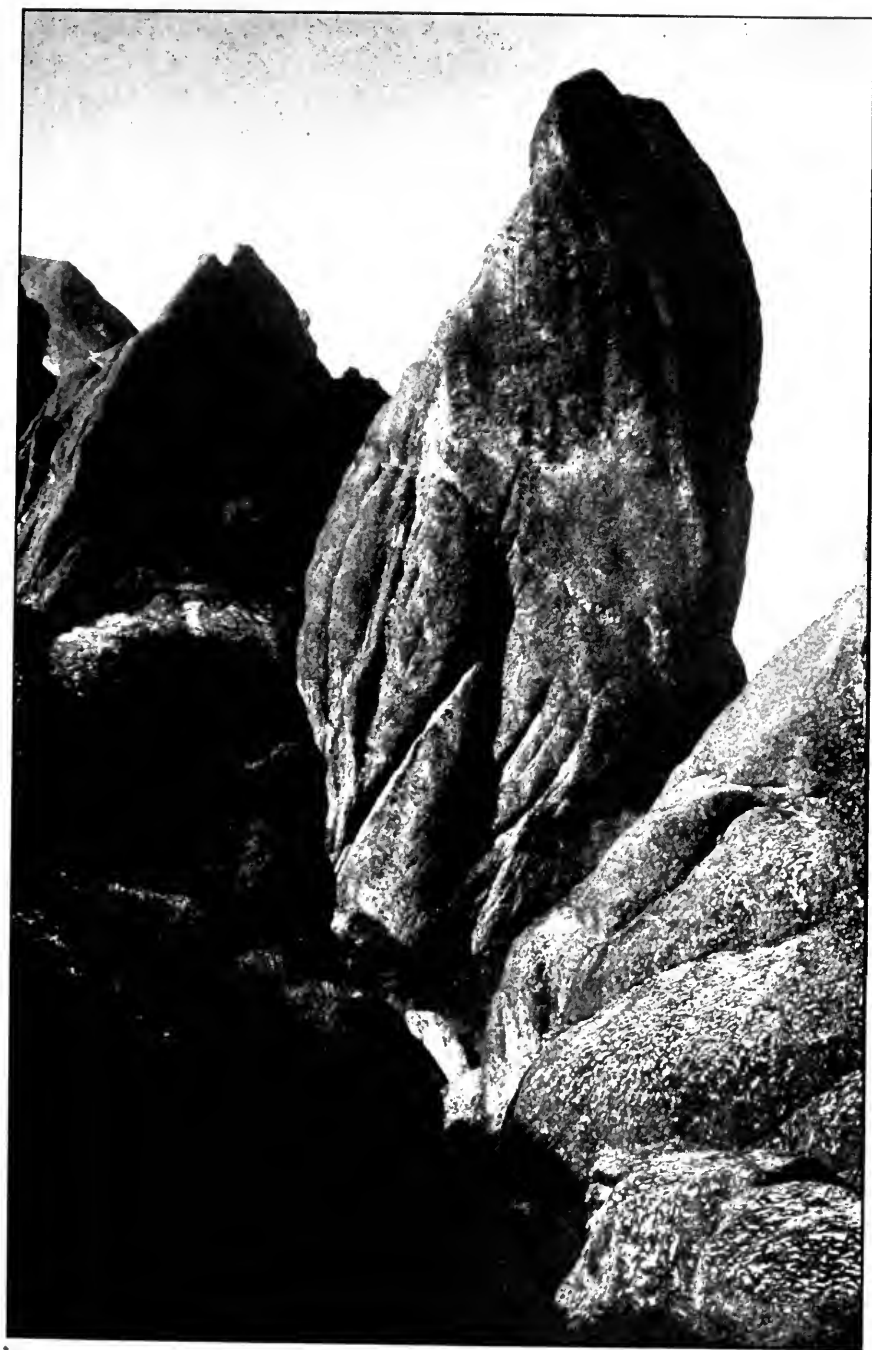
The southern water course, called Bear Cañon, is less known than the northern one, but not less beautiful. A mile from its junction with Cholone Creek the stream bed is entirely filled with



AMONG THE PINNACLES

fallen rocks and the trail turns to the left and comes by a steep and difficult grade to "Inspiration Point." Here the explorer looks down on the tops of tall trees growing far below, while above the great cliff-walls are capped by slender spires and pinnacles and groups of weather-worn rocks like statuary.

From Inspiration Point the trail descends again to the creek bed; winding under rock-slabs caught roof-like in the narrow walls, over logs and boulders and through underbrush, ending at last in a little dim-lighted cave beyond which there is no passage except by retracing part of the way and climbing out to the right over a narrow ledge to the gorge ahead.



AT THE HEART OF THE PINNACLES

Here is the largest cave yet discovered, some sixty by one hundred and twenty feet, and roofed over by a cube-shaped rock two hundred feet in diameter, on the top of which a tall pine tree is growing. Beyond this largest cave are others, some dimly lighted, some dark and damp—the home of night birds and innumerable bats.

The winter rains leave pools of water here and there in the caves, the largest being "Heart Pool," lying in a deep, heart-shaped depression worn in rock of adamantine hardness.

Beyond the caves the gorge widens to open country dotted with rock groups in many interesting and suggestive shapes,



PIVOT ROCK

among them "Pivot Rock," like a huge anvil of sandstone.

A few of these are accessible and the view from the top is worth the climb, but most of them are still unscaled, though seldom impossible to an experienced climber.

From the top of Cholone Peak the view reaches from the Coast Range to the blue of ocean, where, on a clear day with a good glass, the breakers may be seen rolling in along the beach. Between mountains and sea lies the beautiful expanse of Salinas Valley, dotted with farms and towns, with the Salinas river winding the whole length of the view.

Pinnacle Park is thirty-five miles by wagon road from the

town of Hollister, and is easily reached from that point. It has much to offer all comers; for the camper; sheltered nooks, great trees, wood and water and grass in convenient reach; for the hunter, quail and occasional deer; for the scientist of whatever mind, strange rocks, many flowers, and birds in variety; and for the nature-lover, varied beauty at every turn, from deep banks of fern in the hidden places of the cañons to the great rock domes and pinnacles that give the place its name.

Cook, Cal.

A TRANSPLANTED BATTLE

By R. W. HOFFLUND



R. THOMAS JONES, manager of the K. and M. Fruit Company's thousand-acre orchard and vineyard, turned in his chair and tossed the newspaper he had been reading into the wastebasket. The scowl on his face, and the contemptuous manner in which he disposed of the sheet, indicated that something in its columns had met with his disapproval. His viciousness in biting off the end of a cigar, and the caressing glance he bestowed upon a metal paper-weight,

told of possible trouble in store for the writer of the offensive article.

Ever since he had taken control of the big ranch, Jones had been confronted by the problem of securing laborers who were willing and able to do the work demanded of them. Chinamen who could not handle horses, Mexicans who could not keep sober, and Indians who could not do anything had drifted through the K. and M. pay-office, and had made the ranch the scene of a constant struggle on the part of Jones and his handful of capable assistants against incompetency and laziness. Finally the manager had returned from one of his 'Frisco trips with a cargo of Japs—small, wiry men, who made up in intelligence what they lacked in stature. Contrary to the profanely expressed opinion of Big Tim Fogarty, the foreman, they had quickly learned the routine of ranch work, and for a time everything had gone well.

But a manager is paid to overcome difficulties. It follows that when he has succeeded in overcoming a series of them, new ones must be provided, or he fails to earn his pay. Jones had long felt the working of this natural law, and had no idea that he would be permitted to rest in peace. But the undermining of his latest success was brought about by a condition apparently so easy to meet and overcome, that the manager was unusually irritated by the futility of his efforts in that direction.

La Salida, the town at the head of the valley, boasted a weekly paper whose proprietor, Macgregor by name, had served on the staff of a city daily famous for its "yellowness." He had brought to his rural retreat an insatiable desire to build up a sensation on the weakest of foundations, and had fallen into the habit of reprinting brief telegraphic dispatches from his "patent inside" on the front page, with many embellishments and appropriate scare-heads.

When the difficulty between Japan and Russia became the feature of foreign news, Macgregor found many opportunities to exercise his talent in this line, and had declared war almost as often as his metropolitan rivals, in type fully as heavy, when the gradual slipping away of his men caused Jones to make an investigation. He quickly learned the truth. The Japs were going back to fight for their native land and share in the glory that they believed to be already showering upon it.

While Jones was still scowling over the newspaper, Fogarty walked into the office at his usual leisurely pace. "Two more!" he said. "Leaves me shy a man to watch the water, unless I cut down the prunin' gang, which is too small now. Begob!" he added violently, "av this don't shtop, you an' me will have to go to work. Did ye see the lyin' coyote that runs that paper?"

Jones smiled grimly. "I did, Tim," he answered. "I told him to cut it out or we'd sue him. But what's the use? There is trouble over there, all right, and they get enough through the San Diego papers to make 'em excited. Mac merely hurries things along."

"I hope ye scart him good, anyhow," said Big Tim, "so he'll get more cautious wid his ink. Av he was to have a bad dream some night, an' write a article sayin' the Mickyado was offerin' a thousand dollars to any Amerrikan Jap that smelled bad enough to get into the R'yal Guard, our b'ys would vamous in a bunch, knowin' they'd qualify. I saw Rodriguez this noon," Fogarty went on, suddenly changing his bantering manner to one more business-like, "an' he's drunk as usual. 'Will your men take the job?' says I. 'Si, patron!' says the coffee-colored thief. '*Mañana.*' Tomorrow—that's always the word wid him an' his Dagoes. He's locked 'em up in the jail so they won't get arristed, but he brings 'em in the tangle-fut at night, an' tomorrow they'll be drunker than they are today. We'll be lucky av they show up in a month. Miguel's crew is puttin' in grain on the Bony Visty, an' the only thing left is Peg-leg Charlie an' his bucks. I can get tin av them Monday, wid Peg-leg to straw-boss, an' two squaws av we want 'em to prune."

"Take them," said Jones, decisively. "Tell him the two squaws draw one pay, and put 'em all to pruning. That gives you a Jap for the water and two extra for the teams—if they stay till then. Rodriguez may sober up in the meantime." He drew from a pigeon-

hole a chart showing the location of the field force, and asked a number of questions regarding the progress of the work. The foreman answered these briefly and satisfactorily, and got up to leave. At the door he hesitated, and turned to his superior with a grin that would have looked bashful on a smaller man. Jones had begun a letter in regard to a strike in Kansas City that threatened to "tie up" a car of lemons until they rotted, and his irritable humor had seized him again.

"If you have anything to say, say it," he ordered; "and don't stand there like an overgrown bale of hay. If it's more bad news, keep it to yourself. I'm too busy to be bothered unless it's necessary."

Fogarty braced up immediately. "It's no news at all," he said. "Only an idea that's been in me head for some time, an' is gettin' lonesome. I've been rayvolvin' a scheme to keep these Japs where they belong, an' was only wantin' your leave to try it."

"Well, what is it?" asked Jones, curtly.

"I was thinkin'," Fogarty went on, with a twinkle in his eye, "that av I was to tell ye, ye'd be sayin' me head was turned be me troubles, mebbe, or similar insultin' remarks. Now, I would rather have the permission widout restrictions, promisin' to put the company to no expense, an' yourself to no trouble."

"Take it and be hanged," said Jones. "There's a shot-gun in my bed-room, if it will help you any. Now get out!"

"Mucha 'blige," replied Fogarty, "as Rodriguez said when I told him his father was a hawse-thief. I don't need your gun, but be-gob!" he added to himself as the door closed, "I'll raise more hell wid these little yellow boys than a man could blow out av twinty shot-guns an' a torpedo-boat. Rooshia can prepare to move off the map."

Next morning, after watching the teamsters file out with their shivering horses, and after turning over to the stable-man the reins of power, Fogarty mounted his bronco and passed slowly down the broad road that divided the K. and M. vineyard like a strip of white paint. On each side palms alternated with cypress trees, and back of them the vines, robbed of their long canes, stood in rows of gnarled, twisted stumps. For a mile this continued; then the road turned sharply toward the grain fields that surrounded La Salida, and here Fogarty left it to cut through an orchard of orange-laden trees to a trail that wound in and out through the sage-brush hills like a carelessly thrown rope. Following this until it had led him over the highest peak of the encircling mountains, he turned at length into a wide cypress-guarded avenue that branched off at a right angle to the path.

It was the drive-way of a solitary mountain ranch that was

little known to the valley folk except by the quality of its apples, which were famous throughout the state. A colony of Russian emigrants worked the land under the leadership of a man who had the ability, rare in a rural community, to remain silent as to his personal history and affairs, and who was, in consequence, the object of much speculative gossip. Fogarty had met him in a business interview, and had come to know him well; liking this very quality of reserve, and greatly admiring the Russian's capacity for getting work out of his men without doing any himself.

As Big Tim rode up this man was seated in an arm-chair on the veranda of a comfortable-looking ranch-house, with a coffee-pot and a bundle of newspapers on a tabouret at his side. He rose and greeted his visitor effusively.

"My dear friend Fogarty!" he exclaimed, pushing forth a wicker chair. "It is a long time since I last had the pleasure of welcoming you to my mountain fastness. Will you join me in a cup of coffee and a cigarette?"

"A cup av coffee would be most agreeable," said Big Tim, "to lay the dust in me throat. But wid your permission I will shmoke me pipe. I'm afraid them deadly little cigareets might stunt me growth."

The Russian laughed heartily. "You are in no need of them," he explained. "You are always at work. To me they are of great assistance in passing idle hours. This morning, however, I have had much entertainment aside from narcotics. This little paper—" he picked up the latest Courier—"is a gold mine of humor. I have greatly enjoyed comparing the writings of our friend below with those in the San Diego and Los Angeles papers. They do not agree. Our friend Macgregor has vastly what you call imagination, is it not?"

"It is," said Fogarty, dryly. "He's a dom liar! I rode up this mornin', Mr. Vilakoff, to talk over this very matter wid you. His lies are causin' us no ind av trouble."

"Indeed?" questioned the Russian. "It is most unfortunate. Rely on me to the extent of my ability, of course, if I can be of assistance."

Fogarty did not reply at once, but allowed his eyes to glance in a rambling way over the trees and vines near the house to the distant grain fields.

"How many men have ye got up here?" he asked suddenly.

"About thirty."

"Are they leavin' ye, or threatenin' to leave on account av the possibility av war?"

A troubled look came into Vilakoff's eyes. "A few of them have gone," he answered, "and I am afraid that more will follow. I am doing my best to check it, but my men are uneasy and difficult to handle. They do not read English, and the rumors they get are distorted and foolish."

Fogarty regarded him narrowly. "Ye're not thinkin' av goin' back yerself?" he asked.

The Russian smiled bitterly. "The idea has not occurred to me," he replied. "In confidence, Mr. Fogarty, I am from Poland, not from Russia. An Irishman, you will undoubtedly understand the distinction."

Fogarty did not understand it, but accepted the allusion to the land of his birth as a compliment, and bowed his acknowledgment.

"'Tis sure hard luck," he murmured, ambiguously; "but I am glad ye're not goin' to leave us. Wid no more beatin' around the bush," he continued, settling himself in his chair, "I'll come to the object av me visit. Here's you wid thirty men achin' to cross the ocean an' lick Japan. Here's me wid thirty Japs frettin' to go home an' conquer Roosia. Now, what's the objection to these sixty ambitious gladiators gettin' together right here in California an' fightin' it out? 'Twould be no loss to either side, an'—an'——" Big Tim racked his brain for an additional argument—"an' 'twould save the divil av a lot av car-fare. An' the survivors could go back to work feelin' they had done their best for their rayspective homes an' countries, wid no prolonged absence from their jobs."

The Russian looked at Fogarty with a bewildered expression that changed rapidly to one of merriment. Finally he burst into a peal of laughter.

"Pardon me, my friend," he exclaimed. "But your plan is so stupendous—so simple—so impossible! Have you then considered the authorities?"

Big Tim had expected this question. "The authorities in the valley," he said, gravely, "consist av wan under-sized constable that I owe tin dollars, an' who treats me like a pet orphan. Also," Fogarty went on, somewhat embarrassed by the confession, "he knows that when I am under the infloocene av stimulin' bev—av alcoholic shtim—av bug-jooce, ye understand, I recognize me friends wid an unerrin' eye, an' am inclined to get familiar wid me enemies. In the int'rurst av law an' order at round-ups he is careful to be numbered wid me friends. He wouldn't interfere av I was to ring in the Greasers an' make it three-cornered. Besides, he will niver know a thing about it till it's all over. Av course," he added hastily, "I have no intin-

tion av givin' them artillery. Let 'em fight it out man to man, face to face, an' the divil take the slowest runner."

For an hour he pleaded his cause, reducing Villakoff to a state of amused approval of the theory of the plan. In this frame of mind the Russian broached the subject to some of his men, and returned to the veranda with a grave look in his eyes.

"My friend," he said, quietly, "you appear to understand the peasant mind better than I. My men are not only willing, but anxious, to let their patriotism take this vent, and to abide by the result. That being the case, I cease to laugh, and will help you to bring the enemies together."

The battle-ground selected was a stretch of level land at the foot of the hills; well off the road, and screened from the valley by a grove of eucalyptus. To this peaceful spot Fogarty led his cohort one Sunday morning, and turned over the command to a wizened Jap whose flowery name had been converted by Big Tim to "Saturday Night"—a reflection on his convivial habits. The Russian army was already in place, rolling cigarettes and listening respectfully to a mock-heroic address by Villakoff, who seemed to regard the affair as a bit of colossal childishness which he was willing to uphold for the sake of a possible advantage, and a certain source of amusement. He waved his hand gracefully to Fogarty, and the two stepped to one side to make the final arrangements. These were quickly concluded—as Big Tim had said, "The Marquis av Queensbury will not be among those prisent"—the signal was given, and the conflict was on.

It is not the purpose of this brief history to describe in detail the scene of carnage, nor to dwell upon the heroism of "Saturday Night" and his followers and the reckless courage of their sturdy foes. It is enough to say that for five minutes the dust rose in clouds from the struggling men, that some were knocked down and trampled upon, and that the violence of the fight brought a touch of terror to its only witnesses. It must be admitted that Big Tim quickly got over his feeling of responsibility, and shouted encouragement to his men in tones that indicated great excitement rather than fear; but it is safe to say that neither he nor his fellow conspirator had quite realized the result of turning loose sixty men whose strongest racial feeling was a violent hatred of each other.

For five minutes, then, noses were broken and heads were slammed on the ground in the manner of a St. Patrick's Day celebration, but without the hilarity that checks fatal results at that festive time. Villakoff was beginning to wonder if he would not do well to call a halt before anyone was killed, when

he felt a touch on his elbow, and turned to see a new witness of the fight at his side.

It was Macgregor. Ill-starred manufacturer of news and brewer of trouble, he had learned of the intended meeting through a chance remark of "Saturday Night," and, ever zealous in the pursuit of space-filling information, had witnessed the dust of battle from afar and pedalled post-haste to the scene. Notebook in hand, his limbs trembling with excitement, he stood on the edge of the battle and took in its awfulness with greedy eyes.

Fogarty, worked up to the fighting frenzy that is the peculiar quality of Celtic blood, saw the printer's red hair over a sea of tossing arms and legs, recognized a sworn foe, and stopped in the middle of a wild halloo. For a moment his fists beat the air like the piston-rods of an engine working up steam; then, finishing his yell and adding a mighty war-whoop, he tore straight for his prey, brushing aside the Russians in his path as though they were troublesome insects.

Villakoff was madly pushing the frightened printer away when the apparition burst upon them. Weakly warding off danger with uplifted arm, the Russian was hurled to the ground; and Macgregor received the full impact of the terrible rush. The printer doubled up as though his body were hinged, dropped to the ground, and lay still; while Fogarty, regardless of international law and of previous agreement, turned to devote his attention to the struggling mob.

The effect was like the appearance of a bull at a Sunday-school picnic. Already bewildered by his mad career through their ranks, the Russians met his second assault in a very half-hearted way. Encouraged by this weakening, "Saturday Night" led his forces in a sudden combined attack; and a moment of breathless combat followed. Fogarty received a number of blows, which served only to madden him; and his rage found such an outlet through his mighty fists that the onslaught became more than ordinary flesh and blood could endure. The Russian front fell back, gave way, and in a moment was in full retreat. Seven cowboys, on their way home after an all-night spree, joined the breathless victors in pursuit; and the last Fogarty saw of them was a confused mass of horses, Japs, Russians and eucalyptus trees.

He turned slowly to his two victims. Villakoff had scrambled to his feet, and was looking suspiciously about the horizon, as if he expected an enemy to attack him from the rear. The Russian was evidently a trifle dazed, and when he took out a cigar-

ette he seemed to wonder what it was and how he had got it. Big Tim, his anger subsided, approached him very humbly.

"Mr. Villakoff," he stammered, "I was foolish. I niver meant to hit ye at all. It was that man on the ground roused the divil in me. I can't begin to tell ye how sorry I am."

"Certainly—certainly," Villakoff replied. He lit the cigarette and inhaled a deep puff, which seemed to restore him. "I understand. I am all right, I think."

"Ye're not hurt?" inquired Fogarty anxiously.

"Not seriously, I believe," responded the polite Russian. He glanced at the prostrate form of the printer, and smiled grimly. "Your attack, my friend," he explained, "deprived me of my normal position, but not of my philosophy. Misfortune, as you are aware, is only a comparative state. I look at our friend Macgregor and feel like the recipient of a favor. I see he is regaining consciousness. Perhaps you would do well to step to one side. He may not care to see you when his eyes open."

Kneeling at Macgregor's side, he picked up one of his lifeless arms and worked it up and down with a hearty swing. In spite of the warning Fogarty seized the other, and a few moments of violent pumping started the blood on its accustomed course. Macgregor suddenly jumped to his feet, groaned, rubbed his eyes, and asked if breakfast were ready.

"Sure it is, me lad," said Big Tim, kindly; "though I'm thinkin' ye won't care for anything but mush an' milk. How are ye, now? Don't worry," he added, as returning memory brought a frightened look into the printer's eyes. "I'm through, an' ready to call everything square an' settled for."

Macgregor made no reply to this generous offer, but leaned heavily on Villakoff's shoulder. Finally, without saying a word, he walked unsteadily to his bicycle and pedalled slowly across the rough ground out of sight. Fogarty, with another apology to the Russian, which was courteously accepted, followed on foot; Villakoff turned his steps toward the hills; and the battleground was left to the quail and rabbits.

Early Monday morning Big Tim was summoned to the office, and remained closeted with the manager for a quarter of an hour. When he came out, with a big cigar tucked away in the corner of a happy, self-satisfied smile, he bore the appearance of a victorious general issuing from the presence of a gracious sovereign.

"The old man's all right, Willy," he confided to the head packer. "When he sent for me I was nervous. I thought he was mad, an' was likely to keep on showin' me the error of me ways until he'd kilt me an' ate up me life insurance. But he

shuk hands like I was his long-lost brother which he hadn't seen since he got siperated be the Civil War, an' give me this seegar. He says av the Japs stay he'll raise me wages."

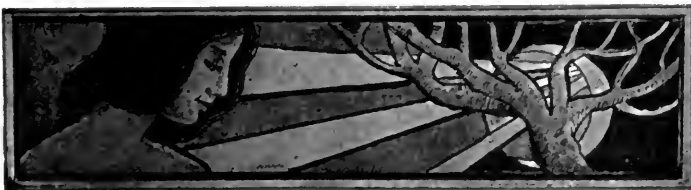
And it is a pleasure to record that they did stay. Whether it was that Fogarty's exhibition of prowess made his threats more convincing, or that they were satisfied with their victory, even the actual outbreak of war in the East failed to lure them from the K. and M. bunk-house.

And from the mountain ranch, too, the desertions ceased. One evening, when the the valley had recovered from the shock of seeing a mob of foreigners and cowboys descend upon it just as it was about to start for church, Villakoff made one of his rare visits to La Salida; and, meeting Fogarty in the vicinity of the bar, was persuaded to join his former opponent in a glass of friendship.

"Here's to peace, an' no hard feelin's," Big Tim proposed. "The war is over. But it was a grand fight! Sure I'll niver see wan like it agin. An' the success, man, the grand success! It civilized 'em all, Japs an' Roosians together, an' even Macgregor makes no hostile dimonstrations when I come by. An' little Saturday Night an' your man wid the big beard an' the name full o' k's is friendly as a drunk man an' a post. The Jap wins his pay from him iv'ry week, as unconcerned as if they'd been comrades from childhood. Look here now, an' see the results av a good fight, wid no interference till all's settled an' iv'rybody is introjuiced to iv'rybody else."

He tip-toed to the back room, and drew aside the curtain that hung between. Villakoff peered around the Irishman's massive frame, and saw half a dozen of his men, an equal number of Japs, and a scattering of Mexicans, intent on watching "Saturday Night" initiate an awkward Russian with his week's pay in his pocket into the mysteries of pin-pool. Truly, the war was over.

Bostonia, Cal.



SANTA TERESITA OF THE SHOE

By SHARLOT M. HALL



ALDACION!" muttered Juan Estero, hobbling furiously through the sagging gateway of the patio and shaking his withered fist at a tall young man in white duck who had planted his theodolite with excessive care squarely over the finest melon vine in the patch.

"Hola! Señor Americano, what do you in my heurta? Wouldst bewitch my melon vines with that devil's eye on three legs? Vayate! Depart! Get you gone, I say!"

The slender figure bowed slightly: "At once, Señor! My superior, who arrives, will explain the intrusion." Lifting the offending instrument, he stepped cautiously among the vegetables, inwardly laughing at the scene he was about to witness.

The Chief Engineer came up puffing. Nature had given him one of those accommodating figures that expand horizontally with the ease of a plum pudding, but with ironical thoughtlessness had neglected to throw in the temper such Falstaffian bulk suggests.

The mid-summer sun of Southern Arizona is hot; beads of perspiration hung quite unlike jewels along the official forehead and trickled down the broad and massive butte of the official nose. Arizona deserts are apt to be sandy and interspersed with bristling hordes of cactus and other prickly botanical abominations; and Arizona roads have a habit of dwindling without warning into burro trails. Such a combination of circumstances had left the official buckboard stranded in a cañon several miles in the rear and brought the Chief to Juan Estero's doorway fluently condemnatory of the misguided scheme of creation which included such comfortless lands.

"Your grace, Señor! What does that straddle-bug thing in my vegetable garden?" demanded Juan angrily. The Chief Engineer stared and began to swell with indignation. His face turned from red to purple as he sputtered impotently, too full to speak. The two men faced each other like a little brown weasel and an overgrown turkey cock; but while both waited for words, a swift diversion swept them past the opportunity.

A little brown figure with a ragged rebozo thrown over one arm flashed through the doorway and an imperious voice addressed itself to their ears. "Grandfather, the Señor Americano is tired; it is very hot. There is water and cool wine under the fig-trees. Come!" and with a gesture that refused argument she led the way to a broad-spreading fig-tree, under which were some benches,

an olla of cool water, and a skin of wine that bubbled in ruby waves into the earthen cups.

Seating her guest where the broad leaves spread the deepest shade, she poured wine and heaped a wooden tray with fruit. "Drink, Señor," she urged hospitably; "it is light wine that cools the blood; and the figs are the finest. Is it not so, grandfather? Everyone knows Juan Estero's fig-trees; Father Domingo brought them from the Holy Land a hundred years ago. There are none like them, even in Mexico."

The shade, the cool wine, and the luscious purple fruit worked their spell on the Chief; his soul mellowed and he leaned back with half-shut eyes, sipping contentedly and watching his entertainers. The old man's manner had regained its courtly courtesy. What would you? A woman is a woman! If his granddaughter chose to treat the Gringo brujo like a don there was no more to be said. Doubtless the pears would blight on the tree and the next press of wine go sour; but a woman must have her way if the skies fall.

She was having it, with not the smallest fear of such a celestial catastrophe, intent rather on averting certain mundane threatenings. The rebozo, in place now, half hid the braids of smooth black hair and shaded an oval, olive face with a flush of excitement on the cheeks, and dark eyes intently watchful till a shovel hat appeared in the doorway.

"The padre! Grandfather, it is Padre Ochoba. We are under the fig-tree, Father; will you join us? Let me fill your cup." With a genial saultation the old padre settled himself in his favorite nook where an angle of the limbs made a spreading arm chair. He was a portly old man whose worn black cassock seemed no longer on good terms with its buttons and whose twinkling eyes betokened something of the whimsical spirit within.

Nature had intended him for a poet, but, being indolent and fond of dinners, he had compromised by becoming a priest. He patted the broad limbs affectionately. "Well, well, amigos! There is no tree like the fig-tree! She is mother and shelter and friend! See how she bends her strong arms to give me a seat, and holds her fruit down to us as if we were children."

"The very winds sing a home song in the fig-tree. The pine now, he says: 'Stand up very straight and grow tall; but you can never reach me. My friends are the stars, not you little people of earth.' And the sycamore—he is a story teller, weaving wonderful tales out of the past and the future; but the fig-tree is a woman who loves and would give."

The afternoon sun was sifting like yellow dust between the leaves when the Chief rose to go. His lately reluctant host pressed his

hand warmly; there was no longer war between the two, nor even truce, but cordial alliance.

No longer was the "straddle-bug thing" to lift its evil eye in Juan Estero's melon patch. Between friends much was possible, and the devil-built road of the fire-wagon would curve outward a hundred yards beyond the gate and take its way down the arroyo past the old church and the little campo santo, where through the gaps in the crumbling adobe wall the graves could be seen; the old ones half smoothed away, the new ones with wreaths of faded tissue-paper flowers hanging on their rough wooden crosses.

Also Juan Estero would explain to his neighbors that the fire-wagon would bring dollars to such as had the wisdom to keep their palms open and not grudge a bit of land where the road went. And as a sort of bond of good faith the tall young man in white duck was to bring his blankets and sleep at the casa while the surveying went on, and sit in the evening when the work was done under the fig-trees in the patio and drink the sweet, thin wine and eat the purple fruit.

In a week he had won his way to the old man's heart; they played endless games of checkers in the evening, with two earthen cups of wine and a basket of figs on the table between them. Sometimes Father Ochoba joined them, slipping into his seat against the tree trunk, and the two old men talked of the past, while the younger listened, or watched for a slender shape across the patio.

She was like a slim, wind-blown rosebush, he thought; and her small, dusky face was the rare, half-folded bud. She was as shy and elusive as some wild bird, slipping in now and then to fill the cups or bring hot tortillas from old Marta's baking-place under the grapevines at the back door.

Presently he brought an easel and many tubes of colors and began to make a picture of Juan, lean and brown and wrinkled, sitting under the fig-tree with arms outstretched on the table beside the earthen cup and the basket of figs.

He was no ordinary servant of the fire-wagon, this tall fellow with the grave young face and the firm, slender fingers under whose will the brush worked wizardry. The Juan of flesh and blood was half afraid of the Juan on the canvas; his eyes, that should have been mere blotches of color, seemed looking down along the past and counting every milestone on the road.

He seemed to see, in his dreaming retrospect, those good days of youth when the poor old ruin of a casa was a fine hacienda, and the vaqueros drove the cattle down from the hills in snorting herds. He himself, master of all, met them at the gate, sitting his big black horse like a centaur, garbed nobly in broadcloth with silver buttons and wide, silver-banded sombrero.

And there were other days—days not good! The painted eyes knew these, too; they held, mingled with the beautiful dreams, an old man's regret and patient acceptance of fate too strong for his bending—the sadness of defeat in a battle less noble than that to which his blade was bred. It was strange that a thing of paint should speak the inside of a man's soul long hidden.

Between whiles the painter worked at another canvas, a smaller one that never seemed to please him. On it a little dark face like a half-opened musk-rose grew and faded away under his impatient hands. No one ever saw it; it was done from memory; he would as soon have asked a sitting of one of the velvet-winged night moths that flitted through the fig-tree when the low desert stars were shining like candles on some dim altar.

He might never have known her had not chance drawn him to the old campo santo one afternoon. In an angle of the wall a bird-of-paradise tree spread its branches over a grave smoothed round and low like all in that corner. The delicate mimosa leaves whispered in the shadow, and the yellow blossoms, with long crimson-threaded throats, swayed up and down like strange tropic birds.

She was sitting at the foot of the grave, praying aloud very softly, the beads fallen idly across her lap. She started at his step and looked up quickly, blushing like a guilty child. He drew back, asking pardon for the intrusion; but she rose with a shy gesture of welcome.

"The Señor Americano will think me foolish; it is my grandmother that lies here. The blessed saints in the church are old, and they have to listen to so many prayers; but she was just a girl—just a girl like me when they laid her here in her bride-dress. When I want something very much, I come and tell her; she will understand even if she cannot send it, because she is young."

"And what is it that you want now?" the Señor Americano said, so gently that she answered eagerly. "It is shoes! Real shoes—not the sandals Marta makes, that trip my feet when I dance. It is for the Fiesta, the day of the blessed San Juan. All the men are polishing their spurs and bits and braiding new bridle-reins; and every girl will have new slippers—every one but me.

"Grandfather says slippers are a foolishness; but *she* will know. She will send them if she can. She danced in red slippers the day that grandfather rode down on his black horse, waving the cock's head in his hand. He had won the race and the beaten ones were far behind, covered with dust and feathers. As he swept by the door, he stooped down and caught grandmother in his arms and carried her away on the front of his saddle.

"They danced the cradle-dance together that night—and the next

San Juan's day she was lying here, and grandfather barred the door and walked the floor all day with my father in his arms. He has barred the door every fiesta since; but Marta lets me slip out through the kitchen and watch the dance."

It was dusk many days later, dusk of the eve of San Juan. The Señor Americano had watched that one grave till he knew just when she would come. On the foot of the grave two small slippers nestled close together—slippers lovelier than her wildest dream, slim and high heeled and red, with satin bows and buckles that sparkled like drops of dew in the heart of a rose.

She hurried down the path to the paradise-tree, stumbling a little because her eyes were shut—tightly shut. She would not look till the last moment. Little Saint Grandmother should have every chance.

When she saw the sparkling buckles, her heart gave a quick leap and she dropped on her knees, whispering soft thanks to all the neglected saints in the church, and to the young grandmother most of all. *She* had known! *She* had remembered when her girl feet danced so gayly.

Now her granddaughter touched the beautiful shoes with awe; they might be only a glorious vision; she might indeed be dreaming that this thing had come of the saints to her whose slim brown feet had known nothing finer than Marta's sandals. She held them close in her arms as she crept into the church to say one more prayer before she slipped away to show them to the old woman, busy with her fiesta baking.

Watch-lights were beginning to blaze on the hills, and in the dusky patio the dull red end of her grandfather's cigarette glowed dim as he sat with the Señor Americano. He had roused a little from the silence of memories which each fiesta brought out of the past, and was telling his guest of the sights to be seen on the morrow.

Till midnight the fires of San Juan would blaze on the hilltops, fed with dry wood by crowds of men and boys. At sunrise, a procession of men would come down from the hills, bearing high a green, young sycamore cut at dawn far up in the arroyo where a thread of idle water trickled through the sand.

In and out among the branches would hang wreaths of paper flowers, gay with tinsel, and strange, crude, little earthen figures of a child holding a lamb in his arms—the baby San Juan.

Three times they would circle the village, singing as they went, and the last time a wreath and an image would be left at every house—to hang above the doorway, till, faded and worn by a year of weather, it was taken down the next San Juan's day.

Mid-morning, Father Ochoba would gather his flock to mass in

the old church—then away for a gallo race, the cock-pulling. In the center of the street a bronze-black Spanish rooster would be buried up to his neck, with the earth pressed firm that he might not escape. Then down from the hills would come the riders, dressed in their gayest clothes, their horses decked with bright ribbons; down at full speed, and as he neared the buried cock each man would bend low in his saddle and try to grasp the bobbing head. The winner of the squawking prize would be pursued by his less fortunate fellows till each one held a leg, a wing, a handful of feathers. Then back down the street, and many a waiting maid would be swung up to her lover's saddle bow in brief, willing captivity. After that the feast and the dance, and many a betrothal.

The old man rose, with a courteous word to his guest, and went in the house. They heard him barring the doors that would not be opened again till this San Juan's day was a memory, like the others that were gone.

At sunrise the Señor Americano stood inside the sagging gateway and watched the image-bearers. As they passed the house old Marta hobbled out to take her wreath and earthen figure from the tree. While she fumbled with the knot she was untying, one of the men a dark, thick-shouldered fellow, said a word to his companions and made an angry gesture toward the patio.

Only one pair of eyes noted the motion; dark eyes under a worn rebozo, hidden away behind the grape-vine over the kitchen wall. A chill wind rustled the leaves and struck her face. "It is some one walking across my grave," she whispered as she crossed herself quickly; "or across the grave of the Señor Americano. Not his; it shall not be his! Let it be mine, O blessed San Juan!"

The image-bearers were gone; the slim little sycamore would stand by the door of the old church till its green leaves curled and dried and blew away in the desert wind; the mass was over; and now they come thundering down the street, the gallo racers. A score of gay-decked centaurs, laughing and shouting; cheering the one who just missed by a desperate bob of the feathered head; mocking the clumsy fellow who almost fell from his saddle as he stooped for the reluctant prize.

Ah! one has it? The big, thick-shouldered rider who sits like a man of iron, the reins in his teeth, guiding the running horse by the pressure of his knees alone, as he sweeps down the street holding the black cock high out of reach of the pursuing crowd. Spurs are red and eyes flashing behind him, but he rides straight for the hills, his gay sash floating back on the wind.

A shout goes up from the flat-topped roofs, crowded with women and babies and old men wild with excitement. He has out-distanced them all; he is far up in the sparse piñons, and the beaten

riders are reining in their blown horses. Now he wheels and rides back, straight to the waiting group; he waves the prize in derisive challenge, and, standing high in his stirrups, flings the ruffled heap of feathers into their faces.

The Señor Americano, watching from the gateway, saw it tossed from hand to hand till every man had won a feather, then they whirled and came thundering back to the street. A flutter of white, and a girlish figure was swung high in the grip of strong arms and the horses dashed on, scarcely checked by the downward reach of the dark Lochinvar.

Nearer and nearer they come and other light skirts flutter against the gay sashes; then a scream at his side roused the watcher. His lips set, his eyes burning, his rich dress splashed with foam from the bridle bit and dust of the road, the big rider was all but swinging a little struggling form to his saddle bow. She held out her arms to the man on the ground, her eyes wide with frightened appeal.

With one leap he caught her from the burly horseman and thrust her down behind the gate. It was well that Father Ochoba came out from under the fig-tree that moment, for the dark face of the rider was pale with rage as he curbed his plunging horse. The old padre lifted his hand, pointed down the street, and the winner of the gallo race rode sullenly away.

There is no other music in the world that is quite like the faint sound of a distant guitar through a moon-lit night; heard many times it never loses its plaintive sweetness, and heard but once it haunts the memory forever. The Señor Americano was following it, as it came faintly up the street.

Far down at the end of the plaza was the dancing place, roofed over with freshly cut greet boughs of the cottonwood. The fall of footsteps on the hard-beaten earth mingled with the music as he came nearer. Fires of twisted bear-grass burned not too far from the green-roofed ramada, and by their light and the light of the growing moon the merrymakers were dancing.

His eyes searched through the thronging dancers till they found old Marta, fine in her long-hoarded best rebozo, and by her side a slim little figure in white with rich red cactus flowers inwoven through the dark braids, and small restless feet in high-heeled red slippers.

She was dancing lightly by herself, one hand on Marta's arm. The Señor Americano felt his blood tingle as he watched. It was this he had seen in his dreams; this he had tried to make live on his canvas; this tender, shadowy face with the soft child-eyes and the wistful woman's mouth, the air of aloofness and of waiting. Tonight she had the look of one who speaks with the angels; for had not the little Saint Grandmother sent the beautiful slippers? And

might not her gentle spirit come this night of all nights to the place where her girlish feet had danced so long ago?

Just beyond her the big rider, in broadcloth and silver buttons, led the dance. Suddenly he turned, caught her in his arms, and whirled through the throng. She struggled helplessly, quivering like a bird in a trap. "Free me! Pablo, thou coward, free me! I hate thee! Thou knowest I hate thy very touch!" she cried. And as she cried she felt herself wrenched free and saw again the angry flash of gray eyes, and again the black-robed arm of Father Ochoa pushing in between.

"Home with her; to the casa!" he said sharply, a hand still on Pablo's shoulder, and she was carried swiftly past the crowded ramada and the blazing fires out into the quiet moonlight. "My dove! My dove! Teresita, my darling!" the Señor Americano was whispering, his cheek against her own.

In the dark shadow of Marta's grape-vine he opened the door softly and set her down. "Go now! I will watch. Have no fear; I love thee, Teresita. Little one, I will guard thee."

"Ah! guard thyself!" she cried, still trembling. "It is not just for me that Pablo hates thee; but for the atajo—for the pack train.

"He has many mules. All that comes into the village and all that goes out is his carga. He goes far, even to Sonora, and comes with rich goods for the fiestas. They say the eyes of the night are blind when he crosses the line; nothing does he pay, and he has gold in both pockets. But now thy fire-wagon comes, and the atajo is but so many idle mules. No more will his pockets be heavy; he hates thee most for that. I am but a girl, and the mask with which he covers his spite. Look well, my life! I die if he harms thee."

On the day after the fiesta, while the green cottonwood leaves on the roof of the ramada were dying in the sun and filling the air with a sweet, waxy odor, the Chief Engineer drove down the arroyo, where now was a wagon road. Even the thought of cool wine and purple figs in Juan Estero's patio did not banish the look of annoyance from his face.

Blunder had piled upon blunder in the grading camps behind, and he would send back the tall young engineer to right the trouble, quickly and with a firm hand; for the fire-wagon must mingle its smoke with the sea-fog before there was snow on the mountains to the east.

The Señor Americano gathered his belongings, packing the tubes of color and the unfinished portrait. The picture of old Juan was already far away, destined to bring the painter fame that would last after the old man had joined his young bride under the paradise tree.

The brown hands that poured the last cup of wine trembled a lit-

tle. He had not said good-bye, but softly, quickly, as one comforting a child: "I will come soon, Teresita mia; when the fire-wagon first comes down the arroyo, look thou! I shall be riding on the front and watching for thee."

It is for the woman that the days of waiting drag. Old Marta, baking tortillas under the grape-vine, missed the light song in the patio; Father Ochoba saw often a little figure sitting by the grave under the paradise-tree; and there were two red slippers with rose-shaped satin bows lying on the altar in the dim old church.

Pablo had made evil threats; but this should checkmate him. She laid them down reverently, her treasured, heaven-sent gift, there at the feet of the Virgin. *She* would know! She was a woman, too, for all the shining aureole that encircled her blessed head. She had loved and suffered, as God wills all women shall do. And this one prayer—there was no self in it; but for him, for him! Just that he might walk unharmed, though on roads far from her.

She had prayed it day by day till the words came unbidden to her lips, for the waiting was long. Pablo laughed much when the name of the Señor Americano was spoken. Did not all men know the faith of a Gringo? For him those who hate and those who love wait in vain; but hate has patience when love is tired. Moreover, there was rumor that he had gone away in haste to the place where the fire-wagon came from—rumor that Pablo might have made sure, for in his pocket lay the letter meant for Teresita, taken from José, the lazy messenger, whose mouth was stopped with the good gold of Sonora.

The grading camps had come and gone, and the road of the fire-wagon ran like two ribbons of steel down the arroyo. The puffing, snorting Thing itself must have startled the saints in the old church; for its smoke sometimes blew in through the door and mingled with the candle-smoke on the altar.

The snow had whitened the eastern mountains and melted away into green rifts in the cañons that seamed their sides. The pomegranate bushes along the ditch that skirted the plaza were full of red blossoms, and the oleanders, crimson and white, were in flower in the patio.

And he was coming! Pablo had brought the news; the eyes of hate had outrun the eyes of love. There was something in his look to make her heart chill as he said it: "This day, at sunset, thou little fool, thy Gringo lover comes. Make ready thy welcome; mine is waiting."

The Señor Americano, sitting in the window of the fire-wagon, watched the road ahead. Now the foothills in their sparse cloak of greasewood; now a corner of desert where the lance-leaved yucca trees held up their tall, white blossom-spikes like flags of truce; now a far-caught glimpse of the plaza and the flat-roofed brown houses; and now the bridge swung out from cliff to cliff across the arroyo.

Ah, more! At the farther bridge-end two figures struggled, fell, rose, and like a deer from a hound a little dark form broke away and ran across the narrow span, swinging a black scarf wildly in her hand. "Back! Back!" she cried, flinging the rebozo almost against the engine. "Back!"—he could hear the unformed word on her lips—then the arm behind struck down and the two reeled out of sight.

The train glided back hardly half its length when the walls of the arroyo heaved apart and falling showers of wood and stone filled the air. The engine seemed to crouch with the blow, rolling and pitching on the brink of a pit of fire. A line of twisted steel sagged across the smoke-filled space where the bridge had been.

Clinging hand over hand the Señor Americano climbed down rock by rock through the dust and smoke-reek—down to the bottom. His eyes as he went had in them the strange, dull stillness of one who watches his youth die before him; and when he came out they were very old—older than those of old Juan who paced up and down in the patio—waiting.

It was Father Ochoba who led them both to the shelter of the fig-tree, beyond reach of Marta's wailing. "This is the hate of Pablo," he said. "For months he has waited, making ready this for thy coming. With the head of a fox and the black heart of a wolf, he worked in the grading-camps till he had the secret of the powder. Thee and the fire-wagon should go one road, he swore. And it had been but for her; just for one minute he forgot, and betrayed it all with the taunt he flung at her as she went to meet thee. I heard her pray as she ran—and thou knowest the rest."

The old casa is a ruin forgotten of the years; the lizards slip in and out undisturbed through the leaves of Marta's grape-vine over the kitchen door. The little Palestine doves whisper their nest songs, flute-sweet and soft, among the branches of the fig-tree, and there are three mounds half smoothed away under the paradise-tree in the angle of the wall. The wall itself crumbles lower with each season of rain, and the crimson-threaded yellow blossoms fall and fade into dry heaps between the graves, stirred only by some vagrant wind or the scurrying feet of the squirrel who lives in the hole above the gate.

Within the church the candles still flicker dimly over the crude images and strangely scrawled frescoes made by Indian neophytes dead a hundred years. On the altar of the Virgin two taller candles burn, lighting softly an unfinished portrait that leans against her knees.

Dust clings in the edges of the canvas and along the rough frame of torn and splintered wood. But the face, shadowy, haunting, full of passionate appeal, full of high and tender waiting, as for one who comes not, yet must come!

At the foot of the frame, their red sheen dulled and faded, lie two little high-heeled slippers, the light caught tear-like in their jeweled buckles. Below, the earthen floor is worn very smooth, and the candle-shine is a hand that beckons all who know that love is a hurt and a giving.

And of him, the Señor Americano, only this: That in a great gallery in a far city hangs a picture; the picture of an old man, brown and wrinkled, sitting by a table under a fig-tree in the courtyard of an old hacienda falling into ruin. His eyes follow every comer as if he were seeking his lost youth, and the red wine spills out of the earthen cup at his hand unheeded.

THE FIRST CALIFORNIA NEWSPAPER

II

The Bear Flag Party—By an Eye Witness

DR. ROBERT SEMPLE, one of the owners and editors of *The Californian*, had taken an active part in the capture of Sonoma and the raising of the "Bear Flag," some two months before the first number of that first California newspaper appeared. In the third number, dated August 22, 1846, the following account of the incident appeared—doubtless the first account to be printed:

The movement alluded to, in our last number, which brought about the movement on the part of the Americans at the *time* it occurred, was an order from Don José Castro to Lieut. Francisco de Arco, at Sonoma, to move with fourteen men as a guard, for some horses belonging to the Government, which were at the Mission of San Rafael, and report them at Headquarters, which was at that time at the Mission of Santa Clara.

The Lieutenant was under the necessity of passing up the Sacramento on the north side, to cross at New Helvetia, the first point at which the horses could swim the river. On his trip he was seen by an Indian, who came in and reported that he had seen two or three hundred armed men on horseback, advancing up the Sacramento, at a point that made it very evident, if the Indian had been correct, that Castro was at the head of a large party, with the intention of attacking Capt. Fremont, who was at that time encamped at the Buttes, near the junction of Feather river with the Sacramento.

This news traveled with the speed of the swiftest horses, among all the Americans, in a scope of country 150 miles in extent, in twenty-four hours from every direction. We rushed in to assist Capt. Fremont, under the impression that if he was defeated, we should be taken at our homes, as had been reported. By forming the junction with him, we availed ourselves of his assistance, but on our arrival at the camp the truth was ascertained. Mr. Knight there met us with the information that Francisco had told him that the General had sent for the horses which he then had, for the purpose of mounting a battalion of 200 men to march against the Americans settled in the Sacramento Valley, and that he (the General) intended to build a fort near the Bear River pass in the California mountains, for the purpose of preventing the ingress of the expected emigration.

The time had now arrived when some decisive move had to be made. The day for union of action had arrived. The proposition was made, that a sufficient company should follow the Lieutenant, and take the horses, not only for the purpose of weakening our enemy, but if possible induce him to cross the American Fork, where we kept the property, and at a point which would give us the advantage. Without waiting for organization or plan, twelve men volunteered to go. Mr. Merritt, the oldest of the party, was named as the leader.

We left the Buttes fifty-five miles above the American Fork at 10 o'clock in the morning, and by night crossed it, and there ascertained that the cavaliado had passed there in the afternoon, stopped and rested our horses, got supper, and at daylight on the morning of the 10th of June we surprised the Lieutenant in camp, near the Macosamy river, who without resistance, gave up his arms and the Government horses.

We had no disposition to be troubled with prisoners. We therefore dismissed him with his party, with their arms and a horse for each. One private individual, who claimed not to be of the party and the owner of six



M. G. Vallejo

General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo born in Monterey, Cal., July, 1808, was in command of the Mexican forces surrendered to the Bear Flag party at Sonoma. He afterwards became a warm friend of the American regime and so remained during his life. This picture is reproduced from an old print.

horses, Mr. Merritt informed him that our object was not to interfere with *private property*, and that he was at liberty to turn out his horses, which he did.

On dismissing the party they were informed that the property which we had taken would be kept together, and we wished them to tell the General to come after them, but to bring force enough to get them.

This was the first overt act on the part of the foreigners, which commenced the Revolution, and opened the breach so wide, that it was necessary that all should take grounds for one side or the other.

This act was immediately followed by the taking of the town and Mission of Sonoma, which occurred on the morning of the 14th. Our little party had

been augmented to thirty-three, still under command of Mr. Merritt. At Sonoma, we made prisoners of General Guadalupe M. Vallejo, Lieut. Col. Prudon and Capt. Don Salvator Vallejo. This move was made under the impression that the General had a very great influence in the country, and by securing him we might secure our object with less bloodshed and with a better effect upon the people of California.

As we have now got through the first movements of the revolutionists, it will not be amiss to give some idea of the people with whom we have had to deal.

Our remarks in our last number, in relation to Mexico, is strictly true as regards California, but is only applicable to a few men, who kept the country in a constant excitement, with no other object in view than their own advancement.

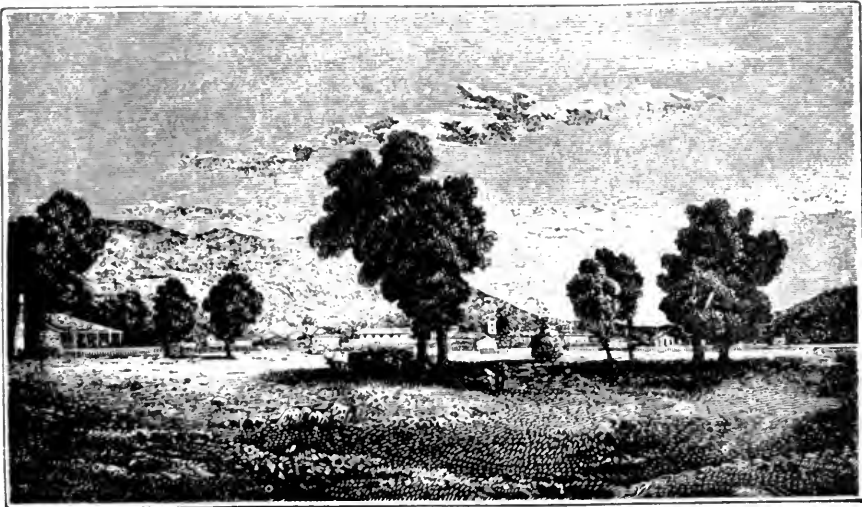
The great mass of the people of California are a quiet inoffensive people, and but for those ambitious leaders, would remain on their ranches, a contented and happy community, and under a good government would be valuable citizens. Many of them are men of fine sense, and a high moral worth, though from the nature of their government, they have been deprived of the means of education to a great extent.

The ladies, who are numerous, are handsome, and some of them beautiful, very sprightly, industrious, and amiable in their manners, affectionate to their relatives and friends, kind to their neighbors, and generous even to their enemies, and we are much in hopes that their mild and genial influence will go far to bring about that amity of feelings which is so desirable between the old and the new citizens of this highly favored country.

From the facts which took place at the taking of Sonoma, I feel justified in saying that the world has not hitherto manifested so high a state of civilization. The reader will remember that the party which took Sonoma, consisted of thirty-three men gathered in the country, without officers, or the slightest degree of organization, and with no publicly declared object, each man having felt the oppression of the then existing government, and the certainty of an increase of these oppressions. With a clear sense of their danger, their rights and their duty, they rushed to the rescue with one impulse and one object. The watchword was equal rights and equal laws, and they nobly sustained their principles. Sonoma was taken without a struggle, in which place was nine pieces of artillery, about 200 stands of small arms, of public property which was taken possession of. There was also a large amount of private property, and a considerable amount of money, all of which was known to the victors. A single man cried out, "Let us divide the spoils," but one universal, dark, indignant frown made him shrink from the presence of honest men, and from that time forward no man dared to hint anything like violating the sanctity of a private house, or touching private property. So far did they carry this principle, that they were unwilling to take the beef which was *offered* by our prisoners. The General sent for his cavallada, and offered them fresh horses, which were accepted, but with the determination of remunerating him, as soon as the new government should be established. The party had been made, mostly of hunters, and such men as could leave home at the shortest notice. They had not time to dress, even if they had had fine clothes, so that almost the whole party was dressed in leather hunting shirts, and many of them very greasy; taking the whole party together they were about as rough a looking set of men as one could well imagine. It is not to be wondered at that one would feel some dread of falling into their hands, but the prisoners instead of being dragged away with

rough hands and harsh treatment, met nothing but the kindest of treatment and most polite attentions from the whole party, and in fact before five hours ride from their homes they seemed to feel all confidence, and conversed freely on the subject of the establishment of a better government, gave their opinions and their plans without any apparent restraint.

The writer cannot leave this part of the subject without telling an anecdote, which will illustrate the character of one of the actors in this scene. A year or two previous one of the prisoners (Salvator Vallejo) in an official capacity had fallen in with Mr. Merritt, the leader of the revolutionary party, and under the pretense that Mr. Merritt had harbored a run-away man-of-warsman, beat him severely with his sword. With all the keen resentment of a brave man, Mr. Merritt suddenly found this same man in his power; the blood rushed to his cheeks, his eyes sparkled; he leaped forward like a mad tiger in the act of springing upon his prey, and in an energetic but manly tone said: "When I was your prisoner you struck me;



SONOMA ABOUT 1840

From an old print

now you are my prisoner, *I will not strike you.*" The motives which had prompted him to act in the present contest were too high, too holy, to permit him for a moment to suffer his private feelings to bias him in his public duties.

However able may be the pen which shall record these events, none but those who have witnessed the moderation and uniform deportment of the little garrison, left at Sonoma, can do them justice, for there has been no time in the history of the world where men without law, without officers, without the scratch of a pen, as to the object in view, has acted with that degree of moderation and strict observance of persons and property as was witnessed on this occasion.

Their children, in generations yet to come, will look back with pleasure upon the commencement of a revolution carried on by their fathers, upon principles high and holy as the laws of eternal justice.

On the day the Americans took possession of Sonoma, there was a partial organization under the name of the "Republic of California," and agreed to

hoist a flag made of a piece of white cotton cloth, with one red stripe on the bottom, and on the white a grizzly bear with a single star in front of him. It was painted or rather stained, with lampblack and poke-berries. Along the top were the words, "REPUBLIC OF CALIFORNIA."

A small garrison was left at Sonoma, consisting of about eighteen men, under command of Wm. B. Ide, which in the course of a few days was increased to about forty.

On the 18th day of June, Mr. Ide, by the consent of the garrison, published a proclamation setting forth the objects for which the party had gathered, and the principles which would be adhered to in the event of their success. The paper itself is plain and concise, and needs no comments of mine to recommend it.

A PROCLAMATION.

To All Persons and Citizens of the District of Sonoma, Requesting Them to Remain at Peace, and Follow Their Rightful Occupations without Fear of Molestation.



"BEAR" GUIDON

Belonging to Sonoma Troop, California Battalion, now in possession of San Francisco Society California Pioneers.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Troops assembled at the Fortress of Sonoma gives his inviolable pledge to all persons in California, not found under arms, that they shall not be disturbed in their persons, their property, or social relations, one with another, by men under his command.

He also solemnly declares his object to be, first to defend himself and companions in arms, who were invited to this country by a promise of lands, on which to settle themselves and families; who were also promised a Republican Government, when having arrived in California were denied the privilege of buying or renting lands of their friends, who, instead of being allowed to participate in, or being protected by a Republican Government, were oppressed by a military despotism; who were even threatened by proclamation, by the chief officers of the aforesaid despotism, with extermination if they should not depart out of the country, leaving all their property, arms and beasts of burden, and thus deprived of the means of flight or defense, we were to be driven through deserts inhabited by hostile Indians, to certain destruction.

To overthrow a government which has seized upon the property of the Missions for its individual aggrandizement; who has ruined and shamefully oppressed the laboring people of California, by their enormous exactions on goods imported into the country, is the determined purpose of the brave men who are associated under my command.

I also solemnly declare my object in the second place, to be to invite all peaceful and good citizens of California, who are friendly to the maintenance of good order and equal rights, and I do hereby invite them to repair to my camp at Sonoma, without delay, to assist us in establishing and perpetuating a Republican Government, which shall encourage virtue and literature; which shall leave unshackled by fetters, *Agriculture, Commerce and Manufactures.*

I further declare that I rely upon the rectitude of our intentions; the favor of Heaven, and the bravery of those who are bound and associated



ORIGINAL BEAR FLAG

Now in possession of San Francisco Society California Pioneers. This cut and the one on opposite page appeared in the California Blue Book for 1903, and were loaned to OUR WEST by Hon. C. F. Curry, Secretary of State.

with me, by the principles of self-preservation; by the love of truth and the hatred of tyranny for my hopes of success.

I furthermore declare that I believe that a government to be prosperous and happy, must originate with the people who are friendly to its existence, that the citizens are its guardians; the officers its servants, its glory its reward.

(Signed)

WILLIAM B. IDE.

Headquarters, Sonoma, June 18, 1846.

About the time the foregoing proclamation was issued two young men, Mr. T. Cowie and Mr. Fowler, who lived in the neighborhood, started to go to the Bonega; on their way they were discovered by a small party of Californians, under command of one Padilia, and taken prisoners; they were kept as prisoners for one day and a half, and then tied to trees and cut to pieces in the most brutal manner. A Californian known as Four-fingered Jack, has been since captured, and gives the following account of that horrible scene. The party, after keeping the prisoners a day or two, tied them to

trees, then stoned them, one of them had his jaw broken; a riata (rope) was made fast to the broken bone and the jaw dragged out; they were then cut up, a small piece at a time, and the pieces thrown at them, or crammed in their throats, and they were eventually dispatched by cutting out their bowels.

Fortunately for humanity, these cold-blooded, savage murders were soon put to an end, by the very active measures which were taken by the garrison at Sonoma, having heard nothing of the arrival of Cowie and Fowler at their place of destination, suspected that they had been taken, and probably killed; and hearing that three other prisoners were in Padilla's camp. Captain Ford (then Lieutenant) headed a party of twenty-two men, officers included, and took the road for the enemys camp, which had by this time been reinforced by Capt. Joaquin de la Torre with seventy men. It was reported that their headquarters was at Santa Rosa plains, to which point Ford proceeded; finding they had left, followed them in the direction of San Rafael, and after traveling all night, making about sixty miles in sixteen hours, came up with the enemy, twelve miles from San Rafael, where they had stopped to get breakfast.

The enemy occupied a position at a house on the edge of the plains, about sixty yards from a small grove of brushwood. Capt. Ford having several prisoners, left four men to guard them, and with the remainder, advanced at full charge upon the enemy. As soon as he got them in motion he fell back into the brushwood, directed his party to tie their horses and take such positions as would cut off the Spaniards, but by no means fire until they would get a man, which order was so well obeyed that out of twenty or twenty-five shots fired by the Americans, eleven took effect; eight of the enemy were killed, two wounded, and one horse shot through the neck. One party of the Californians led by a Sergeant, whose name we have not been able to get, charged up handsomely, but the deadly fire of Ford's riflemen forced them to retire with the loss of the Sergeant and several of his men.

The fall of the Sergeant seemed to be the signal for retreat. The whole party retired to a high hill about a mile from the field of battle. Ford and his gallant followers waited a short time, and finding that the enemy showed no disposition to return to the fight, released the prisoners, who had been taken by the enemy, and then went to a corral, where they found a large cavallada of horses, and exchanged their tired horses for fresh ones, and took the road for Sonoma.

The Californians on this occasion did not sustain the reputation they had previously gained; they were eighty-six strong, while Capt. Ford had but eighteen men engaged.

On the day following this engagement Major Fremont having heard that Don José Castro was crossing the bay with 200 men, marched immediately, and was joined by the garrison at Sonoma on the 23rd of June.

Several days were spent in active pursuit of the party under Capt. de la Torre, but they succeeded in crossing the bay before they could be overtaken by Fremont.

With the retreat of De la Torre, ended all opposition on the north side of the Bay of San Francisco. On the 17th of June, upon receipt of the news of the taking of Sonoma, Don José Castro issued two proclamations, one addressed to the old citizens, and the other to the new citizens and foreigners; both of them are well written. I shall here insert them, that my readers may see from the sequel how much sincerity there was in them.

The Citizen, Jose Castro, Lieut. Col. of Cavalry in the Mexican Army, and Acting General Commandant of the Department of California:

Fellow Citizens. The contemptible policy of the agents of the United States of North America, in this department has induced a portion of adventurers, who, regardless of the rights of men, have daringly commenced an invasion of the town of Sonoma, taking by surprise all that place, the military commander of that border, Col. Don Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, Lieut. Col. Don Victor Purdon, Capt. Don Salvador Vallejo, and Mr. Jacob P. Leese.

Fellow Countrymen. The defense of our liberty, the true religion, which our fathers possessed, and our independence calls upon us to sacrifice ourselves rather than lose the inestimable blessings, banish from your hearts all petty resentments, turn you, and behold yourselves, these families, these innocent little ones, which have unfortunately fallen into the hands of our enemies, dragged from the bosoms of their fathers, who are prisoners among foreigners, and are calling upon us to succor them.

There is still time for us to rise "en masse" as irresistible as retributive. You need not doubt but that divine providence will direct us in the way to glory.

You should not vacillate because of the smallness of the garrison of the general headquarters, for he who will first sacrifice himself will be your friend and fellow citizen,

JOSE CASTRO.

Headquarters, Santa Clara, June 17, 1846.

Citizen Jose Castro, Lieut. Col. of Artillery in the Mexican Army, and Acting General Commander of the Department of Upper California:

All foreigners residing among us, occupied with their business, may rest assured of the protection of all authorities of the department, whilst they refrain entirely from all revolutionary movements.

The general commandancia under my charge will never proceed with vigor against any persons; neither will its authority result in mere words, wanting proof to support it. Declaration shall be taken, proofs executed, and the liberty and rights of the laborious, which is ever commendable, shall be protected.

Let the fortune of war take its charm with those ungrateful men who, with arms in their hands, have attacked the country, without recollecting they were treated by the undersigned with all the indulgence of which he is so characteristic.

The impartive inhabitants of the Department are witnesses to the truth of this.

I have nothing to fear. My duty leads me to death or victory. I am a Mexican soldier, and I will be free and independent, or I will gladly die for these inestimable blessings.

JOSE CASTRO.

Headquarters, Santa Clara, June 17, 1846.



MRS. BUMPER'S INVESTMENT

By COURTENAY DE KALB



R. BOOSY had no conception that he was about to start a new mining company on the road to prosperity. Had such a suspicion wavered through the crooked mazes of his brain, it would have embarrassed him into making a failure. He was used to obliquities, and anything direct and straightforward would have thrown all the mechanism of his thinking faculties into disorder. This was perhaps not his fault. The hard, bronzed fellows, who lived on fat pork and flour, while they scoured the hills in search of gold, had an inveterate habit of bringing barren veins to his attention; and, if they failed to offer good mines, how was he to blame that he must make his living by promoting bad ones? He had not chosen the occupation. He had accidentally dropped into it. From being a frequently disappointed prospector himself, he had suddenly discovered, through one bold effort after fortune, that his talents excelled in the persuading of other men to indulge in a species of gambling more respectable than roulette or poker.

To be sure, this gambling phase of the mining business is very lamentable, and is constantly decried by an increasing army of men who know, and would fain have others understand, that digging up the treasures of the earth is one of the safest legitimate forms of industry known to man, as it is also one of the most ancient. But Mr. Boosy nurtured his own peculiar kind of contempt for this technical tribe of bubble-bursters, and shrewdly avoided in his negotiations all who manifested any determined inclination to patronize them. Admit one of the prosaic men of science to the enterprise, and all the romance and excitement were sure to be knocked out of it. Moreover, what could mining be for if not to introduce the delights of a game of chance into the humdrum lives of steady plodding merchants and lawyers, and such stupidly occupied folk, whom Mr. Boosy classified collectively as "gudgeons?"

The Golden Gulch mine, accordingly, was in due process of being promoted. The bronzed prospector had done his work, which consisted in locating a claim on a poor little ledge of rusty stained quartz, having a most unpromising sugary texture, and an utterly hopeless geometrical habit of jointure; down into this he and his dark-browed partner had punched a hole, more or less properly termed a shaft; and the local assayer, for fifty cents each, had assayed a dozen samples, which revealed more gold than ever such a ledge of quartzite was guilty of carrying. But trifling paradoxes of this nature disturbed not the magnificent serenity and self-confi-

dence of Mr. Boosy; and the blue-eyed, bronzed man of the hills and his gloomy visaged partner were concerned only in the prospective profits of Mr. Boosy's game. So things moved merrily; and the linen merchant on Leonard street, the wholesale grocer over on Greenwich street, and the hardware man on Chambers street never dreamed how like the turf or card table was the enterprise into which they, and others of similarly respectable business habits, were casting their spare thousands.

It does not appear how Mr. Boosy persuaded them that there was a certain specified number of tons of rich ore in sight, and that nothing remained to be done but organize a company and erect a stamp mill to extract—well, Mr. Boosy had figured it all out to the last item, and the dollar sign was a long way to the left of the paltry cents, which stood, as it were, a guarantee of the scrupulous exactness of his mathematics. But how it chanced that the little hook-nosed merchant from Leonard street saved his quota contributed out of the profits on Belfast fabric, and that the wholesale grocer lost none of the cheerfulness from his florid countenance—in short, how it turned out that the Golden Gulch Mining and Development Company did actually pay dividends—is a matter of more or less authentic tradition, so corrected and revised by gossippers around sheet-iron stoves in the log cabins under the brows of the Black Eagle Mountains, that it may be assumed as historically probable, particularly as the facts were collected during the lifetime of contemporaries.

It is indisputable that at the period when Mr. Boosy was triumphantly closing the preliminaries of the Golden Gulch negotiation, he was also to be seen more frequently than usual, on sunshiny afternoons, riding in Central Park in a phaeton with a blooming matron of the genial name of Bumper—the Widow Bumper, that is—in whose society he was unmistakably happy, and he was wont to rein up his chestnut pony not far from a little lake well known to every Gothamite, and discourse on the poetic death-song of the swans, which somehow he managed to force into appropriate connection with the current of previous conversation. It is also reported—the Widow Bumper herself mentioned this as an instance of his poetic tendencies—that he once stopped thus and reverted to the pathetic legend when there was nothing but a sooty-colored brant standing asleep on one leg by the margin of the pond. But this insensibility to delicate scientific discriminations is really quite apart from the story. It serves to accentuate a natural proclivity of Mr. Boosy's mind, and hence has a merely collateral interest.

The Widow Bumper herself possessed no poetic gifts, but she was exceedingly tolerant of them in her companions, and as she was endowed with a liberal measure of material blessings she drew

around her a coterie of well-meaning individuals who frequently compelled her to listen to flights of fancy tempered with phrases which, embellished with greater art, one may find profusely scattered through the pages of Petrarch. Like many another broad-minded and tolerant person, it had hitherto proven a hopeless undertaking to persuade her to give in her allegiance and devotion to any particular profession—or professor. Mr. Boosy, however, had claims of a superior sort, which made him *persona grata* with the Widow under any and all circumstances. Many a suitor had been exasperated at seeing how her round eyes squinted into two brown dimples above her rosy cheeks with every effort at humor on the part of this worthy gentleman, when others only succeeded in eliciting a tolerant yawn, half hidden behind her black and scarlet fan.

Mr. Bumper, the lamented Mr. Bumper, was a very small angular man, with a very thin cracked voice, which was doubtless the reason why he selected Mrs. Bumper as his wife, in whom there were no perceptible angles; whose form and voice were both well rounded and ample. Mr. Bumper, being lamented, had of course gone the way of his fathers, and a crayon portrait of him hung over the parlor mantle-piece in the Widow's apartments. In the days when Mr. Bumper's voice still retained some resonant suggestions of tender youth, he had plunged into the excitements of the mining world, had speedily parted with his patrimony, and had then entered upon the uncertain career of a prospector. His wife, it so happened, was one of those creatures who seem to have been born to enjoy the abundant fruits of the earth in a quiet fashion like animals which chew the cud, and hence seldom want for comforts as do those who depend upon prey caught by skill and stratagem. And her husband profited by the lucky stars under which she entered this existence. Certainly it was not because his claim was worth the paper on which Mr. Boosy had the prospectus printed that Mr. Bumper received the snug sum of forty thousand dollars. Why the claim was appraised at forty thousand it were vain to enquire. Mr. Boosy, following a prevalent fashion, always allowed the prospector either forty thousand or sixty thousand dollars, whenever he "floated" what he termed a "proposition."

Straightway Mrs. Bumper came West to join her husband, and they built a rectangular frame house which was painted yellow to harmonize with the yellow clays and rocks that surround the camp of Buff Mountain. The only contrast amidst all this saffron glare was the pink Mrs. Bumper, who habitually sat on the little verandah in a big red chair every afternoon and fanned herself.

Meanwhile Mr. Bumper spent his time as one of the capitalists of the district, squeaking about mines in his thin cracked voice down at Jim Flaherty's saloon. With reckless confidence in himself, be-

cause of a success which he had utterly forgotten was due entirely to the worldly wisdom of Mr. Boosy, he expended generous sums in "grub-staking" indigent companions of his previous prospecting days, which shouldered him with an annual outlay of a hundred dollars each for development work on a host of worthless claims. He was also a liberal subscriber to every newly organized local mining company, until one June day when he had a reckoning with his bankers which revealed a deficit of so serious a nature as to drive him straight into alcoholic oblivion to earthly cares. This condition, being sedulously maintained, enabled Mrs. Bumper after a certain period to inscribe "Requiescat in Pace," or its equivalent, upon a tombstone in the Buff Mountain cemetery.

After this unhappy event Mrs. Bumper received numerous charitable proposals to remain under an altered cognomen as the ornament of Buff Mountain society; but with a disdain which must have further jaundiced a goodly portion of this saffron town, she gathered up her belongings, and, with Master Bumper clinging to her skirts, departed for the old home in "York State." Before taking this step, however, there had been a rather vigorous correspondence that gave the postmaster and his cronies much cause for anxious speculation, but which led to nothing more serious than the "floating" of another "proposition" by Mr. Boosy. In consequence there was a period of violent activity, very profitable, while it lasted, to the moribund camp in the yellow hills, while one of the late lamented Mr. Bumper's claims was being exploited under the euphonious title of the Buff Mountain Belle, for which Mrs. Bumper received the larger of Mr. Boosy's standard sums in payment for a mining property.

With this as a basis the Widow moved into the metropolis, and report had it that the sum augmented rapidly through her shrewdness as an investor. However this may be, the Widow Bumper lived in elegance of a sort which Mr. Boosy, with his profound knowledge of metropolitan life, recognizing as betokening a reserve capital far exceeding that which his generous impulses had led him to extract from a select group of very innocent "gudgeons" in her behalf. This evidence of thrift was very pleasing to her benefactor, and served to greatly increase the admiration and devotion which he frequently informed her she had inspired in him from the moment of their earliest meeting. The only action of the Widow which displeased him—a displeasure which he was careful not to dilate upon too broadly—consisted in her determination to dedicate Master Bumper to the mining world as an educated mining engineer. In this she was largely following the guiding counsel of her beloved pastor, the Rev. Mr. Snooks, whose bosom friend was a professor in a venerable institution which has sent its alumni to the ends of

the earth—mining, particularly gold mining, being usually conducted at the most extremely inaccessible ends thereof. This absurd notion of the Widow, so utterly at variance with the ideas of Mr. Boosy, was the chief evidence of sentiment which she had ever displayed, being manifestly intended as a compliment to the lamented Mr. Bumper.

Nevertheless the perils of dwelling in close relations with one of these pricklers of promoters' bubbles could not overbalance the advantages of basking in the sunshine of the Widow's golden munificence, which would surely fill his life with unfailling joy when she had assumed the dignity of being Mrs. Boosy. Perhaps the late Mr. Bumper being thereafter less lamented than formerly, she might be induced to change the career of Master Bumper to that of an innocuous architect, this being a profession which Mr. Boosy was accustomed to extol as one of the noblest which a man could follow. He even hinted—such was his dread of the technical mining man that he would have been willing to tolerate the perpetual presence of the abominable little image of Mr. Bumper changed to architect—he even hinted broadly, as an inducement, that this would result in keeping the dear boy at home instead of consigning him to the ultimate ends of nowhere. Granting, however, that this disagreeable feature of the situation might have to be accepted, Mr. Boosy took consolation, after his poetic habit, in murmuring to himself, "No rose without a thorn," at which the vision of the pink Mrs. Bumper, and the golden horn which she held at her dispensation, suffused his soul with happiness. So he made one final charge, captured the citadel, and gave the vanquished all the honors of war.

Success of this sort, outside of his usual vocation—for the sordid promoter was no disciple of Lothario—so affected his nerves that he nearly aroused suspicion as to the sanity of the Golden Gulch project among his downtown friends by the exuberance of his language and laughter on the following day. The hook-nosed linen merchant was not disposed to jollity in business, and he so carefully concealed from himself the blindness of his new investment that he was inclined to regard it in the light of a sober, serious transaction. The wholesale grocer from Greenwich street more frankly termed it "a toss of a penny," and he met Mr. Boosy's exhilaration of spirits with equally gay banter, and swore that when the Golden Gulch mine went the usual way of such enterprises he would chuck him into his hole in the ground and fill the dump pile back in upon him, and thus have the satisfaction of knowing that one promoter was well buried, with the shaft to his memory turned downwards into the earth, as would be manifestly fitting for a person of his vocation. The company was duly organized, and incor-

porated with the advantages of the liberal legal latitude accorded by the statutes of West Virginia. The books were then magnanimously opened to the public for subscriptions to stock on a "ground floor basis," as Mr. Boosy's advertisement in the *Commercial Announcer* proclaimed on the succeeding morning.

At this juncture Mr. Boosy was called away to Philadelphia by a telegram from his associate in a little coal deal, which, being moderately legitimate, was being promoted as a side issue entirely. The coal, it must be noted, however, was very sulphurous, but Mr. Boosy's congenial associate had skillfully contrived to let all the tell-tale "entries" cave in, keeping open only those which showed the vein in better condition. Accordingly Mr. Boosy did not see the Widow Bumper for a week, though he wrote her daily. The Widow's talents did not lie in epistolary effort, but she sent her lover in return a box of Huyler's Best, with a note of loving commonplaces, the writing of which brought a greater excess of bloom to her cheeks, and more perspiration to her brow, than her usually deliberate movements had encouraged for many a year.

It was on a Tuesday that he telegraphed her, "Arrive New York tomorrow; directors' meeting in afternoon; see you in the evening." Certainly this was innocent enough, as it was also perfectly unnecessary. Moreover, it precipitated a crisis, as unnecessary communications are prone to do.

The directors were in full deliberation, with Mr. Boosy explaining what returns could be counted upon from a sixty-stamp mill, the items being again worked out in the presence of the assembled company for the sake of impressing two outsiders who had been invited to the meeting in the hope that they would take advantage of the opportunity to invest before the stock should prove too valuable to admit of taking in every Tom, Dick and Harry on the advertised "ground floor basis."

The office boy knocked at the door. "A lady to see Mr. Boosy, sir."

"May I come in?" called a cheery, robust voice, and before Mr. Boosy could say "yes" or "no," the ruddy Mrs. Bumper was showering rose-smiles upon the directors' meeting at random. Mr. Boosy nearly lost his self-control, but the wholesale grocer beamed his broadest smile of welcome, and slipped the easy office chair from beneath the rising form of the linen merchant, and trundled it around into an open space, bowing the Widow to a seat in a manner that showed him to be a man whom the presence of woman could in no wise daunt.

"I am interruptin' your work, mebbe," remarked Mrs. Bumper, producing a fan and shaking it violently in little useless flutters in front of her pink countenance.

"We were only discussing a proposition," began the linen merchant in his rigid way.

"Propositions!" sighed the Widow. "One of Mr. Boosy's propositions! He's always proposin'—"

The wholesale grocer nearly turned a somersault, and slapped Mr. Boosy vigorously on the back. Then, catching the severe eye of the linen merchant, and the reproachful glare of Mr. Boosy, he stopped short. Mr. Boosy was aching to capture the conversation. He seized the interval of the wholesale grocer's hesitation to begin.

"Man proposes, but—"

"The Widow disposes!" ejaculated the incorrigible grocer. The meeting unanimously laughed, including a feeble gurgle from the linen merchant. "Pardon, my dear madam," he went on, "but Mr. Boosy has made me his confidant. I move that it be the sense of this meeting that Mrs. Bumper and Mr. Boosy be and hereby are heartily, warmly, and generously congratulated upon recognizing their mutual fitness to sail the seas of life together. No dissenting voices, Mr. Chairman! Please announce the resolution as unanimously carried."

The linen merchant obeyed orders in an unnatural schoolboy fashion, and looked tremendously bored, while the Widow smiled and grew rosier than ever.

"Now, madam," pursued the grocer, "you'll say that I've been very impolite, but really you have no more thorough well-wisher in the whole of New York than myself—you and Mr. Boosy, too. Please accept my personal congratulations in addition."

The Widow was entirely restored to equanimity, and the whole company felt immensely relieved.

There was a short pause. Even Mr. Boosy knew not how to avail himself of it. He had completely lost his bearings. It was now the Widow's turn.

"I have come on a matter of business which will excuse me for intrudin'," she said. (Mr. Boosy twitched nervously). "I seen your advertisement in the *Commercial Annunciator*," she went on, "an' I thought I'd jes' drop roun' with a view to puttin' in a little money of my own, thinkin', too, it might s'prise an' please Mr. Boosy."

Whether that gentleman was pleased or not, he certainly was surprised. He grew pale, while at the same time hot flashes chased each other up his spinal column. The linen merchant's eyes snapped with commercial glee, and the remainder of the party smiled in pleasant acknowledgment.

"Some of my mortgages have just come due, an' knowin' how successful *and* careful Mr. Boosy is"—the grocer here slapped Mr. Boosy on the back, which sent cold shivers down to his toes—"I

was a-thinkin' as I couldn't do better than come in while you had an entrance on the groun' floor."

Mr. Boosy gasped and grew paler, and the linen merchant averred, "The very best time, madam."

"Now, Boosy, this is the best proof of your persuasive powers over the investor you have ever given us," exclaimed the wholesale grocer, but Mr. Boosy paid no attention to the compliment.

"You see," continued the Widow, speaking very earnestly, "I have a boy, jes' the livin' likeness of his dear father, who by the way was a minin' man himself, who is studyin' for a minin' engineer, an' this might be a good openin' for him to begin to git experience."

The company nodded, and Mr. Boosy pushed his chair back so abruptly that he knocked a pitcher off the table. It was a fortunate accident. Under cover of the temporary excitement it produced he regained some measure of his self-possession, though he continued very white in the face.

"How much stock may we write you down for, madam?" asked the linen merchant, who was beginning to suspect that this was a pretty scheme of Mr. Boosy's to foist a relative upon the company. He was a poor judge of human nature.

"Well, say, forty thousand dollars' worth," replied Mrs. Bumper, looking very self-satisfied.

No one observed the ghastly expression on Mr. Boosy's face. He arose quickly, saying, "Excuse me a moment," and rushed out of the room.

"That makes you the largest stockholder in the company, Mrs. Bumper," observed the linen merchant, "and almost secures to you the controlling interest."

"Mr. President, write me down for an additional ten thousand dollars' worth," piped the wholesale grocer, "and then, madam," said he, bowing profoundly to the blooming Widow, "my stock always votes with yours. You are supreme. It wouldn't do to have a woman in the company who wasn't."

"I'll come in for ten thousand," remarked one of the outsiders who had caught the infection.

"And I'll stand even with Mr. Boggs," enthusiastically exclaimed the other outsider.

The door opened, and Mr. Boosy, very calm but very pallid, walked gravely in.

"Mr. Boosy," said the linen merchant, "according to a previous resolution of the directors the subscription books of the company will now stand closed to the public. With the additions to the treasury made today, aggregating seventy thousand dollars, we are in no need of funds to begin operations. You may order the neces-

sary machinery for The Golden Gulch Mining and Development Company at once."

"I will start tonight," replied Mr. Boosy.

"What, tonight! I thought you never broke a promise!" ejaculated Mrs. Bumper.

"Mrs. Bumper controls the company," chirped the grocer. "Beware how you disobey orders, Boosy!"

"Under the circumstances—" began the unhappy Mr. Boosy—

"You will respect your engagements," concluded the Widow.

This much was enacted in public, and hence is absolutely authentic history. Whether Mr. Boosy called on the Widow Bumper that evening is unknown, but the general impression prevailing around the sheet-iron stoves up in the Black Eagle Mountains is that he did, and it is further related that he telegraphed the company a few days later from Chicago that he must visit their property to make some additional observations—he did not mention what kind—before placing the order for a mill. Tradition has it that he went straight to the cabin of the blue-eyed, bronzed prospector; that a violent storm was commonly understood to be central in that locality; that a few words and phrases escaped, which had peculiar significance, such as "worthless claim," "d—d barren quartzite," "rotten hole in the ground," etc. The exact truth concerning all this is still not thoroughly substantiated, but a few days after the mysterious interview in the aforesaid log-cabin a most promising prospect on an adjacent ridge was purchased by the prospector for Mr. Boosy and his associates for a sum nearly equal to the pending payment on the Golden Gulch claim, which was then called the Golden Gulch Annex; the stamp mill was ordered and erected on this latter claim, and soon began turning out bars of precious bullion; and at last accounts Mr. Boosy was "floating" another "proposition," as a sort of peace offering, for the blue-eyed, bronzed prospector and his dark visaged partner, on a sixty thousand dollar option. Concerning this, the leading gossip of the ten-plate stove fraternity remarked, "I'll bet my hat Mr. Boosy don't let Mrs. Boosy put forty thousand into that air new company."

Mojave, Cal.



THE ATTITUDE OF SOUTH AMERICA TOWARD THE MONROE DOCTRINE

By A. J. LAMOUREAUX



THIS not always possible, perhaps, to reduce questions of international policy to precise terms; but, as it has been the practice in this country thus far to clearly define our purposes and then to pursue them openly and frankly, I see no reason why we should not do the same with what is still called the Monroe Doctrine. We have, of course, been greatly favored by conditions and circumstances—our isolation, freedom from entangling alliances, and absorption in purely home interests. Since the Spanish-American war, however, the situation has changed very materially. The possession of dependencies in other parts of the world has widened our horizon and has transformed us into what is called a “world power.” We are no longer the simple inhabitants of a pent-up Utica, preoccupied with husbandry, manufacture and commerce. We have become a great military power; we have interests beyond our own boundaries that must be developed and protected; and we have new ambitions. We are entering upon a new period in our existence, and we should determine at once whether it shall be on lines of conduct in harmony with the spirit of our free institutions, or on those of the monarchical governments we have so freely condemned in the past. No American, I am sure, would favor the adoption of the maxim, “Might makes right,” yet we are dangerously near the unconscious acceptance of such a policy.

It will be apparent to the observant citizen that the character of our future international policy will be determined largely by the Monroe Doctrine. It was a very simple matter at the outset—a purpose to prevent an armed intervention by the Holy Alliance for the recovery of Spain’s lost colonies, and to check Russian colonization in the Northwest. At the same time, to show that we had no selfish interest in the question beyond the protection of our own territory, we disavowed any intention of interference with existing European colonies, and declared our true policy to be non-intervention in the struggle between Spain and her rebellious colonies.

The occasion for this declaration soon disappeared through the dissolution of the Holy Alliance and the settlement of the boundary dispute between Great Britain and Russia. The “doctrine” had no further interest for us thereafter until the Yucatan question of 1848, when President Polk declared that we could not permit the transfer of any American territory to a European power. John C. Calhoun, a surviving member of President Monroe’s cabinet, asserted that

this position was not contemplated in the original "doctrine" laid down in 1823. Since then we have had many other additions and interpretations—all designed to extend our influence and control in Latin America. Secretaries Frelinghuysen and Blaine even wanted to have it understood that no European power could act as an arbitrator in American disputes, while Secretary Olney openly declared that "our fiat is law on this continent." And now, as a logical conclusion to the position we have assumed, President Roosevelt wants to have the United States assume control over the finances and foreign affairs of the weaker American republics and thus be in a position to compel them to meet their international obligations. If we are to protect them against foreign intervention, we ought either to assume responsibility for their acts, or to compel them to give satisfaction according to the requirements of international law—and it is to meet this logical conclusion that the recent declaration in the Santo Domingo treaty was made.

In addition to these expansions of the original Monroe Doctrine, every one of our citizens has a right to interpret it for himself and to give that interpretation publicity. There are thousands of them on record, all authoritative and most of them prophetic of the ultimate absorption of both continents by the United States. It is not surprising, therefore, that President Schurman, of Cornell University, should find the trend of public opinion in this country strongly in favor of the annexation of most of the South American states,* but it is surprising that he allowed the occasion to pass without a vigorous protest. The purpose is criminally wrong, and he should have said so. Our Latin-American neighbors have some rights in the transaction that ought to be considered and respected, and we have no more right to dispose of their independence and territory in this way than one citizen has to dispose of the person and property of a neighbor. It was bad enough when Secretary Olney declared, "The United States is practically sovereign on this continent, and its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition."†

Under circumstances so discreditable to ourselves, it ought to be the duty of every good citizen of the United States to insist upon the immediate adoption of a definite policy, to the end that justice may be done to all the parties concerned, and that our own honor may not be further tarnished. If we have no intention of interfering with the liberties of our sister republics, then let us say so in a manner that will stop all future talk about a protectorate, annexation, absorption, or sovereignty, on this continent. As the case now stands, our neighbors have very little confidence in our declarations and purposes.‡ They believe we intend to annex them whenever it suits our purpose, and unfortunately the greater part of our public utterances warrant such a conclusion.

*In an address before a New York assemblage, President Schurman is credited with saying: "I do not believe that the annexation of all the West Indies and most of the South American States would be a very agreeable thing for us, but the trend is that way."—Associated Press report.

†Secretary Olney's dispatch to Minister Bayard on the boundary dispute between British Guiana and Venezuela.

‡"The recent action of Mr. Roosevelt's government in regard to Panama has roused distrust all over South America. There has been for many years a lack of confidence on the part of Spanish-speaking Americans in regard to the policy of the United States, and in view of the Panama affair a long time must lapse before this is removed." C. E. AKERS *History of South America*, p. 655.

Now let us see what the South American thinks about it. As we ourselves are unable to define the Monroe Doctrine, he is compelled to choose between, or to reconcile, two conflicting opinions. So far as it serves to protect him against European intervention, either for the collection of debts, or the dispensation of justice, or the redress of injuries, he warmly supports it and is willing to sanction it by treaty or convention. The proposals recently made to us by the Argentine government and the declarations made at the last Pan-American conference show that this interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine receives his cordial assent. But let it be assumed that this doctrine gives the United States a paramount influence on these two continents, or that it implies control, or protectorate of some kind, and he will oppose it with all the energy of his nature. While many alien residents of South America, engaged in commercial and industrial pursuits, would be glad to exchange present disorders for the settled government we could give them, the native South American would resist such a change to the bitter end. And in this he would be supported by the great majority of the European settlers in those countries. Talk as we may of the political sympathies and affinities that should bind the republics of North and South America together, the fact remains that we as a people are cordially disliked in South America. And if we care to analyze the subject a little further, we will find that we have shown thus far and are still showing very little sympathetic interest for the South American and his affairs. On what grounds, then, are we to develop more intimate relations under the so-called Monroe Doctrine? They certainly will not submit to any assumption of authority or control from us; and we have no intention of assuming responsibility for them without it.

There are several peculiar features in this question, as viewed from a South American standpoint, that ought to be considered by us before we proceed further. They indicate the influences that are against us and the attitude that must logically result from any attempt on our part to control the destinies of these republics.

In the first place it must be remembered that South America is settled by people of the Latin race and Roman Catholic faith. The student of history will recall the traditional antagonism between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon; that antagonism is as strong in South America today as it is in Spain. During the Spanish-American war, the popular sentiment was decidedly in favor of Spain. In addition to this, the attitude of the church is against us because we are Protestants and favor secular education. It is sometimes said that Rome and Latin Europe are dreaming of a great Latin, Roman Catholic power in South America, which shall rival the Anglo-Saxon Protestant republic of the north in strength and influence; and there is more in the thought than we imagine.* Should that dream ever be realized, we shall find that we made a mistake in not encouraging the occupation of Southern Brazil by Protestant Germans. The danger we should provide against in the future will not come from the encroachments of monarchical Europe, but from the rivalry of the united republics of South America.

*An American professor who spent some time in Italy last year, was surprised to find a vigorous students' society in that country devoted to the realization of Latin unity throughout the world. There is also another society in Spain and Spanish America devoted to the creation of a Latin-American Union.

In the next place, it is remembered that we did very little to assist the Spanish-Americans in their struggle for independence. They were able to raise money in Europe to carry on the war, and from the same source came men and arms and sympathetic encouragement. It took us twelve years after the struggle began to find sufficient reasons to warrant a recognition of their independence, although three days were sufficient, a short time since, to convince us that Panama was prepared to take her place, and meet her obligations, among the sovereign nations of the world. The South American mind is intensely provincial, and these inconsistencies have made a deep and lasting impression. They are proofs to him that our attitude toward South America has been unsympathetic and selfish, all the way through.

Now let us turn to the turbulent years that have followed the overthrow of Spanish rule in South America. Sometimes, when we are urging him to grant us special commercial favors and to place himself unreservedly under our leadership, the South American is impelled to ask: "Why should I? What have you ever done for me to merit such a favor?" He knows what Europe has done, for the evidence is to be found on every page of his history and in every step he has been able to take during these terrible years for the betterment of his country. His public loans were raised in Europe, and from Europe came the capital required for railways, port-works and other public improvements. The first steamship line on his coast was organized by an American who had to go to Europe for the capital to do it. His ports were brought into regular commercial relations with the outside world by Europeans, and his commerce, domestic as well as foreign, has been developed by European capital and enterprise. All the advancement in civilization he has made has been achieved through European agencies, and it is to that source, not to the United States, that he is looking for encouragement and help in the future. In spite of the Monroe Doctrine, Europe is colonizing his unsettled lands with hundreds of thousands of emigrants and her capital and trade are steadily securing new footholds within his undeveloped territories. Europe is his mother country; and gratitude alone, to say nothing of his future hopes, should, and does, make him loyal to her.

Against all this, what have we done, and what have we to offer? He has no use for our free institutions, for they have thus far been a pitfall in his road; and he cannot see what benefit is to be had from a commercial policy that offers no equivalent for what it asks. He is entitled to all the opportunities the world has to offer, and he sees no advantage in turning his back upon his best friend and his best market, merely to satisfy the political sentiment and ambition of a neighbor.

Stanford University.





Precisely as no other country in the world was ever so fast settled with such a large population of so high culture as Southern California, so probably no other equal area on the earth's surface has still so much to learn as to the hygienic and social adaptations necessary to fit the new environment.

A MERE
MATTER
OF DIET

In more primitive countries more primitive people have grown up with the land. By the slow butting of their heads against the stone wall of experience, they have found out how to live economically where they are. The Eskimos and the Hawaiians have not come to it by International Medical Congresses, nor by State Boards of Health—any more than a wild horse has to call a veterinary to know if he should eat a certain weed. God gave him sense to know for himself—and God was as good to the other animals. By that slow but adequate process known as common sense (because it used to be common), they eat fat in the arctic regions and fruit in the tropics. Our college professors and captains of industry go touring to these lands and wonder why their little stomachs ache them when they eat precisely as they did at home. They think it howlingly funny that the Labradorians will steal the expedition's tallow candles for the illumination of their inside rooms. They find a sharp humor in the ignorance of the tropic savage who does not care for a tenderloin steak. But as a matter of fact, they themselves are the joke.

Southern California is a country whose climatic conditions and consequent food requirements are absolutely different from those of the lands from which ninety-five per cent. of its people came. Ninety per cent. of them, however, still go on contentedly eating precisely as they did in a climate of boreal winters and of holocaust summers; of high humidity, slow radiation and General Cussedness. Very few of them have as yet learned anything from the people who learned California thoroughly before the new-comers were born. They look with curious eyes at the

person who eats chile. They have not yet, as a class, adopted—even fifty per cent. of them—a single food-staple of those universally endemic in every country whose climate and food needs are similar to those of Southern California—Greece, Italy, Spain, Mexico, et al.

The use of chile is just as much a hygienic necessity in this country as the use of salt is everywhere. No universal food habit of a simple people is in vain. The Californians did not know by definition why they ate chile, any more than a cow knows why she prefers alfalfa to salt grass. Neither needs definition. God knew; and gave them both sense enough at the outset to eat even without a doctor's prescription.

Briefly speaking, the fact is that in any arid climate—and Southern California, though on the sea-coast, ranks with the arid climates—the tendency of the liver to become torpid can be permanently counteracted in a population only by the use of some such stimulant. And it isn't any hardship to take the medicine; as all who have ever learned it know that nothing is more genial to the internal economy or to the palate.

Much stronger than this reluctance to learn an obvious lesson, is the persistent neglect of the most remarkable food-staple in this or any other sunny land, the olive. In Italy and in Spain the workman toils hard all day on a ration of a little black bread and a handful of ripe olives. He not only toils but keeps in fine physical condition.

This little berry of the tree whose leaf-clouds have all a silver lining, is meat, vegetables and dessert. It will support life and vigor longer and fuller than almost any other known article. In Spain and Italy they eat the olive ripe; the green olives they give to their own pigs and bottle for American consumption. There are probably people who "like" green olives; just as there are youthful persons to whom a stolen green apple, one inch in diameter, is better than a perfected Pearmain; but the green fruit has neither taste, nutrition nor merit; whereas the ripe fruit is not only a sustenance but a delicacy.

For fully twenty years attempts have been made to introduce the California ripe olive to Eastern and local markets. It is not much of a tribute to our intelligence that they have not measurably succeeded. Not that the fault is all on the part of the consumer—carelessness and bad faith and laziness on the part of the olive-grower are quite as often responsible as the reluctance of Superior People to adopt something that was not invented where they were born.

The common habit of pickling olives by leaching them with lye, may well excuse a manifold disgust. An olive ripe is largely

oil. Oil and lye make soap. Some of the better soaps would be perhaps as pleasant eating as a lye-cured olive. On the other hand, a good Mission olive—and the berry the Franciscan fathers introduced more than a century ago, is still better than any of the new-fangled varieties—leached for forty days in clean running water, to take out the bitterness, and then put down in a proper brine for safe keeping, is about as attractive a food as can be found. It is a mistake to look upon the olive as a “relish”—it is a staple of sustenance, a staff of life.

The difficulty of shipping ripe olives has militated against the industry; but here again we may well learn a lesson from older lands. Like any other fruit, a ripe olive is about half water. Properly leached and properly dried, shrunken thereby in the same proportion that a prune is, the olive can be kept and transported as easily as any other dried fruit, and is of vastly more dietary value than any of them. It is also even more delicious for the drying.

It will be a good day for the stomachs of California and for its pockets when we learn a little better to “eat according to the country.”

It means something, that today the Southwest has—
with headquarters in its metropolis, but with its interests
and its membership broadly outspread—by far the larg-
est archaeological society in America; probably the largest in the
world. And not only the largest but by much the most active.
And not only largest and most active in archaeology—it is
doubtful if any affiliated society in the world, in any branch of
science whatsoever, is today as large and as growing.

A SIGN

OF THE

TIMES

It means several things; all of which are uncommon in a “material” age that is mostly in the long run altogether immaterial because it doesn’t count. It means for one thing that Respect is not yet dead. Bowing to the Gilded Calf is not Respect—it is idolatry, and cheap and hayseed idolatry at that, even as it was in Aaron’s day. The growth of the Southwest Society of the Archaeological Institute of America is a filial thing. Civilization is full of Vicarious Parents and of Spoiled Children—but there are some of the Old Sort left of both. Every decent father hopes his child shall be better than he; every decent child would like to be as good as his father. It is only among the abject and degenerate that parents farm their issue out to hirelings, and that children patronize their parents.

A young community has undertaken the responsibilities of manhood. It begins with Respect. It means to have Science—and it knows that Science isn’t to be “done” like a town-lot boom.

The standards have been found by our elders. What we are doing—and are going to continue to do—is to apply to those recognized standards the generous muscle and mind of Youth. We are more supple than our grandfathers; we can work faster and play harder than they. But the Ten Commandments that were good enough for them are still our standard.

THE

QUIET

Time and sunlight and the attraction of gravitation are not particularly noisy; but they do more in a day, and every day, to the face of this terrestrial ball, and to the life of its parasites of all sorts, than all the thunderstorms and earthquakes that ever were. As a rule in Nature the greatest forces are quiet.

This is sometimes so in life, since even human life retains more or less of Nature. It is so in the personal experience of most people. Those who have shaped, and colored, and enlightened our lives are not the persons whose names we see “featured” in the newspapers. Most of us have been fortunate enough not to find our mother’s name in large type.

Some thought of this inevitably comes up when one contemplates the un-notorious but vital birthday which was quietly celebrated last month. Forty years ago on the 6th of July there was printed in New York the first number of *The Nation*.

There is no way of proving that this terse, convenient weekly paper, with a circulation of practically the same size that this magazine has enjoyed for years, has had more lasting influence on the best thought of America than any other journal whatsoever—by no means omitting the dailies of the largest circulation. On the other hand, there is no way of proving that it has not; and thoughtful people will seriously incline, as a rule, to believe that it has. Those who read *The Nation*, trust it; and they are an elect company. Almost unknown to the careless and superficial, *The Nation* is a household word wherever there are scholars. It is the only publication in America or in the world in its class. Politically, it is somewhat academic, and not in as much sympathy as one might wish with practicable politics—while its staunch opposition to “practical politics” is to its eternal honor.

It is the only publication I know of in the United States which can be scientifically classed as a review. There is no such thing as authoritative criticism of fiction; for fiction is a mere matter of opinion; but in all works of permanent value, *The Nation*’s reviews are consistently the most expert and the most reliable in the New World. It has been from the start its practice to commit these responsibilities to real experts—and among its contributors it has embraced and does embrace the foremost

men and women of letters, of science, and of art in America.

Among the men who have helped to give its character, as contributors, have been Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Goldwin Smith, Prof. Child, Henry James, Charles Eliot Norton, D. C. Gilman, Frederick Law Olmsted, Dr. McClintock, Phillips Brooks, Bayard Taylor, Richard Grant White and others of the old days. Four of these still live and still continue their connection. Their successors are its contributors now.

Extraordinary as is the character of this review, it is still more extraordinary that a single man should have directed, throughout these forty years, its intellectual course. Wendell Phillips Garrison, to whom this high distinction belongs, is still the literary editor of *The Nation*—and one of the rarest men God ever made to bless a country withal. With his poise and his serenity, he bids fair to last for many years longer; and no better fortune could befall the upper circles of thought and scholarship in this country than his persistence with us in his present capacity. Modest, fearless, gentle; of personal and literary taste seldom matched; with the blood of his father, the illustrious Liberator, Mr. Garrison proves that to do good to the public mind and morals, to be influential and to lead men, one need be neither sensational nor thrusting.

An illustrious company of American scholars, headed by Charles Eliot Norton, celebrated the fortieth anniversary of *The Nation* by presenting to Mr. Garrison a noble silver vase of classic design, with the following inscription, written by Goldwin Smith:

Presented to
Wendell Phillips Garrison
as a token of gratitude for service
rendered his country by his forty years
of able, upright and truly patriotic work
in the editorship of *The Nation*,
6th July, 1905.

But John D. Rockefeller is much better known by name.

The Sense of Proportion is a good thing to keep in the family. It is even worth the trouble, occasionally, of going out to borrow a mouse and an elephant, that we may set them upon the parlor floor, side by side, and sit down and study carefully which really does weigh the more.

There is no lactometer by which the Board of Health can decide how much we water our belief in what we read; nor probably does any man know for himself. Apparently, however, his belief is pretty well thinned down.

LIFE
AS SEEN THROUGH
THE NEWSPAPERS

It is a curious experiment, which might be worth trying. If a man were to rise up from the breakfast table and the morning paper really expecting to go out into the kind of world he sees mirrored there—that is, not on his table, but in his paper—he would gird on a gun, a suit of armor, a life preserver, a policeman and two or three witnesses before he adventured forth to his business. The world as he has seen it in this half hour is made up of about four pages of adulterers, grafters, thieves, murderers, wife-beaters and swindlers, and some pages more of pink-tea people who summon a reporter to witness and promulgate their decorations, their silver and their “progressive” time-killing. It is true that down in a corner, in an unconsidered “stick-full,” he could, by burrowing, find out that there were one or two persons in town visibly or invisibly engaged in minding their own business and behaving themselves. He might even find the suggestion—fitted for American consumption by that flippancy which is supposed to be the necessary sauce before you can get the reader to swallow anything solid—that there are art and scholarship and education and the fear of God in the community whereupon he pays taxes.

But when he pushes back his chair and chucks the newspaper on the floor and goes forth to face this alleged overwhelming world-tragedy of mingled crime and silliness, he may, if he ever stops to think, wonder how the thunder things ever got so twisted. He trots forth with a stomach at ease and climbs (with agility proportionate to his frame) upon one of Mr. Huntington’s calm if immediate cars. Other citizens are there before him, and behind. Most of them seem to have had breakfast also, and to hold it easy “in their midst.” He is not likely to detect any of them with an air of dodging the sheriff; nor are deeds of blood in a fair way to be enacted in the next seat. He gets off on a street which may be as well paved as Hell with good intentions, but has also adequate California asphalt. A good many thousand other citizens are taking temporary advantage of its sidewalks; they seem to be going about their business; and, so far as he can see by their bearing, it is legitimate business. The chances are a thousand to one that in the course of his whole day he will never be again reminded that there is a murderer, or a wife-robber or other scrub within the city limits—until he next takes up a paper. He likes some people better than others, and more than many he respects the brains and the hearts of some; but as a broad average he finds himself in contact with pretty decent men and women, living lives that make neither very much noise nor very much smell. He not only does not hold his hand on his pockets, scalp and heart at every step—

he does not in the least expect to be swindled, robbed or eloped with in the course of any ordinary business day.

We don't have as much time as might be to think, nor as much provocation; for it is somewhat easier, in our busy day, not to think. But anyone who has this uncomfortable symptom occasionally, must occasionally wonder why it is that even good newspapers see a cross-eyed world of which ninety per cent. is of the criminal stripe to make a "story"—and that nobody outside the newspaper office ever found the world that way.

Thank God, there isn't any such world as we daily read about. Thank God, there never will be.

It is encouraging to note that the fine little California city of San Buenaventura is agitating for the restoration of its historic name. There are some new comers there who think that the bob-tailed "Ventura" is better; but even these, when they come to think, will probably think better. More thoughtful people are already, as would be expected, in favor of retaining the name which the town always had until a cheap postoffice clerk in Washington changed it; a name which means something in history and in fact, and which carries also (what is far from a trifle) the value of romance.

THE VALUE
OF
A NAME

Some excellent people forget that sentiment is a part of business. The Spanish names of California are a distinct asset. To mutilate them ignorantly is a business mistake. It is like exchanging a fine painting for a country job-office poster.

Along with the Landmarks Club and State Bank Commissioner Eldredge, the Outdoor Art League of California (with headquarters at San Francisco) has also taken up this matter. The state legislature has adopted joint resolutions urging President Roosevelt and the Postmaster General to preserve the old Spanish names of cities and towns in California, in their original form, so far as possible.

When the Lion first sat down in a Los Angeles of 12,000 people, over twenty years ago, he decided that if he should stay in God's Country he would Pay his Board. By so much as he preferred it above all other towns to live in, he felt beholden to work for it. And he chose in general the things he could do and that no one else cared to.

ONCE
AND
FOR ALL

Since then, he has had many camps, but only one home. He has tried to learn a little in other lands—but always for use in the Chosen one. For something over ten years, now, he has been back at home. For all that ten years he has given nine-tenths of his time and effort to this community—without compensation whatsoever, direct or indirect—except the comfort of seeing things Done

that needed Doing. It is some satisfaction to work in and for such a community. The first competent public movement in the United States to save historic landmarks was born here and is now ten years old. Its local fruit is that already we have saved, for 100 years to come, four such monuments as no other state in the Union possesses. Besides, the example has spread to do good in many other states.

Not the first, but the most effective, organization in America to remedy the notorious abuses of our Indian policies was born here four years ago. There are people who think Indians a joke. Scholars do not. And—as their good dollars prove—men and women of heart and brains do not see it “funny” that *anyone* should be robbed or evicted or starved in a State of the American Union.

The largest and most active archaeological society in America—probably in the world—is another child of Los Angeles, now nineteen months old, but able to walk, talk and eat meat. Besides its service to the scholarship of the world—already internationally recognized—this society has seriously undertaken to give this city the best museum of its size yet extant—and has already proved that it can “make good.” All these are alive and growing.

The Lion hasn't done these things—the community has. But he has helped.

In the same spirit he has undertaken now a larger usefulness—even at the risk of a nominal recompense (a monthly salary of the amount he gets for one story).

The Lion is now legally appointed, sworn and effective Librarian of the City of Los Angeles. For the first time in seventeen years he is answerable to any other human choice than his own—and when he cannot longer “answer,” he can get out. Which he will. But until he does get out, he is going to see that something is Done.

Los Angeles has now rather more than 12,000 people. Its population is about 200,000; and the city is about twentieth in size in the Union. Its library is about sixteenth among American public libraries in number of volumes. In its clerical efficiency it is among the first. Since our club women and school-children are more alert, and our time-heavy tourists more numerous than those of any other equal American city, our circulation per volume and per capita is very high. But that is only a part of the function of a great library. Ladies, children and tourists have a perfect right to read story-books. They should be assisted to get good story-books. They shall be. But an aggregation of 120,000 books, costing the public fifty cents apiece a year should be more than a mere overgrown circulating library. It should be a place where scholars can find their tools sharp and ready; where business men can easily learn what is “doing” in their own lines; where those who had looked on books

as mere time-killers or excuses for a club "paper" can be taught the larger usefulness of them. The Los Angeles library has a magnificent reputation for clerical efficiency. For scholarship it has none. There is not in it today a single "reasoned catalogue" of any value on any topic. There is going to be. The patron is going to be able to learn not only what books there are, but which of them are worthy and which are worthless.

The Lion has no sores and no grudges. He went in with his eyes open—understanding perfectly that to many people any Change in anything is a hardship and a sin; he has no disposition to blame anyone for this or for anything else. He has taken hold because he knew where, why, how and when he could better an important public service. The Los Angeles Library has done mighty well in a young, growing city. Now city and library are both of stature to assume the larger obligations of maturity. Two hundred thousand population, 120,000 volumes, \$60,000 a year library income (and growing fast)—these things mean new duties rather different from those that obtained when half these figures were true.

With the attempt to "do" politics by gender, and to "unionize" public libraries, the Lion has no concern. These things take care of themselves. The boycott, and the sympathetic strike have had their hearing and their day. The open shop has come to stay. Less than fifty persons are actively protesting in a population of 200,000 and they only because they have been misinformed. Presently even these fifty will be sorry to have advertised this public library as "in politics" and in a bad way. Nothing could be more false or foolish. No person now extant can give a reasonable explanation of the cry of "politics." Not one now imminent knows the politics of the present librarian—nor whether he has any. The only "politics" anywhere in the case have been done in the attempt to maintain that any public library of any size is the proper Spoils of the Woman Party. And Los Angeles is about the last stand of that theory. The rest of the United States already know better. As a matter of fact, fatherhood and motherhood are the only inalienable offices of importance that depend upon the cleverest of God's accidents. Every other responsibility of size in this world depends solely on the way the individual discharges it.

In undertaking this new public duty, the Lion has no apologies to make—nor disposition to hasten the apologies which already come from the other side. He is going to do his duty as he sees it, no matter what anyone else does. He isn't a "trained librarian"—and is glad. There are about fifty already in the library. That ought to be enough. He is going in to be not clerk but manager. His good friend, Paul Morton, is not a "trained brakeman," but was chief manager of the biggest railroad system on earth; nor a "trained sailor," but was Secretary of the Navy; nor a life-insurance agent—but is now chosen to untangle the affairs of one of the great insurance companies. All these systems had their clerks; they looked also for a head!

Sex is a privilege, not a qualification. But since it has been made the issue, the dispassionate statistics are worth remembering.

No other public business of \$60,000 a year in California is administered by a woman, nor is expected to be. Only one public

library in the United States of this size and in a population of this size, has a woman librarian.

There are only twenty-two public libraries in America of over 75,000 volumes each—or three-fourths as large as this. In nineteen of them the librarian is a man; in three the librarian is a woman.

There are only forty public libraries of over 50,000 volumes each—or five-twelfths the size of this. Thirty-two are managed by men; eight by women.

There are in the United States twenty cities as large as Los Angeles, or larger. In nineteen the librarian is a man; in one the librarian is a woman.

There are thirty-eight cities in the United States of as much as half the population of Los Angeles. In thirty-three of them the public librarian is a man; in five "he" is a woman.

There are seventy-eight cities in the United States of as much as one-quarter the population of Los Angeles. In sixty-two of them the public librarian is a man.

The only public library in America of this category which today has a woman librarian is Minneapolis. Every other city of this class had made the change sooner. The only other cities in the Union of over 100,000 population where the old order still persists are Jersey City with 75,000 volumes; Kansas City with 61,800 volumes; St. Paul with 54,550 volumes; Indianapolis with 92,454 volumes; Portland, Me., with 50,519 volumes; Newton, Mass., with 61,423 volumes—an average of about half the size of the Los Angeles library.

In the cities of 5,000 to 30,000 population, and of 5,000 to 30,000 volumes, there are about as many women as men librarians.

Many of the leading libraries of the United States are not municipal—with two exceptions the leaders are not. These include such institutions as the Library of Congress, of Harvard University, the Carter-Brown of Providence, the Newberry and the Crerar of Chicago, the Lenox of New York, the Wisconsin Historical Society at Madison, and so on. Not one library of this class in the United States has a woman for librarian. The State libraries are also in charge of men, except the State Library of Michigan.

So are all important government libraries—like the Smithsonian, the Geodetic Survey, the Geological Survey, etc. Tables elsewhere give the details.

On the other hand, in many of these libraries—in most of the public ones—the "force" is overwhelmingly of women. It is so and should be so. Within their experience, women are the better library workers. Every manly man in or out of libraries will be glad when a woman graduates to be librarian of a library of the first class, or president of the American Library Association. And one will when her time comes. It isn't that women Cannot, but that they Haven't as Yet.

The long and short of it is that the new librarian is going to maintain unimpaired—and maybe to joggle a bit—every good quality the Los Angeles Public Library now has; and to add some things quite as important which it has not. If he cannot, he will be first to find it out and to make voluntary room for someone who can. This is a good public library; but it can be made better. It is intended to be. The city could not stand still if it tried. Neither will—its library.



The SEQUOYA LEAGUE

(INCORPORATED)
TO MAKE BETTER INDIANS

Se-quo-ya, "the American Cadmus" (born 1771, died 1842), was the only Indian that ever invented a written language. The League takes its title from this great Cherokee, for whom, also, science has named ("Sequoias") the hugest trees in the world, the giant Redwoods of California.

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ASSIUS M. CARTER, Esq., District Attorney of San Diego County, has been investigating the matter (mentioned in the last number) of what appeared an illegal and absurd collection of poll tax from some of the Campo Mission Indians, whose destitution Southern California has been for years attempting to relieve. It is pleasant to make public the explanation which puts the matter into much more creditable light. Mr. Carter's letter is self-explanatory, and is given in full, in justice to all concerned:

July 12th, 1905.

Chas. F. Lummis, Esq.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

My Dear Sir: Mr. A. D. Grigsby, deputy assessor of this county, whom I have known for many years, reports to me that in the cases of Frank Saro and Santo Lopez he collected poll taxes of them as the result of their voluntary action. It appears that they were acting under the advice of Mr. Shell, Indian Agent at Mesa Grande. He had advised them to pay the taxes, as they were acquiring land and property, and by this means their standing as citizens in the community would be improved. One of these men sought out Mr. Grigsby and offered the tax. He was informed that he was not obliged to pay taxes, and he gave the reasons just stated for his action. He also said the other man, a relative of his, would do likewise, and afterwards brought to Mr. Grigsby \$2.00 with the statement that it was paid by his relative after full knowledge of his rights and that he desired to secure a better footing in the community and to discharge a part of the burdens borne by it. I have every confidence in Mr. Grigsby's statement.

With very great regard,

I am yours truly,

CASSIUS CARTER,
District Attorney.

Miss Constance Goddard Du Bois, an Eastern writer of repute, and a warm friend of the Mission Indians, among whom she has spent several summers in honest study, has returned for another brief sojourn among them. It was she who first began the marketing of their baskets for these Indians—a matter now largely in the hands of the Sequoya League. Miss Du Bois is

a practical philanthropist; and is, besides, a student who is making substantial contributions to knowledge. After her vacation among the Indians she will be one of the speakers at the Congress of Anthropologists in San Francisco in August.

The efforts of the League to bring the Campo Indians back to their fine primitive methods of basket-making are meeting excellent success. The influence of the curio dealer and the tourist in cheapening this fine old handicraft is being rather effectively counteracted. With each consignment of baskets from the five Campo reservations—and the League has undertaken to market all the baskets they produce—there is noticeably a gain in workmanship. The two Indian matrons in the field, Miss Lachappa and Miss Nejo, are impressing upon the basket-makers the importance of following the honest old patterns, designs and colors. The finest basket ever made by the Campo group of Indians is now in the possession of the League, and is being reserved for the Southwest Museum. Its distinguished handiwork is found in no other tribe in the world. Its maker is a woman now on her death-bed, and its like will, no doubt, never again be produced.

There are no new developments yet as to the long recognized necessity that the government afford permanent relief to these Indians—by giving them enough land so that by working like horses and by strict economy they can refrain from starvation. It is obvious that Southern California will have to tide these suffering people through another winter, as it did last year; but there is every reason to remember that the permanent remedy lies with the government—and to insist that the government shall do its simple duty.

A very vital need of these ill-treated first Californians is some medical assistance. The government is paying, in many localities, reasonable salaries to doctors to assist Indian tribes no more deserving. The Campo Indians are in particular need of this assistance. For various reasons—chiefly, it is probable, their lack of proper food—there is an extraordinary mortality among the women. For most of the year these Indians have nothing to eat but acorns, the astringent qualities of which are especially unkind to women. There are good doctors not remote from these reservations who could, doubtless, be retained for a modest salary to assist these Indians; and it seems a very simple human duty on the part of the government to make this provision.

“A Friend”—who is an important official in the Philippines—sends \$20 for the benefit of Miss Rosalia Nejo, the brave and competent young Indian woman whom the League is helping to support as an assistant matron at Campo.

Previously acknowledged, \$1,311.00.

FUNDS FOR THE WORK.

New contributions—David E. Harbone, Sanger, Cal., \$10.00.

\$2.00 (membership)—Mrs. Eli Whitney Blake, A. E. Sexton, Henry C. Dillon, Geo. S. Patton, Julian Trogoniz, Rev. Juan Caballeria, Mrs. C. M. Severance, Los Angeles; Mrs. C. F. Dillingham, Mrs. E. G. Slade, Miss Dreer, Mrs. Wm. Edgar, Pasadena; Eugene H. Lahee, Covina; J. B. French, Pomona; Edward E. Ayer, J. C. Vaughan, Col. A. H. Sellers, Chicago; Hon. Y. Sepulveda, City of Mexico; Sol. Bibo, Mrs. Sol. Bibo, San Francisco.

RELIEF FUND.

Previously acknowledged, \$1,286.00.

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TO CONSERVE THE MISSIONS
AND OTHER HISTORIC
LANDMARKS OF SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA

FOUNDED 1895

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WITHIN a few months the Landmarks Club will have rounded out ten years of active usefulness. It was founded in a then indifferent community that did not realize either the artistic or the money value of the historic monuments it possessed, or the rapidity with which they were going to ruin.

In this decade the Club has done much to educate public sentiment. It was one of the first organizations of its kind in the United States; and has been, in its kind, probably the most successful. It has issued a large amount of "literature," calling attention to the importance of the work to be done. It has broadcasted far more than 100,000 printed appeals to the public, besides thousands of personal letters. It has interested thoughtful people in every civilized country in the world, and its membership is made up of people from every land where English is spoken, even in colonies. And it has effectively practised what it preached. It has raised by subscription more than \$7600, and has applied nearly all this sum, economically and effectively, in repairing and protecting and safe-guarding the principal buildings of four of the Southern California missions. It has managed to get about \$12,000 worth of work done for this money—well done mechanically, and well done from the historic and artistic point of view. It has had many activities besides preserv-

ing these missions; but of course its work on these historic and noble structures is its chief claim to remembrance. If the club had not begun its work when it did, and as it did, these buildings would be today mere mounds of adobe. As it is, the buildings it has cared for will last about as they are for another century.

The work, however, is only begun. Its magnitude may be guessed from the fact that a single one of these churches could not be rebuilt today for \$100,000 cash, and that the church was but a small part of the great communal establishment which was one of the first outposts of civilization on the Pacific Coast. There are a great many other buildings to be preserved from the elements; and the club will continue its work.

It is seriously intended that its tenth year shall be the best and most effective year of the club's activities. Besides the steady, patient routine of preservation, a new and important opportunity and duty is now offered to the club. Particulars will be published in due time.

A vigorous campaign is now making for new memberships and a renewal of old ones, and the public response is thus far generous. Six new life memberships within a month surpasses the club's own record.

There are no bars to membership. The only requisite is that Americans who care for the preservation of what is historic and artistic in California should subscribe the membership fees, which are \$1 annually or \$25 for life membership.

Previously acknowledged, \$7,651.18.

New contributions—Mrs. C. F. A. Johnson, Long Beach, Cal., \$25.00 (life membership); W. C. Patterson, Prest. Los Angeles National Bank, \$25.00 (life membership); Josephine Moir Lee, Los Angeles, \$25.00 (life membership); E. P. Ripley, Prest. A. T. & S. F. R. R., Chicago, \$25.00 (life membership); O. S. A. Sprague, Pasadena, \$25.00 (life membership); Waller S. Martin, San Francisco, \$25.00 (life membership).

J. W. Hudson, Puente, Cal., \$10.00; Kaspere Cohn, \$5.00; John B. Miller, \$5.00; A. G. Wells, \$5.00, Los Angeles; Clara L. Dows, Pasadena, \$5.00; Hon. T. R. Bard, Hueneme, Cal., \$3.00; M. J. Riordan, Flagstaff, A. T., \$5.00; Tracy R. Kelley, Lowell High School, San Francisco, \$2.00; Thos E. Ellis, M. D., Elsinore, Cal., \$5.00; Katharine Hooker, Los Angeles, \$10.00.

\$1.00 each (membership)—Prof. Wm. H. Housh, High School, Mrs. Wm. H. Housh, W. E. Dunn, Silas Holman, Mrs. Silas Holman, W. D. Woolwine, Wayland H. Smith, J. W. A. Off, M. M. Potter (Van Nuys Hotel), A. H. Busch, Wesley Clark, Granville MacGowan, M. D., Mrs. Granville MacGowan, R. N. Bulla, Miss A. Amelia Smead, Mrs. Jennie S. Pierce, Mrs. E. G. Smead, Gertrude B. Wells, Mrs. Owen McAleer, Los Angeles; David Starr Jordan, Stanford University; Rev. P. J. Grogan, Ventura, Cal.; John G. North, Riverside, Cal.; Mrs. Edith Alden Daniels, Monrovia; J. B. French, Pomona, Cal.; John P. Fisk, Redlands, Cal.; Count Bozenta, Madame Modjeska, El Toro, Cal.; Mrs. Cenobia de Moreno, Francis M. Moreno, Pala, Cal.; Prof. Geo. E. Hale, Solar Observatory office, Hiram W. Wadsworth, Mrs. Hiram W. Wadsworth, Pasadena; Zoeth S. Eldredge, Sol. Bibo, San Francisco; Mary D. Biddle, Montrose, Pa.; G. M. Lane, Boston, Mass.; H. S. Richardson, Concord, Mass.; Mr. Fleming, Detroit, Mich.; Anna L. Meeker, Julia E. Meeker, Mrs. J. E. Meeker, Benj. Blossom, Pasadena; Mrs. A. B. Storey, Mr. Storey, Altadena; Charles Eliot Norton, Cambridge, Mass.; Beeman & Hendee, Olive Percival, Los Angeles; Prof. Wm. H. Holmes, Bureau of Ethnology, Washington.

THE SOUTHWEST SOCIETY

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*By their consent, and subscribed by the Southwest Society.

THE extraordinary growth of the Southwest Society continues without visible abatement, even in the summer months and toward the close of the Society year. The membership is now 309, which is a gain in five months of more than a third as many members as the twenty-five-year-old Boston Society has in all. March 1, 1905, the Southwest membership was 160—itsself an unprecedented record for fifteen months. But since that time, the growth has been nearly three times as fast. These comparisons are made in no invidious spirit. Such generous competition should be good for the whole Institute, and can do no harm to the youngest society, whose unparalleled record is the admiration of all its elders. The Southwest Society has been officially requested to draw up, for the benefit of the whole Institute, its "recipe for success." The national officers feel that there must be some lesson, valuable to all the other fourteen societies, in the progress of this new affiliation, which in eighteen months has utterly outstripped them all.

There is no "secret" about it. The simple explanation is strict business methods, a definite, practical, and important aim, and the

general spirit of a community which, of course, Eastern societies cannot very well command unless they move their clients to the Pacific Coast.

The initial explorations of the Southwest Society have been completed in the vicinity of Redondo, California. They were under the direction of the curator, Dr. F. M. Palmer, and yielded an extraordinarily rich and important harvest of articles valuable alike to the scientific world and to the Southwest Museum in which they will have place* The Society's second archæological expedition will be in the field in Arizona by the time these lines are read, and is expected to yield even more important results. Curator Palmer is in charge of the expedition, for which the Institute has made the largest appropriation ever made for an American enterprise.

The special fund to make President Roosevelt and Prof. Chas. Eliot Norton (founder of the Institute) honorary life members of the Southwest Society has made an encouraging start. The members seem to feel that this graceful act is worthy to be performed. Eighty-six dollars has already been subscribed. As one of the most distinguished Californians said in remitting his dues, "I never before got into so good company so cheaply." Any members who may have forgotten the letter of suggestion, but wish to contribute to this object, should send in, as soon as convenient, at least their statement of what may be expected from them later. The following have already subscribed:

E. P. Ripley, Chicago, \$10.00; O. S. A. Sprague, Pasadena, \$10.00; C. W. Smith, Pasadena, \$5.00; J. O. Koepfli, \$5.00; Harry R. Callender, \$5.00, Los Angeles; Wm. H. Burnham, Orange, \$5.00; D. Freeman, Inglewood, \$5.00; Ella P. Hubbard, Azusa, \$5.00; G. W. Marston, San Diego, \$3.00.

\$2.00 each:—"A Friend," W. C. Patterson, Chas. F. Lummis, Paran F. Rice, Dr. J. A. Monk, Hon. H. C. Dillon, Los Angeles; Eva S. Fényes, Pasadena; Rt. Rev. Geo. Montgomery, San Francisco; Hon. Jarrett T. Richards, Santa Barbara; Willard A. Nichols, Redlands; Hon. Y. Sepulveda, City of Mexico; T. A. Riordan, Flagstaff; Remy J. Vesque, TerreHaute, Ind.

\$1.00 each:—Hon. R. N. Bulla, J. E. Fishburn, A. L. Stetson, A. H. Fleming, Los Angeles; Frank A. Miller, Riverside; C. D. Norton, Chicago; J. C. Nolan, St. Paul.

The deficit on the purchase of the Palmer-Campbell collection of Southern California antiquities has been nearly wiped out. There is still room, however, for \$60 or \$70 on this behalf. The list of donors, which will be made part of the archives, is thus far as follows:

*138 prospect-holes were sunk in the ancient village-site and shell mounds, and three trenches were run. There were found thirty-three hammers, 150 stone implements (spear and arrow-points, knives, drills, saws, scrapers, etc.) some of which are unique; eight bone implements of much importance; and a large amount of material illustrating the manufacture of chipped stone implements.

A member of the Southwest Society, \$105.00; Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, \$50.00; Wm. H. Burnham, \$25.00; F. H. Rindge, \$25.00; James Slauson, \$20.00; Ella P. Hubbard, \$20.00; M. C. Healion, \$10.00; Rt. Rev. Joseph H. Johnson, \$10.00; T. O. Koepfli, \$10.00; Dr. Norman Bridge, \$5.00; D. Freeman, \$5.00; Dr. W. Jarvis Barlow, \$5.00; Maj. E. W. Jones, \$5.00; R. N. Bulla, \$5.00; Geo. W. Marston, \$5.00; Theo. B. Comstock, \$5.00; C. W. Smith, \$5.00; Clara B. Burdette, \$2.00.

Arthur Farwell, the expert sent last year by the Institute to transcribe the folk-songs the Southwest Society has recorded, has come again, by the same authority, to complete the important work to which he devoted four months last summer. This means that within a few months the first volume of these songs will be ready for publication. This collection—which it is seriously intended shall be the largest and the most typical collection of folk-songs ever printed—will be a monument of which the Southwest Society may well be proud. The big volume will have place in every important library and museum in the world—to the enduring credit of the Society. It is intended also to make a selection of say fifty of the most “taking” songs, harmonize them for the piano, give them metrical translations, and publish them as a popular volume. This will be a financial success, as the larger and more critical collection will be a contribution to science. Fifty songs of such quality were never before added *de novo* to the musical repertory of the English-speaking and English-singing world, in any one volume. That also will be a record worth the while of the Southwest Society and of the community which backs its growth.

Since the July number, the following new members have been added to the roster:

Life Members:—

Dwight Whiting, Miss A. Amelia Smead.

Annual Members:—

Ami V. Golsh, Pala, Cal.	A. A. Hubbard.
A. J. Forget, M. D.	J. S. Torrance.
Mrs. E. K. Foster, Pres. Friday Morning Club.	Mary S. Caswell, Principal Marlborough School.
Geo. W. Durbrow.	J. G. Mossin, Cashier American National Bank.
Frank W. Burnett.	Hiram W. Wadsworth, Pasadena.
John G. Mott.	Ed. E. Ayer, Chicago.
Mrs. Hiram W. Wadsworth, Pasadena.	Very Rev. P. Harnett, V. G. P. A.
Thos. E. Ellis, M. D., Elsinore, Cal.	All of Los Angeles, except as otherwise noted.
Geo. H. Martin, M. D., San Francisco.	



LIBRARIES IN THE UNITED STATES

THE following tables are compiled from the latest reports of the American Library Association and from the United States census. They show that, roughly speaking, the proportion of men librarians to women librarians, including all important places, is in regard both to population and to number of volumes about ten to one. It is only in the small libraries that the proportion begins to creep up toward half-and-half.

PRINCIPAL PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

City.	Population.	No. Volumes	Librarian.
New York	1,447,048	347,202	Jno. S. Billings
Chicago	1,698,575	321,031	Frederick H. Hild
Philadelphia	1,293,697	293,183	Jno. Thompson
St. Louis, Mo.	575,238	170,855	Frederick M. Crunden
Boston, Mass.	560,892	812,264	Horace G. Wadlin
Baltimore, Md.	508,957	211,449	B. C. Steiner
Cleveland, O.	381,768	171,592	Wm. H. Brett
Buffalo, N. Y.	352,387	239,494	Wm. Ives
San Francisco, Cal.	342,782	136,395	Geo. T. Clark
Cincinnati, O.	325,902	251,309	Nathaniel D. C. Hodges
Pittsburg, Pa.	321,616	140,507	Edwin H. Anderson
New Orleans, La.	287,104	54,280	Wm. Beer
Detroit, Mich.	285,704	174,425	Henry M. Utley
Milwaukee, Wis.	285,315	147,236	Geo. W. Peckham
Newark, N. J.	246,070	78,798	Anderson H. Hopkins
Louisville, Ky.	204,731	not reported	Jno. C. Dana
Providence, R. I.	175,597	not reported	Wm. E. Foster
*Denver, Col.	133,859	78,000	Chas. R. Dudley
Toledo, O.	131,822	49,153	Willis F. Sewall
Columbus, O.	125,560	82,928	Chas. B. Galbreath
Worcester, Mass.	118,421	135,762	Samuel S. Green
Syracuse, N. Y.	108,374	52,855	Ezekiel W. Mundy
New Haven, Conn.	108,027	60,000	Willis K. Stetson
Paterson, N. J.	105,171	37,759	Geo. F. Winchester
St. Joseph, Mo.	102,979	22,180	Purd B. Wright
*Rochester, N. Y.	162,608	34,641	Alfred H. Collins, Reynolds Lib. and Mrs. K. J. Dowling, Central Lib.
Lowell, Mass.	94,969	62,618	Frederick A. Chase
Cambridge, Mass.	91,886	60,759	Clarence W. Ayer
Seattle, Wash.	80,671	20,864	Chas. W. Smith.
Reading, Pa.	78,961	11,717	Albert R. Durham
Trenton, N. J.	73,307	16,281	Adam Strohm
Lynn, Mass.	68,513	62,041	Nathan Clark
Oakland, Cal.	66,960	31,868	Chas. S. Green
New Bedford, Mass.	62,442	77,700	Geo. H. Tripp
Springfield, Mass.	62,059	not reported	Hiller C. Wellman
Summerville, Mass.	61,643	52,157	Samuel Walter Foss
Peoria, Ill.	66,100	78,911	E. S. Wilcox
Savannah, Ga.	54,244	not reported	Wm. Harden

PRINCIPAL PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN UNITED STATES—CONTINUED.

City.	Population.	Volumes.	Librarian.
San Antonio, Tex.....	53,321	not reported	Benj. Wyche
Holyoke, Mass.....	45,712	not reported	Frank G. Willcox
Salem, Mass.	35,956	41,994	Gardner M. Jones.
Butte, Montana.....	30,470	29,439	J. R. Russell
Alameda, Cal.	16,464	not reported	Francis B. Graves

PRINCIPAL REFERENCE LIBRARIES.

Institution.	Librarian.
Library of Congress.....	Herbert Putnam
Carter-Brown Library, Providence.....	Geo. P. Winship
Newberry Library, Chicago	John Vance Cheney
Lenox Library, New York.	Wilberforce Eames
Mercantile Library, New York	Wm. T. Peoples
John Crerar, Chicago	Wm. T. Andrews
Wisconsin Historical Library	Reuben Gold Thwaites
Boston Athenaeum	Chas. K. Bolton
Smithsonian Institution.....	Cyrus Adler
Mercantile Library, St. Louis	Wm. R. Gifford
Athenaeum Library, Providence	Jos. L. Harrison
Case Library, Cleveland	Chas. Orr
Case Library, Hartford	Chas. S. Thayer
Grosvenor Library, Buffalo	Edward ———
U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey.....	Claud B. Guittard
Public Document Library, Washington.....	Francis A. Crandall
U. S. Geological Survey	F. B. Weeks

PRINCIPAL COLLEGE LIBRARIES.

Institution.	Librarian.
Harvard University	Wm. C. Lane
Yale University	Addison Van Mayne
Johns Hopkins University	Nicholas Murray
Columbian University	James H. Canfield
Princeton University	Ernest C. Richardson
Cornell University	Geo. L. Burr
Georgetown University	Rev. Henry J. Shandelle
Brown University	Harry L. Koopman
Wesleyan University	Wm. J. James
Amherst College	Wm. I. Fletcher
Bowdoin College	Geo. T. Little
Dartmouth College	Marvin T. Bisbee
Haverford College	Allen C. Thomas
Rutgers College	Irving S. Upson
University of California	Jos. C. Rowell
University of Colorado	Alfred E. Whitaker
University of Wisconsin	Walter M. Smith
University of Iowa	Malcolm G. Wyer
University of Nebraska	James I. Wyer
University of Texas	Phineas L. Winsor
University of Mississippi	James T. Gerould
University of Maine	Ralph K. Jones
Annapolis Naval Academy	Arthur N. Brown
Drew Theological Seminary	Samuel G. Ayers
Hanover Theological Seminary	Wm. L. Ropes

PRINCIPAL STATE LIBRARIES.

State.	Librarian.
California	J. L. Gillis
New York	Melvil Dewey
Wisconsin	Isaac S. Bradley
Iowa	Johnson Brigham
New Jersey	Henry C. Buchanan
Maine	Leonard D. Carver
New Hampshire	Arthur S. Chase
Connecticut	Geo. S. Godard
Pennsylvania	Thos. L. Montgomery
Indiana	Wm. E. Henry
Minnesota	E. A. Nelson
Ohio	Chas. B. Galbreath
Vermont	Geo. W. King
District of Columbia	Geo. F. Bowerman
Michigan	Mrs. Mary C. Spencer

ONLY IMPORTANT LIBRARIES MANAGED BY WOMEN.

Place.	Population.	Volumes.
Minneapolis	202,718	122,461
Jersey City, N. J.	206,433	75,053
Indianapolis, Ind.	169,164	92,454
Kansas City, Mo.	163,752	61,800
St. Paul, Minn.	163,065	54,550
Atlanta, Ga.	89,872	19,481
Omaha, Neb.	102,555	57,864
Portland, Me.	50,145	50,519
Dallas, Tex.	42,638	11,000
Lincoln, Neb.	40,169	11,637
Newton, Mass.	33,587	61,423
Sioux City, Ia.	33,111	15,297
Davenport, Ia.	35,254	not reported
Concord, N. H.	19,493	not reported
Rock Island, Ill.	19,493	not reported
Camden, N. J.	75,935	6,811
Superior, Wis.	31,091	14,021
Montgomery, Ala.	30,346	not reported
Joliet, Ill.	29,353	18,428
Topeka, Kan.	33,608	20,993
Oshkosh, Wis.	28,284	not reported
Utica, N. Y.	56,383	31,666
Malden, Mass.	33,664	39,913
Manchester, N. H.	56,987	47,278
Bayonne, N. J.	32,722	11,040
Des Moines, Ia.	62,139	30,001
Pawtucket, R. I.	49,231	19,763
Duluth, Minn.	52,969	38,800
Quincy, Ill.	36,252	26,950
Ft. Wayne, Ind.	45,115	11,728
Dayton, O.	85,333	49,873

SAN DIEGO OWNS THE FUTURE

By WILLIAM E. SMYTHE



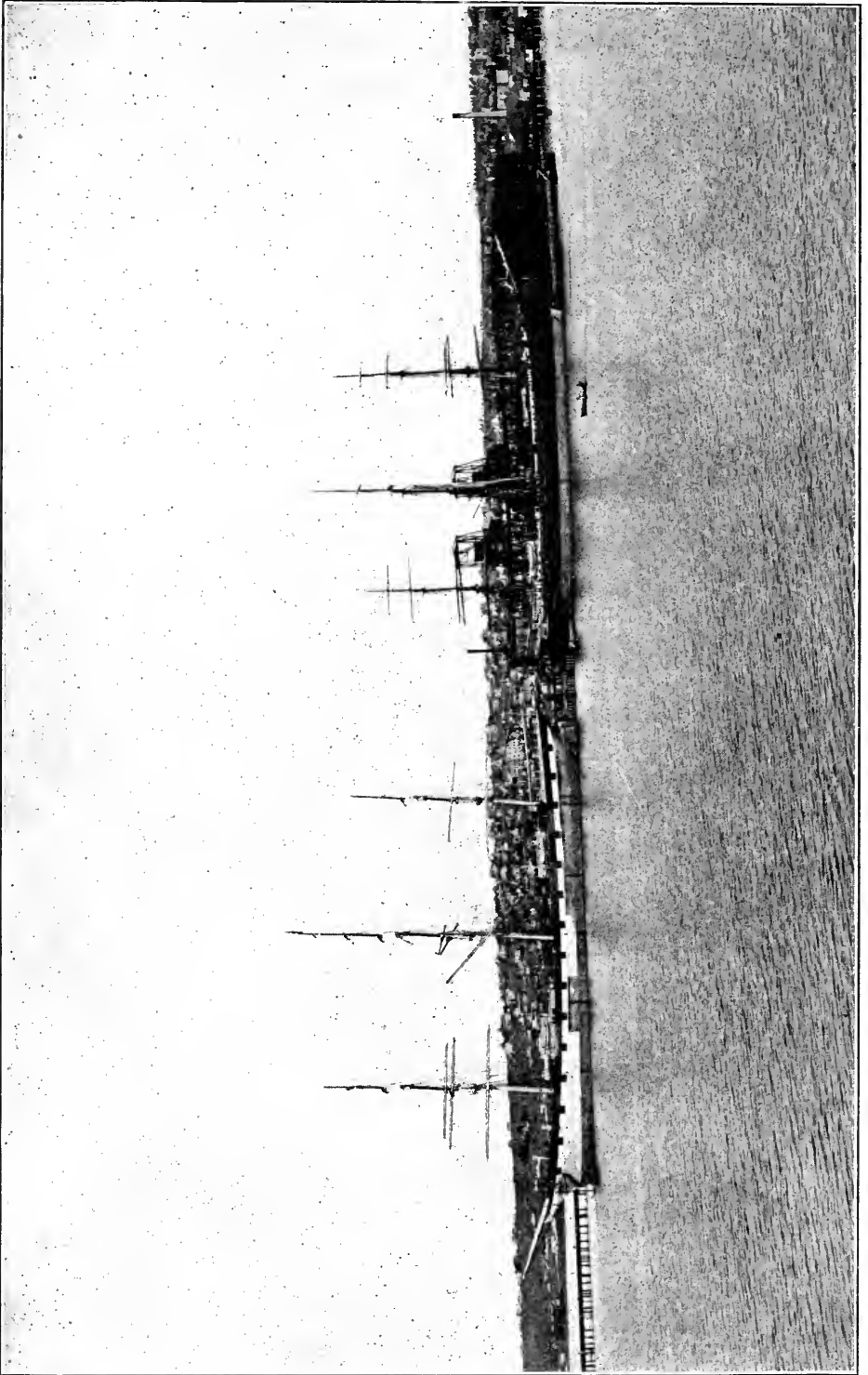
SOME cities, like some trees, grow more rapidly than others, but it by no means follows that the city which grows most rapidly will make the greatest mark in the end. Soft woods, like willow, eucalyptus, and cottonwood, attain large proportions in a few years. Hard woods of tougher fibre, like the maple and the oak, require a longer period to reach maturity, while a far greater space of time is needed to bring a giant sequoia to the full majesty of its proportions.

San Diego shared in the romantic and disastrous boom of the eighties which swept over Southern California, but since the subsidence of that high fever of speculation the city has developed much more slowly than some of its neighbors. There is a perfectly good reason for this, a reason obvious enough to anyone who makes a study of the situation and which is by no means inconsistent with the supreme confidence in the ultimate greatness of San Diego which dwells in the heart of every man, woman and child within its borders.

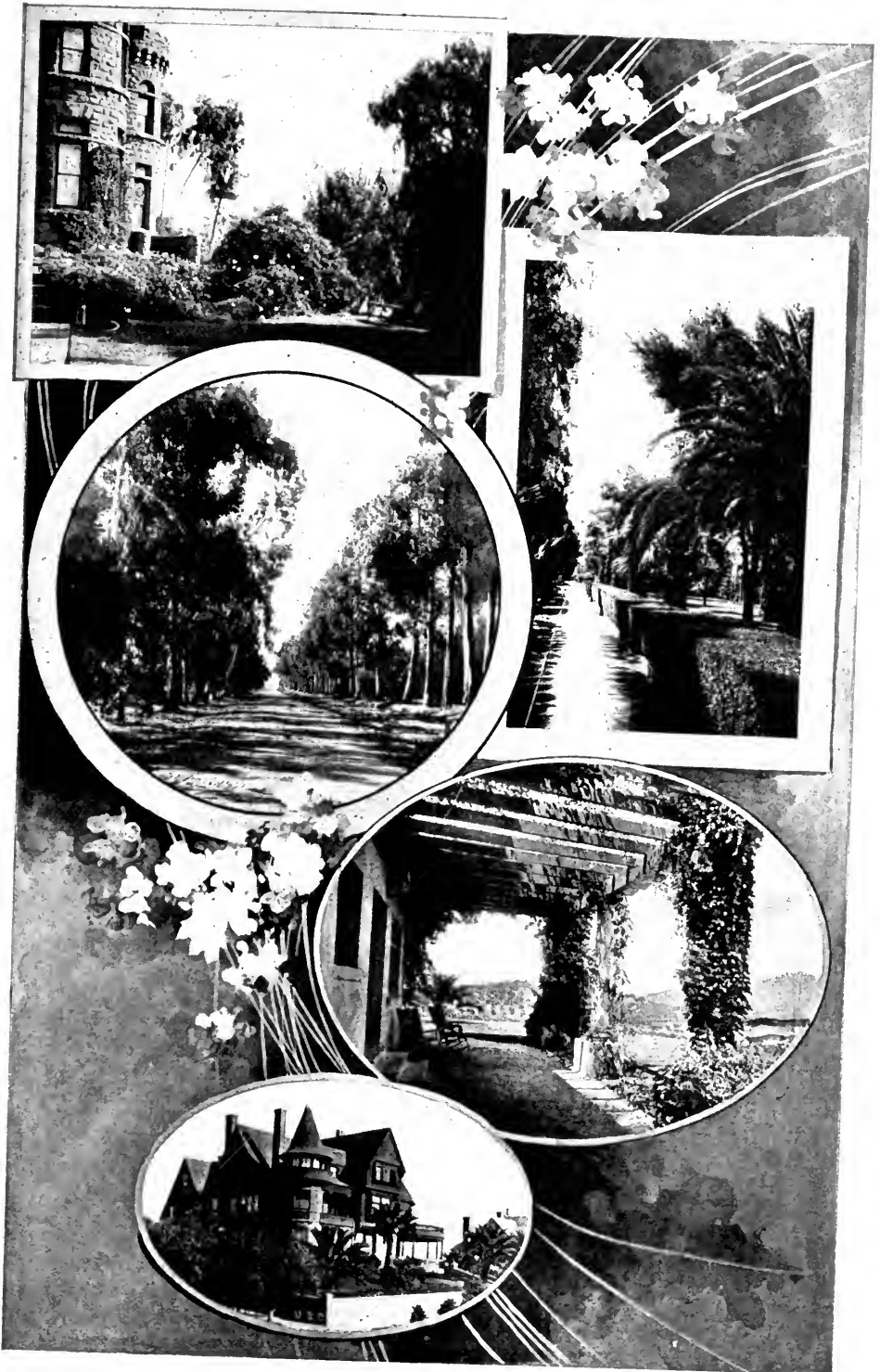
It is simple truth to say that San Diego has developed more slowly than some other cities not because it lacked resources, but because of the stupendous character of the economic factors with which its destiny is bound up. That is to say, the natural problems by which it is surrounded are so large that they could not be solved by individual enterprise. The city has necessarily awaited the dawn of the Day of Associated Man—the dawn of a new era of national and worldwide unfoldment. While San Diego shares with Los Angeles, Riverside, Redlands, Pasadena, Santa Barbara, and a score



THE CLIFFS AT LA JOLLA—A FAVORITE RESORT NEAR SAN DIEGO



AT ONE OF SAN DIEGO'S WHARVES



SOME SAN DIEGO HOMES

of other beautiful Southern California communities the attractions which appeal to the tourist public and to those who seek a pleasant place in which to enjoy the comfortable life after years of activity, it belongs, in a peculiar sense, to other worlds which touch the life of its neighbors but remotely.

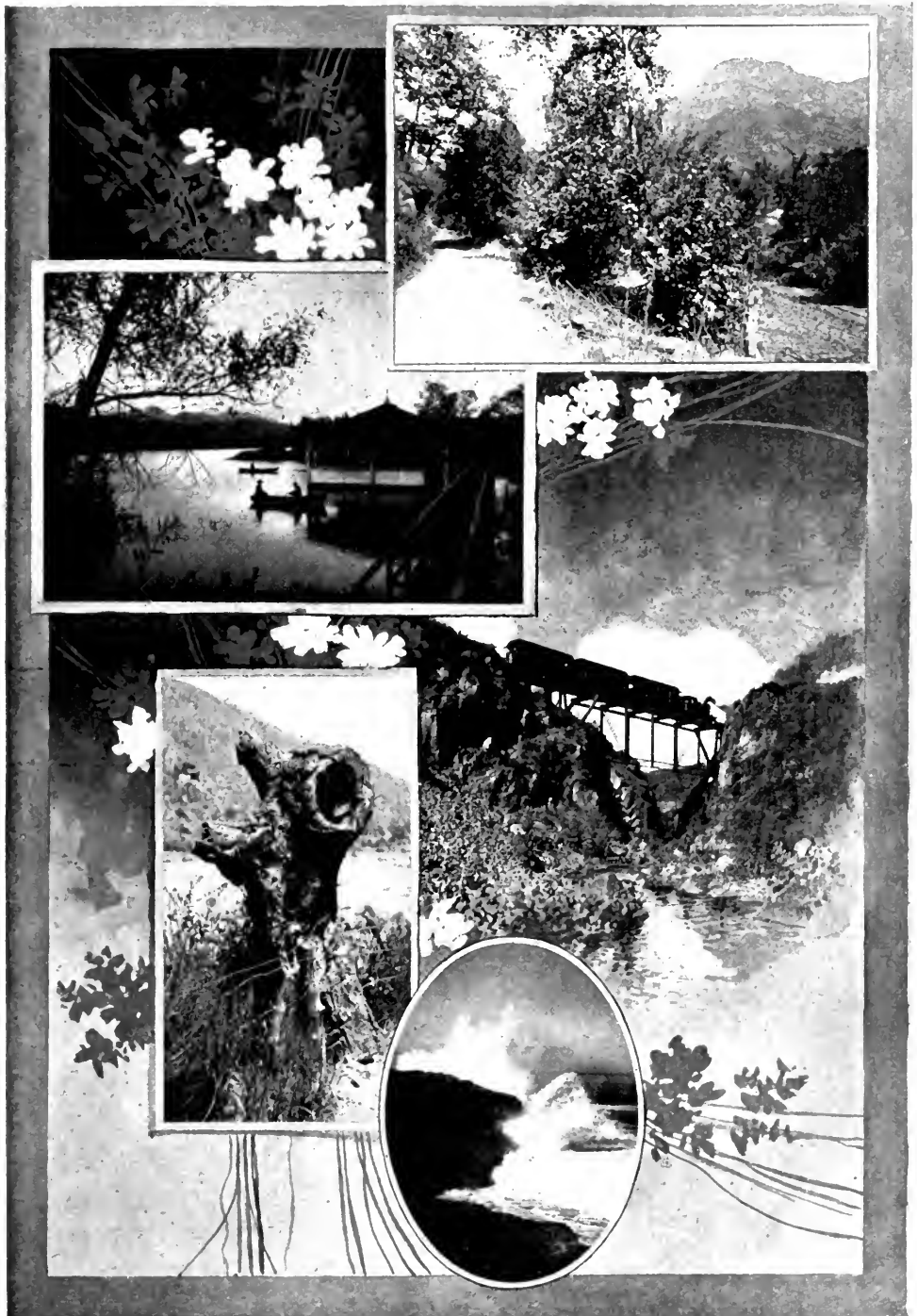
San Diego belongs to the World of the Pacific because it is a great natural seaport; to the World of the Isthmus, because it is the nearest American port on either side of the continent to the interoceanic canal; to the World of the Irrigable Desert, because it is the nearest commercial city to the greatest body of land which will be reclaimed by national enterprise. Now, it was not within the power of any individual, nor of any single community, to arouse and to organize the social and commercial life of the Pacific, nor to abolish the monopoly of transportation on the Isthmus of Panama, nor to master the floods of the Colorado River and people its rich valley with a million homes, nor even to store the waters on the Western Slope immediately behind the city and develop its extraordinary economic possibilities. All these things waited for the dawn of a new time, and San Diego waited, too. The new time has dawned at last and the evolution of a great city by the shores of San Diego Bay now goes forward with a new, a stronger, and an irresistible impulse. In a word, San Diego is moving on the tide of events.

The war of the United States with Spain, and the war between Japan and Russia, together with the commercial conquest of China by Europe and America, made a New Pacific. San Diego is a direct beneficiary of these events in the Orient, although its profits are to be reaped in the future.

The Isthmus of Panama was closed to traffic by the iron hand of monopoly. Only the infinitely more powerful hand of the Nation could break the lock and restore the Freedom of the Seas. This the Nation did when it acquired the interest of the French Company, when it determined to complete the great waterway, and when it immediately opened the Panama Railway to all shippers on equal terms. San Diego appropriately celebrated this event, on July 12, 1905, alone of American cities, because it meant far more to her than to any other place on the map of the world. San Diego is not only nearer than any other American port to the Isthmus, but the shortest route from Hong Kong and Yokohama to Panama comes within two hundred miles of San Diego, leaving Honolulu and San Francisco more than four hundred miles farther north. These unalterable facts of geography will make it the principal port of call for the world traffic of the future in Pacific waters.

Simultaneously with these events the Government has begun active construction of the great irrigation system on the Colorado River. It is destined to be the only system dealing with the waters of that stream, which will irrigate not far from a million acres of extraordinary fertility, in Arizona, California and Mexico. Private enterprise has made a beginning and over one hundred thousand acres are already producing crops in a region which a few years ago was regarded as the most hopelessly sterile of any part of North America, but private enterprise was wholly unequal to the solution of the problem in the largest and most scientific way. The same power which changed the map of the Orient, and which is cutting the Isthmus, is laying the foundation for civilization in what is to be a modern and glorified Syria of the Southwest.

Curiously enough—for the stars in their courses seem to be fighting for San Diego—the week which sees the beginning of government construction on the Colorado also witnesses the entry of the national engineers into the beautiful valleys of the Western Slope to begin the serious investigation of its irrigation problem. The Secretary of the Interior promptly responded to



SAMPLES OF SAN DIEGO SCENERY

the organized appeal of San Diego County for national aid in the storage of flood waters and the pumping of underground supplies.

The Nation had already done much to perfect the natural advantages of San Diego harbor. It can be only a question of a brief time when it will utilize the opportunity which awaits it to establish a great naval station in those waters.

These conditions practically assure the early construction of a direct eastern railroad outlet from San Diego to Arizona and beyond. Such a road would pay handsomely if it dealt only with the enormous local traffic arising from the reclamation of the Colorado Valley, but it is certain to become the favorite transcontinental route because it will be the shortest route, with the lowest mountain grades and the most complete immunity from interruption by winter storms.

Other cities have had their days of prosperity, but San Diego owns the future. Never was there such a combination of events as now conspire to assure its growth to the proportions of a truly great city. And the foundation of its greatness will be substantial and enduring. This is the time for those who can see their opportunities a little before the world sees them to make their investments and prepare to reap the harvest which the Nation and the world are sowing in this fertile soil. The day of the home-seekers will come a little later when the waters are ready to be put upon the lands, but the day of the investor has already arrived.

The agricultural lands of San Diego County, both in the delta of the Colorado and in the picturesque valleys of the Western Slope, will be densely populated. Farrreaching systems of interurban electric railways will bring the people and their products to the coast. The attractive and diversified ocean front will be the playgrounds of a great population, both in summer and in winter. The city itself will be a metropolis of trade and the seat of the finest civic institutions. The climate of San Diego is the most ideal to be found in the United States—a fact which has never been disputed.

These are the reasons why San Diegans believe that theirs is the best city, of the best nation, of the best continent, of all the world.

For further information see advertising pages.



SAN DIEGO BAY—RUSS LUMBER AND MILL CO.'S PLANT IN FOREGROUND



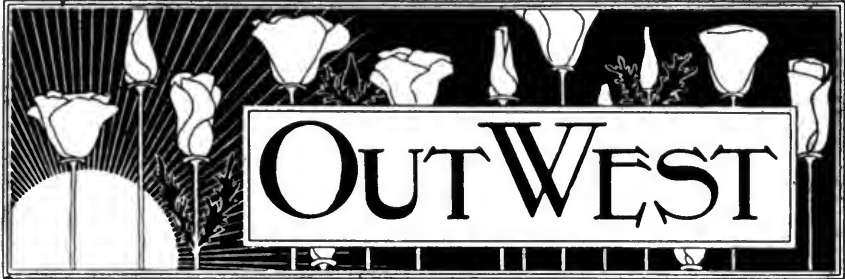
Luther Burbank

Formerly

The Land of Sunshine



THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT.



Vol. XXIII, No. 3.

SEPTEMBER, 1905.

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LUTHER BURBANK, SCIENTIST

By HONORIA R. P. TUOMEY



ONE OF THE NEW CHESTNUT TREES, BEARING
AT 18 MONTHS FROM THE SEED

IN THE time to come Luther Burbank will be honored perhaps above any other celebrity of his age, as the premier creator of new fruits and flowers. Since the beginning of time no other man ever did what he has done, and is now doing daily, to develop the myriad offspring of the soil. Actuated by an absorbing desire to give the world a better and greater plant production, this gentle captain of the vegetable kingdom has spent over thirty years in patient, intense, self-guided and self-maintained effort. With the reticence characteristic of the great doer, he has worked in silence. He has borne the extremely heavy expenses of his innumerable horticultural trials and experiments, until his funds have become so low that, had

not the Carnegie Institute come to the rescue last year, he would have been compelled to sacrifice much of his experimental

This article was submitted to Mr. Burbank both in manuscript and in proof, and was approved by him. It may, therefore, be taken as expressing his own view of his work, so far as that can be done by another.—Ed.

grounds and abandon many of his most valuable and important experiments, some on the very verge of successful completion. Being intent only on the production of new and improved forms of plant life, he has no time to retail his creations to the general trade, but, instead, sells each outright to some florist, nurseryman or other tradesman as soon as it is perfected. Certainly he has received for some of his creations sums that seem magnificent until we calculate the amount of time, skill, energy and money that must have been employed to produce those wonders; and consider, besides, that the purchaser who paid the startling price has secured in his purchase the nucleus of a small fortune.

Mr. Burbank is a highly capable business man, as is attested by the fact that he began a nursery business in California with absolutely no capital, and at the end of ten years was netting about \$10,000 annually, having established the best nursery in that part of the state. Then, being provided with means sufficient to venture on the extremely hazardous and uncertain undertaking of plant creation, he closed out his nursery. Had he continued as a nurseryman only, he would now be a common tradesman—and rich. Instead, he is the world-famous plant creator—comparatively poor. The world is the everlasting gainer by his choice.

These words of his give us a glimpse of the man:

“A day will come when man shall offer his brother man not bullets nor bayonets, but richer grains, better fruits, fairer flowers.”

Is Luther Burbank a scientist? He is generally proclaimed the greatest scientist of his time; yet, there are some who declare that, although he is a wonder-worker beyond compare, he is not a scientist. Even the few academic scientists who assert that he is not as they, declare that his knowledge reaches into spheres yet unknown to them, and that the practical use he makes of it transcends anything of its kind known to scientists of this or any other age.

It is also remarked that he never attended college, nor received any academic training in science. To that may be said that he owes his salvation as an original genius to this very fact. Here is his view of the situation and of his own attitude:

“The chief work of the botanists of yesterday was the study and classification of dried, shriveled plant mummies, whose souls had fled, rather than the living, plastic forms. They thought their classified species were more fixed and unchangeable than anything in heaven or earth that we can now imagine. We have learned that they are as plastic in our hands as clay in the

hands of the potter or color on the artist's canvas, and can readily be molded into more beautiful forms and colors than any painter or sculptor can ever hope to bring forth. The changes which can be wrought with the most plastic forms are simply marvelous and only those who have seen this regeneration transpiring before their very eyes can ever be fully convinced."

Even as a child Luther Burbank heard the voice of Nature calling to him. He has been taught in the school of the great out-of-doors, and imbibed a vast amount of wisdom in the wonderful ways of nature, because he is in perfect accord with the elements about him. On this point he says:



SANTA ROSA HOME OF LUTHER BURBANK

"In pursuing the study of any of the universal and everlasting laws of Nature, whether relating to the life, growth, structure and movements of a giant planet, the tiniest plant, or of the psychological movements of the human brain, some conditions are necessary before we can become one of Nature's interpreters in the creation of a valuable work for the world. Preconceived notions, dogmas, and all personal prejudice and bias must be laid aside; listening patiently, quietly, reverently, to the lessons, one by one, which Mother Nature has to teach, shedding light on that which was before a mystery, so that all who will may see and know. She conveys her truths only to those who are passive and receptive, accepting truths as suggested, wherever they may

lead; then we have the whole universe in harmony with us. At last man has found a solid foundation for science."

Judging by the things he has accomplished, it is only Luther Burbank himself who has found the true basis of scientific achievement.

Other matters of comment are that he does not proceed from the established point of view of the college-bred scientists in prosecuting his work; does not employ the methods, tomes, instruments and paraphernalia indispensable to the trained scientist; does not seem to know how to use the language of science as accepted by some of the academicians, but instead employs it with an altogether different meaning; keeps no notes or records of what he does, or how he proceeds, or what he uses.

Luther Burbank must be recognized as a man of great and original mental endowments who has wrought out his matchless success through having faith in his own conceptions, powers and processes. All the world's best writings on biology and kindred subjects are familiar reading to him, as also is the field of current scientific literature. He is one of the most scholarly of our great men and an earnest, diligent and open-minded seeker after truth. His deep respect for the learning and opinions of others, especially those of high scholastic attainment, insures that he has kept and will continue to keep himself thoroughly conversant with the lore of the past and the most advanced thought of his own time. But of necessity he has found himself countless times disproving many of the theories and so-called laws of his fellow-biologists, none of them having reached his plane of investigation, observation and experience in this line.

No voice may be raised to give authoritative utterance in either confirmation or contradiction of the following expression of Luther Burbank's, since none are gifted to see with his special vision:

"Science sees better grains, nuts, fruits and vegetables, all in new forms, sizes, colors and flavors, with more nutrients and less waste, and with every injurious and poisonous quality eliminated, and with power to resist sun, wind, frost and destructive fungus and insect pests. It sees better fruits without stones, seeds or spines, better fiber, coffee, tea, rice, rubber, oil, paper, and timber trees and better sugar, starch, color and perfume plants. Every one of these and ten thousand more are within the reach of the most ordinary skill in plant breeding."

Perhaps "the most ordinary intelligence" may some day manipulate with his skill in plant breeding, but it will not come to pass until he has turned instructor.

Mr. Burbank has been for years constrained to feel himself

a lone worker in an almost unexplored field. Until very recently he was ill-understood even by his immediate neighbors, some of whom used even to ridicule the man who closed out a fine nursery business and grew acres upon acres of queer bewildering vegetation which he would clear off his land and burn, only to raise and destroy a seemingly similar crop the next year. What little the public heard of him gave the impression that the was



THE LEMON CALLA

some sort of freak performer in the horticultural line, while recognized authorities in horticultural science did not hesitate to intimate that he probably was a humbug, a sensationalist who sought to amaze with his absurd productions.

This was a painful epoch in the life of a man, sensitive, silent under unmerited opprobrium, and certain from the repeated and perfect success of his processes and ideas that he was pursuing the one right path. The world knows him better now, and thou-

sands of interested visitors from all parts of the globe flock to see him, while volumes are being written about him. Some of the published accounts are worthy, sane, intelligent, sympathetic. Some, while kindly, are wholly superficial. Some are flippant and sensational; some foolishly exaggerated, and some are an incoherent jumble of real and imaginary things. Lastly, from a few high sources have come expressions that are anything but adequate tributes, and in the same measure fall short of being a credit to the generosity and discernment of their learned authors.

There are several good reasons why Mr. Burbank and his work may be reported erroneously in the public prints. Chief of these is, naturally, the difficulty of understanding him or the matters that pertain to his work. There is the subtle mystery of his peculiar intellectual faculties, the intricate processes he has evolved for the work of carrying on plant creation, and finally those creations themselves, which truly are such marvels of newness, beauty and worth that extravagant praise of them and eulogies of their originator are not surprising.

Mr. Burbank has, for over twenty-five years past, kept notes and records of his work in the greatest profusion and with perfect exactness. These invaluable records have not yet been published, but the fact of their existence is a guarantee to the public that it may yet hope to read and study the history of the work of Luther Burbank from his own pen. He has written very little for the public, but his few essays, prepared for various prominent agricultural and horticultural conventions, are delightful reading. He has needed no compiled volumes for his own reference, his capacious mind being the best and readiest register. He has had no time to prepare his data for publication, being, as has been said, bent only on hastening new kinds of flowers and fruits into being. And to revert again to his years of isolation as an experimenter without just standing, it can readily be seen that he had little incentive to lay before the world an account of himself and his occupation. When the Burbank book appears, it will undoubtedly be of extreme interest to the general public and of especial value to students of horticulture, biology, heredity, evolution and bionomy.

If, as a somewhat noted authority said of late, Mr. Burbank misapplies scientific terms, and seems not versed in the language of science, it is simply because he has added so much new meaning to such terms—has had to broaden and deepen and extend generally their significance to make them even approximately fit the use he has for verbal expression in relation to his work. Not even the English vocabulary, extensive though it is, nor any

other vocabulary in existence contains words that can accurately describe or name the things he is doing and creating. Too often and for too long has this serious worker been published a "wizard." He has not protested, but it is none the less true that he abominates the misnomer, since it implies either witchcraft or charlatantry in him or foolish and ignorant conceptions of him on the part of his chroniclers. While he was little known and his astonishing achievements scarce understood, there was some excuse for applying to him an epithet



"SHASTA" DAISIES

expressing wonder and mystification. But since his world-wide recognition as a great authority in his chosen field, it is time that the mis-naming cease.

Mr. Burbank says :

"My fruits and flowers are more than new in the sense in which the word is generally used. Let it not be supposed that they were born without labor. Not knowing the facts, people often jump to the conclusion that all new varieties are summarily produced by crossing, and with as little ceremony as a wizard would appear to do it with his magic wand."

The commercial phase of Mr. Burbank's work is the most easily presented and most readily perceived. The value of his peerless Burbank potato alone has, since its introduction some thirty years ago, run up above the \$25,000,000 mark. And this is but a fair sample of the returns yet to follow the general distribution of many succeeding creations of his, among which are the Sugar prune; "Burbank," "Climax" and "Wickson" plums; "Primus" and "Phenomenal" berries; hybrid walnuts; plumcot; pineapple quince; rhubarb; improved spineless cactus, and many other novelties, including a large variety of trees, flowers, shrubs and grasses.

Besides originating new varieties of plants, Mr. Burbank improves old kinds with generous impartiality. His own estimate of the value of effort in the line of improvement alone presents some stupendous figures:

"It would not be difficult for a man to breed a new rye, wheat, barley, oats, or rice, which would produce one grain more to each head, or a corn which would produce an extra kernel to each ear, another potato to each plant, or an apple, plum, orange or nut to each tree. Suppose this were done, what would be the result? In the first staples only, in this country alone, we should have annually, without effort and without cost, more than 5,200,000 extra bushels of corn, 15,000,000 extra bushels of wheat, 20,000,000 extra bushels of oats, 1,500,000 extra bushels of barley, and 21,000,000 extra bushels of potatoes."

His methods are exemplifications of Darwin's theories of evolution. He has made countless successful experiments that are the outcome of the principles laid down in the *Origin of Species*; and, again, his trials and observations have disproved some of the ideas advanced by other noted scientists who have not attained his level of investigation nor performed an infinitesimal fraction of the number of experiments that are to his credit.

Mr. Burbank is a most noteworthy example of original character development, unaffected by external influences, circumstances or environment. He very likely would have achieved his great successes even had he been isolated all his life from every sort of help or suggestion of any other human mind, so strong is his natural bent, so large are his special gifts, and so energetic, persistent and concentrated are his efforts. But so far from having his powers brought to a focus by a solitary existence, he has lived out in the world's great open. His extensive study of other men's ideas has influenced him only so far as by actual experiment he has proved the truth of those ideas. His methods of plant breeding correspond to Darwin's theories; but he is not in any sense a mere disciple of Darwin. He is a

great fellow-witness, rather, to whom also, the truth has been made plain, whose power, intuition, judgment and patience have enabled him to bring into being myriads of new plant forms in proof of his revelations.

That all plant nature has a tendency to vary is the first great premise on which Mr. Burbank proceeds, and artificial selection is the chief means employed in every instance to secure strains giving promise of variation or betterment. Crossing and hybridization are interchangeable terms, since species are found not to be fixed. Besides selection and crossing or hybridization, mutation may result in the formation of new types. By "cross-



ONE OF THE BURBANK ROSES

ing" is meant the mingling of strains within a species. "Hybridization" is the term most often used for the commingling of different species. "Mutation" is the pronounced, sudden, and often unaccountable change that may sometimes occur in a plant.

Selection alone has brought about some of Mr. Burbank's finest creations, but crossing is extensively resorted to, that variation may be brought about more rapidly.

Mr. Burbank's earliest, as also one of his most celebrated triumphs, the Burbank potato, was produced by selection alone. It was in 1873 that he, then a mere youth, but already zealously interested in horticultural experiments, planted a number of hills of Early Rose potatoes in his mother's garden at Lunen-

FREAK CALLAS PRODUCED DURING MR. BURBANK'S EXPERIMENTS



burg, Massachusetts. When the vines were matured he found but one seed-ball in the entire patch. This precious globe of promise he visited daily, watching it ripen; and was distressed one morning to find it missing. It had been struck off its stalk, probably by some scurrying dog on his nocturnal chase, and its young guardian searched diligently for it, finding it again, fortunately. From one of the twenty-three tiny seeds within that solitary seed-ball sprang the "Burbank Seedling," and, figuratively, germinated the fame and the life-purpose of Luther Burbank.

However, selection alone is an ancient and primitive method



HYBRID POPPY LEAVES. 900 DISTINCT VARIETIES IN A PATCH CONTAINING 1000 PLANTS

of producing better species of plants, and also of animals, all of which were wild originally. It is a means still used primarily in all experiments in plant creation. But more than a century of time would be required to make as much progress by selection only as can be made in ten years by crossing two somewhat dissimilar species or varieties, of course choosing the best of each successive family of seedlings.

In the process of cross-pollination, the seed parents are prepared by having about nine-tenths of the buds removed when they begin to show their bloom color, in order that the buds elected to remain may have a better opportunity for free and perfect development. Then, while the chosen buds are still

closed, a sharp penknife blade is inserted into each, and all the petals and anthers, and most of the sepal-cup are cut away. The pistils alone are left intact, and denuded of the attractive corolla, are immune from the pollen-laden bees, and their haphazard and unintelligent operations.

A quantity of anthers, carefully gathered from the prepared staminate parent, are dried and shaken over a watch-crystal until the surface of the tiny receptacle is dusted over with the precious powder. Then comes the act of pollination. Nature gives warning, in the earliest hum of the bees, that her flowers are ready. With skilled finger-tips or a small camel's-hair brush, enough pollen is conveyed from the watch-crystal to the waiting pistils of each seed parent. Quickly fructification commences in the ovule.

The result of crossing is to increase the number of variations among the resulting seedlings. The seeds of the newly-crossed plant are gathered with great care and planted in due season, producing a multitude of seedlings often of the most strange and diverse sorts. There are representatives of each parent—of both—seemingly of neither. Latent traits, inherited from remote ancestors, are manifested. Rows, acres of bewildering horticultural chaos never before known to man, are produced.

Now comes into operation the supreme faculty which so distinguishes Mr. Burbank above all other scientific investigators—the gift of subtle intuition which enables him to determine, instantly and unflinchingly, the value or worthlessness of any plant. To the lay observer, even to the experienced eye of the florist or professional seedsman, the individuals in the long rows of young seedlings may all look equally promising, unpromising, or inexplicable. Mr. Burbank can take a swift glance over those tens of thousands of cross-bred young strangers and pick out the few—it may be about a dozen, it may be but one—possessing potentialities.

This selecting the celebrated scientist has done for almost a lifetime. To test his correctness of judgment he occasionally has had some of the rejected plants preserved and cultivated side by side with the selected, and brought to maturity, and in every case they proved to be failures.

All plants passed as worthless are destroyed. The present writer, who has lived for years in the neighborhood of the Burbank grounds at Sebastopol has seen many bonfires yearly, consuming immense piles of discarded bushes, flowers and plants of many sorts.

The young seedlings of promise are brought to maturity and passed upon, and if further variation or improvement is desired,

the processes again recommence—cross-pollination, seeding, tending, selecting, maturing, perhaps over and over again, till at length success is achieved. Sixteen years' effort produced the Sugar Prune, the finest prune grown today anywhere in the world. Nearly all of Mr. Burbank's creations represent a very large number of experiments before the grand prize is secured.

Hybridization is the term most generally used to express the mingling of strains of different species, and, as has been said, is done for the same purpose as crossing. It is but a longer step in the same direction.

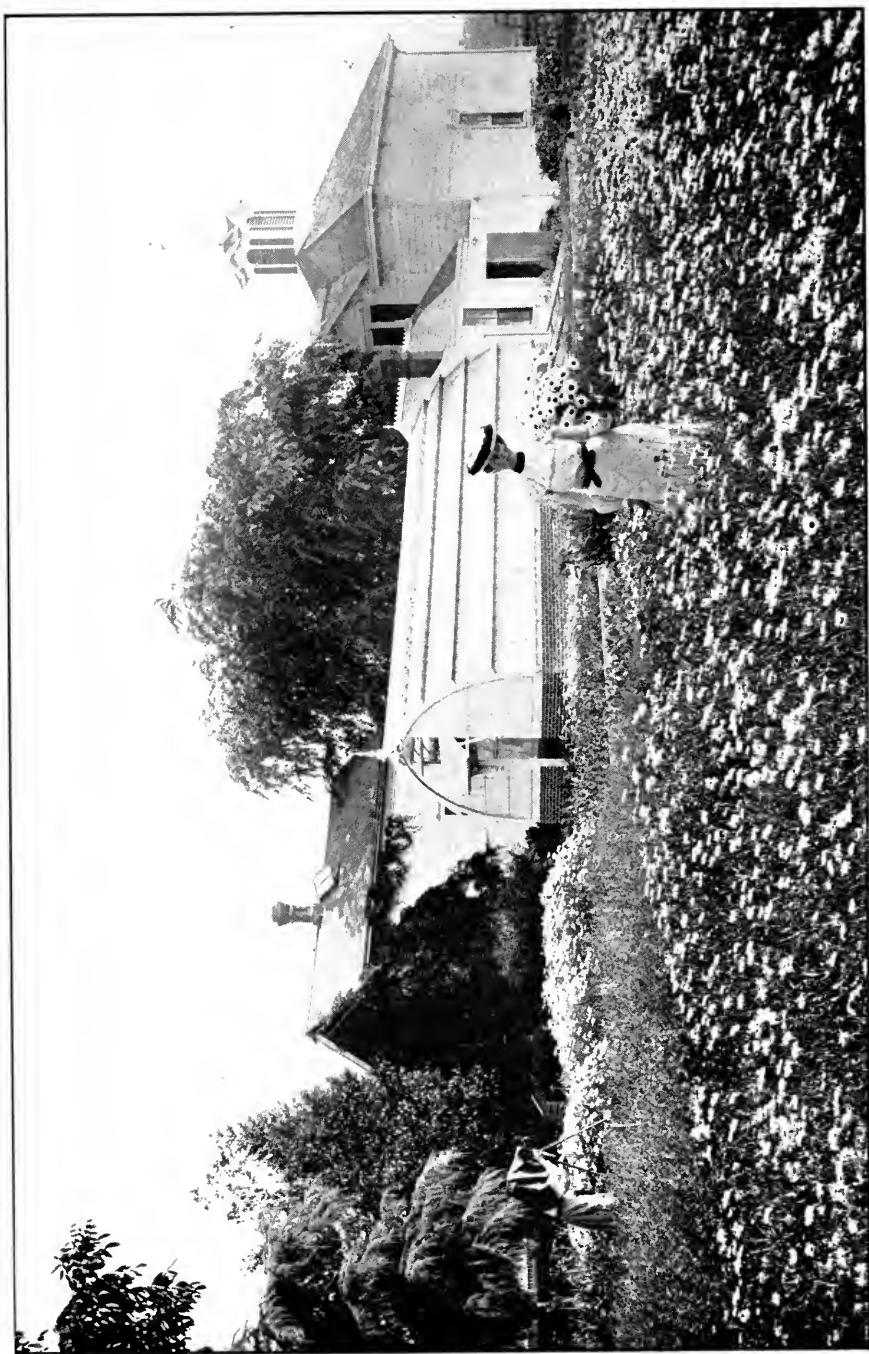
Mutations are forms that sometimes almost without apparent cause, appear, and that often, but not always, remain fixed. They probably are the result of the sudden activity of latent traits



SOME OF THE NEW DAHLIAS

brought out through some disturbance in the forces of the parent plant—change of soil or climate, crossing, unusually good care, superabundance of nourishment, or some other unusual condition. Mr. Burbank's experience with the mutation of plants and his opinion as to the causes and results of such sportive proclivities are of great interest and value to the world of science. He finds that the state of mutation may be produced at will by such ordinary means as crossing or hybridization, and the changes above referred to.

Having wrought out his processes after years of intense labor and study and infinitely patient trials, Mr. Burbank now has practically sole command of the most advanced knowledge of plant nature, and can breed literally as he wills. He created the



MR. BURBANK'S HOME GROUNDS AT SANTA ROSA

plumcot, an absolutely new, most delicious and immeasurably valuable fruit, from a plum and apricot cross.

He bred the new English soft-shell walnut "Santa Rosa" with at first a shell so thin that the birds could peck through and devour the meat. He then with equal dexterity bred back until he restored sufficient thickness to the shell.

He imparted the Bartlett pear flavor, much intensified, to a superb plum, named by him the "Bartlett" plum.

From the common white calla lily, he has created the "Lemon calla," with a spathe of richest lemon tint and large white marbled leaves.



PART OF THE SEBASTOPOL EXPERIMENT STATION

He has given a delightful odor to the usually rank-smelling dahlia, verbena and marigold.

He created the "Shasta daisy" from the little ox-eyed daisy of the Eastern States and a tall, coarse European daisy; and now he has originated two magnificent offspring of the Shasta that eclipse their famous parent in many ways. They are the new "Alaska" and "Westralia" daisies, and are destined to have a splendid future.

He has removed from the forbidding cactus of the desert not only the spines, but also the much more dangerous bristles; and will soon have perfected a friendly giant food-plant that will make the waste places of the earth yield abundant sustenance for man and beast. An extraordinary quantity of excellent fruit

is now produced on the many new thornless cacti in Mr. Burbank's grounds at Santa Rosa.

The California poppy is no longer a "copa de oro," but a "copa de colorado;" for Luther Burbank has turned its golden cup to a lovely crimson.

He has made the gladiolus to grow its blossoms all round its stalk; and the canna, amaryllis and dozens of other popular flowers to double and treble the size and beauty of their blooms, and improve their appearance generally.

He originated the new "Winter rhubarb" that produces the finest quality of that wholesome and delectable vegetable at any and every season.

He has produced the raspberry-strawberry, the raspberry-blackberry, the very superior new hybrid "Phenomenal" berry, the "Burbank preserving tomato," the "Pineapple," "Childs," "Van Deman" and "Santa Rosa" quinces, the stately new clematis, the "Opulent" peach, the "Royal" and "Paradox" walnuts, and a long list of other fruits, nuts, and flowers, besides a great number of shrubs, trees and grasses.

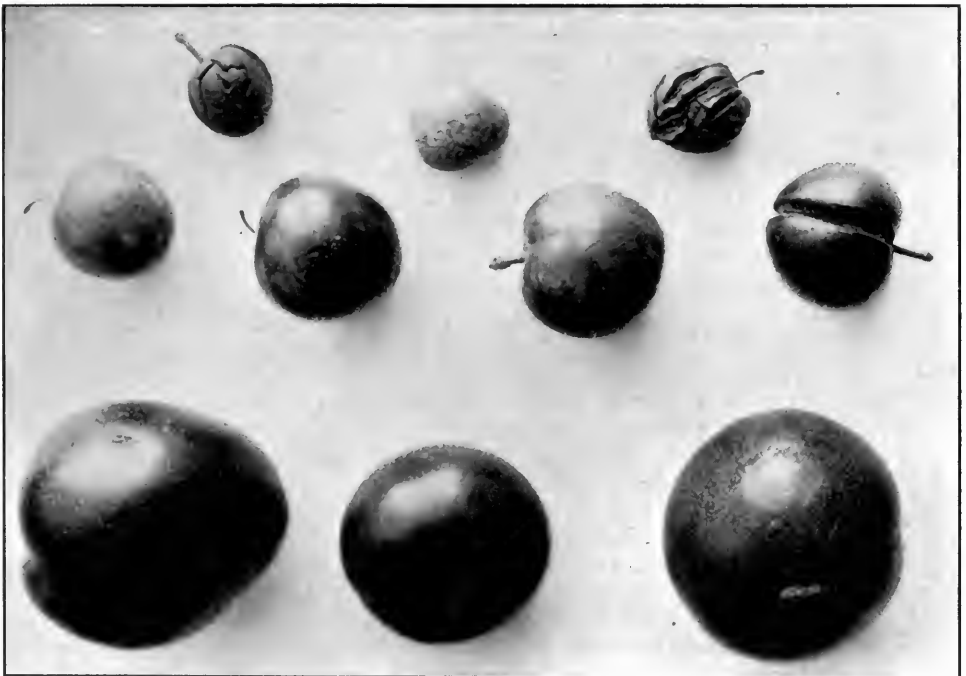
Mr. Burbank's work in creating and improving plums is deserving of extraordinary notice and honor. Over twenty years ago he commenced by importing the "Satsuma" and many other plums from Japan. He introduced the "Satsuma" and "Burbank" plums in 1887; the "Gold," "Wickson," "Delaware," "Juicy," "October Purple," and "Hale" plums in 1893; the "Doris" in 1894, the "America," "Chalco" and "Apple"



THE "CLIMAX" PLUM AND SOME OF ITS PARENTS (½ SIZE)

plums in 1898; the "Climax," "Sultan" and "Bartlett" plums in 1899; the "First" and "Combination" plums in 1901, and although he does not now give as much attention to the improvement of the plum as formerly, he still carries on extensive experiments in that line.

Prune culture has also yielded wonderful results, that in the near future will affect the prune industry of the world. In 1893 Mr. Burbank originated the "Splendor" prune, followed the next year by the well-named "Giant" plum, and in 1899 by that acme



TEN CROSSBRED PLUMS, SHOWING WORTHLESS AND VALUABLE FRUIT FROM SEEDLINGS OF THE SAME FAMILY. THE BEST IN THE GROUP IS THE PRIZE "CLIMAX"

of perfection in prune development, the "Sugar," destined to first place among its kind.

The rose and lily are twin claimants to Mr. Burbank's especial favor and attention, and he has done great things for each. He raised five acres of hybrid lilies at one time—over 500,000 were in full bloom at the same time and place. There were lilies of every conceivable and inconceivable shape and hue. Out of this gigantic enterprise have come some exquisitely beautiful, fragrant and generally superior varieties. The new hybrid crinum, on the order of the "St. Joseph's lily," is said on high authority to be one of the most beautiful and perfect crinums in the world.

The "Burbank" rose—so named by its purchaser, W. Atlee Burpee, the well-known Philadelphia seedsman—won the gold medal at the St. Louis exposition in 1904, as the best bedding rose; and the "Santa Rosa" rose is a mate to the "Burbank." A number of other roses might be mentioned, all of a high order. In the culture of all new creations, Mr. Burbank always works toward the end that all possible excellence shall be combined in each one. For an instance of this attention to general symmetry of development, the following description which occurs in Mr. Burbank's recently issued pamphlet, "The New Shasta Daisies," is quoted:

"'Alaska'—the whole plant, root, stems, leaves, buds and flowers are gigantic, but compact and graceful in every respect. The marvellous combination of size, grace, glistening whiteness, abundance and general effectiveness of the flowers, which are borne on long, clean, strong stems, will place it at once far ahead of all others of its class. Under the ordinary field cultivation given chrysanthemums, the flowers average four-and-one-half to five inches across, on stems two to three feet long, with thirty-eight to forty-two wide petals, and a very small disc, and with proper disbudding, are produced perceptually, though more abundantly at the usual blooming season."

Luther Burbank, who for over thirty years past has made his home at Santa Rosa, California, was born at Lancaster, Massachusetts, March 7, 1849. He was the thirteenth of fifteen children. His father, a man of strong character and widely known for his personal worth, came of a family chiefly devoted to educational and manufacturing pursuits. It is from his mother that Mr. Burbank inherits his characteristic traits, and especially his taste for outdoor life and horticulture.

During his boyhood the young Luther became deeply interested in some experiments in horticulture indulged in by several of his mother's relatives. His maternal grandfather and uncles grew seedling grapes, rhubarbs, and other food plants in the endeavor, then being encouraged by the agricultural papers, to originate new varieties, the older sorts having greatly deteriorated.

The boy, at the age of sixteen, was placed in a plow manufactory in Worcester, Massachusetts, being designed by his family for a manufacturer. He had little liking for life in a dusty shop, yet his virile genius applied itself to its set task so well that he soon invented a valuable improvement in the wood-working machinery. His employers offered to greatly increase his wages if he would remain and continue to make inventions for their use. But he knew his vocation lay in another direction and he quitted the shop for the garden. Already during his spare hours as an apprentice at plow-making, he had tried some experiments with homely plants in his mother's garden. Beans and potatoes were amongst his earliest favorite subjects. It became his desire to produce a new potato, the common varieties of the time being generally degenerate. Success leaped to his hand and he gave the world the famous "Burbank seedling." He continued in the seed and plant business for a few

years, establishing a reputation for himself in his native community as a successful grower and exhibitor at the agricultural fairs.

It eventually appeared to the young man that he must seek a more suitable soil and climate than New England's for the prosecution of his chosen work. Reports of the attractiveness of California led him hither. In 1875 he arrived at Santa Rosa and found himself in an ideal location. He soon made his home on a four-acre tract in the suburbs of the bright and charming little city, and still resides there. His house is a plain, pleasant, home-like dwelling almost covered in summer with beautiful climbing vines. Near by are grouped greenhouses and other outbuildings pertaining to plant culture. A neatly clipped green



EXPERIMENTAL PLUMS ON THE SEBASTOPOL RANCH. 10,000 KINDS OF PLUMS ARE BEING TESTED ON THESE TWO ROWS OF TREES

hedge extends from the modest street gate almost to the porch steps. Green lawns lie on either side of the hedge, and there are beds of many kinds of flowers from many lands beyond and about the lawns. There are small, precious areas standing deep in Shasta daisies, golden-rod, Mexican tiger-lilies, brodiaea, and hundreds, literally, of other kinds of flowers, set about, doing their best under their master's fostering care. A few rare trees stand on the lawns and half a dozen very handsome hybrid walnut trees of Mr. Burbank's own origination line the avenue in front. A superb sugar-prune tree stands at a rear corner of the house, and neighbor to it the wonderful new improved spineless cacti flourish.

The interior of the Burbank home is simple and restful. A

feature of the rooms is the large number of fine paintings of some of his flowers, presented to him by friends. The famous flower painter, Paul de Longpré, is a great admirer of the famous creator of flowers, and has sent him some beautiful work. A fine bunch of his new fadeless Australian star flowers hangs over one corner of his mantel, as fresh as when placed there several seasons ago. Mr. Burbank's venerable mother, now in her ninety-third year, is an honored member of the household.

Mr. Burbank's principal experimental grounds are at Sebastopol, a progressive and rapidly growing town seven miles west of Santa Rosa and about sixty miles north of San Francisco. Here, for over ten years, the Burbank nursery was a mine of profit to its owner. And here for quite twenty years Mr. Burbank has been struggling, never daunted by failure, never elated by success, to raise the gifts of God to man to their highest potentialities.



NEW CARNATION PINKS

There are fifteen acres in the Burbank experimental grounds at Sebastopol. This famous little area lies on the southeastern slope of a hill—one of the numerous gentle elevations characteristic of the beautiful and fertile Gold Ridge section of Sonoma county. The soil and climate are ideal for agricultural and horticultural purposes, and so Mr. Burbank, stranger though he was to the Pacific Coast, perceived with his usual prescient judgment, when he bought his small holding at Sebastopol over two decades ago. On those precious fifteen acres are numerous rows of plum-trees, which certainly are the most famous and most curious-looking plum-trees on earth. Almost every tree has from 40 to 60 different kinds of grafts, and one especially fine tree bears over 600. Plums, purple, white, red, yellow, crimson, speckled, long, round, oval, and all sorts of varying tints and shapes between, hang on different branches of the same tree. Some are ripe before others are half formed. On

some trees flourish grafts bearing foliage totally different from that on other branches. Here is the work-shop, the laboratory, wherein Luther Burbank produces, out of seeming chaos, new creations in plums.

Near the plum department of the grounds grow many kinds of wild plums, currants, cherries and other fruits, brought to contribute such of their qualities as may help to build up a new race or variety of their kind.

Beyond the orchard is a modest-looking potato-field. No less than 16,000 different kinds of potatoes are stirring under that small extent of soil and it may happen that we shall soon see a great new-born successor to the celebrated Burbank seedling.

Thousands of seedling rose-bushes, hybrid berry-plants, and other horticultural treasures are features of the place. Walnut, chestnut, almond and chincapin trees abound and are marvelously rapid growers and produce nuts phenomenally early.



FRUITS OF ONE OF THE NEW HYBRID CACTUS. (HALF SIZE)

The walnuts and chestnuts bear the second year from the seed.

Mr. Burbank is working upon almost countless kinds of plants from many foreign lands as well as home regions. The passion flower cultivated in Africa, Australia and South America for its valuable edible fruit is here being greatly improved and made to produce a fruit in size from a turkey's to an ostrich's egg, and delicious as custard. One variety bears a shell on the fruit, which enables shippers to send it long distances uninjured, while it will keep almost indefinitely.

The loquat, tomato, lavender, mayberry, Chinese rice-paper tree, "service" tree, sweet potato, cherry, liquorice plant, wild fuchsia and innumerable other representatives of the vegetable kingdom, are taking new steps and acquiring new and lasting habits, traits and qualities in the wonderful Burbank school of plant character at Sebastopol.

On the Burbank home grounds at Santa Rosa are also a vast number of different kinds of plants from all quarters of the globe. Nine acres are in this tract, but only part of it is at present occu-

ped by plants undergoing development. There are plots of a great variety of things from cactii to perennial California poppies, and from fadeless Australian star flowers to Indian camassia.

The cost of carrying on all these experiments—about three thousand in number—is very considerable. As has been said, the Carnegie Institute has taken hold of the matter and has placed at Mr. Burbank's disposal, to draw upon if necessary, \$10,000 annually for a period of ten years. Recently the famous experimenter cast up his half-yearly accounts and found that, although he had administered the Carnegie apportionment with the utmost prudence and economy, the cost of his six months' efforts had rather exceeded the \$5000 allotted for that period, though such heavy expenditures as were necessary this half-year will probably not occur again. Certain it is that had this outside assistance not reached him, the world never would have gained many of the good things which he had brought almost to perfection by twenty-five years of care.

Over six thousand people, from all over the world, visited Mr. Burbank last year. Of this number, perhaps one per cent were invited. The penalty of greatness has descended on this tremendously busy man, and threatens to overwhelm him. His correspondence has grown to most appalling proportions. All sorts of people want to see him and he receives letters containing every conceivable query. The public can have no clear and comprehensive idea of his work, situation or circumstances, or he surely would not thus be interrupted, importuned and overwhelmed. If only it could be impressed upon the public mind that Luther Burbank is a man whose every moment is priceless, either to work or to rest, there surely would be far fewer visitors and letters. In fact, the moderate restrictions which were in force for several years have recently been superseded by rigid regulations. No visitors are admitted save the few having an imperative claim to the privilege and they must make an appointment beforehand.

The old friends and neighbors of Mr. Burbank entertain the deepest affection for him, and are extremely proud to have him a citizen of their commonwealth. Every possible honor is bestowed upon him at home, and his world-wide celebrity is bringing him distinguished notice from abroad, both from individuals and societies. Crowned heads have written letters to him. He has been given a handful of gold medals, among them the great semi-centennial medal of the California Academy of Science, of which institution he is also an honorary member, the gold medal at the Pan-American Exposition for hybrid fruits, and several other such awards. He is a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and an honorary member of very many prominent scientific organizations; also of clubs, societies, associations and other learned or social bodies. It may be added that Mr. Burbank's medals repose in the obscurity of a local safe deposit vault, and his certificates are sequestered in some remote part of his secretary. For he is of that rare order of greatness that looks not back with complacency upon the work done, but forward to the work yet to do.

SACAJAWEA

By F. N. FLETCHER

[Concluded from last month]



IN A few days Captain Clark was able to go on with the boats, while Captain Lewis pushed ahead by land, taking Sacajawea with him at first, but later leaving her with the main party, probably because, impeded by her infant, progress was too slow. Owing to the hot weather and the frequent rapids, progress up the Jefferson by boats was slow and very toilsome, the men being often compelled to wade in the stream and pull the boats by cords. To three large streams falling into the Jefferson Captain Lewis gave the names, Philosophy, Wisdom and Philanthropy, "in commemoration of those cardinal virtues" which he attributed to his chief, President Jefferson. Sixty years later the sands of these streams were found to contain gold, and the seekers of it, unmindful perhaps of cardinal virtues, called the streams, respectively, Willow Creek, Big Hole and Stinking Water Rivers, which names still hold. Pushing on ahead of the main party, Captain Lewis in a few days reached the head of possible navigation for his boats at the junction of Prairie Creek with the main stream, and, turning up the smaller creek to the west, soon arrived at a beautiful valley to which he gave the name of Shoshoni Cove; for here he first saw an Indian of that tribe.

The Indian, mounted on a fine horse, fled at the approach of the white man. At the head of Shoshoni Valley the little party reached the summit of the pass, the first of their race to stand on the Rocky Mountain divide in the northwest territory. The next day, pursuing their course down the western slope, they came upon some Indian women digging roots. Winning the confidence of these by presents of trinkets and by painting their cheeks with vermilion, he was led by them to the camp some distance beyond, where he was welcomed by the chief and a band of sixty warriors, with whom he and his companions smoked the pipe of peace. Captain Lewis remained with his new friends two or three days in order to allow Captain Clark time to reach Prairie Creek with the boats; then, accompanied by the whole band, he set out to meet the main party.

On the morning of the meeting, Sacajawea was walking in advance of the boats, with Charboneau and Captain Clark, when she suddenly stopped, and to Captain Clark's surprise began to dance and to point at some approaching Indians, at the same

time sucking her fingers to denote that they were her kindred. One of the Indian women rushed forward and tenderly embraced Sacajawea. She was the girl companion who had shared Sacajawea's early captivity with the Minataree, but had escaped and returned to her tribe. As the news of the captive's return was spread among the Indians her old friends and kindred crowded around her, greeting her with hearty demonstrations of interest and affection. One warrior, old enough to be her father, claimed her for his wife, having purchased her from her parents while she was a child; but, finding she was already the wife of another, he relinquished his claim, and said he did not want her, as he already had two wives.

While Sacajawea was receiving the greetings of her friends, Captain Clark went on to the camp where Captain Lewis and Chief Cameahwait were resting in a tent of skins. Here a council was held, preceded by the inevitable pipe of peace. In order that the conversation might be more readily understood, Sacajawea was sent for to act as interpreter. As she entered the tent she recognized in Cameahwait her brother, and rushing forward she embraced him, throwing her blanket over him and bursting into tears. The chief himself was much affected and it was some time before the Indian woman could control herself sufficiently to perform her duty as interpreter. After the council she learned that both her parents, and indeed all her kindred, except two brothers, had died during her absence.

It was the object of the expedition to secure horses from the Indians, and, with these to carry the baggage, to push on to the nearest navigable stream that would take them to the Columbia. Inquiry as to a passable route to a navigable stream elicited very discouraging replies, from the Indians. The nearest stream was altogether impassable for boats, nor could men and horses follow its course because of the high mountains covered with snow. Indeed, it is now aparent that the expedition crossed the Rocky Mountain divide at perhaps the worst pass that could have been found. In order to know of their own observation what course to pursue, Captain Clark, after a few days with the Shoshonis, pushed on to the west with eleven men to find, if possible, the Columbia, leaving Captain Lewis to barter with the Indians for horses. Captain Clark was not successful in finding a route to the Columbia, and after several days of arduous effort, he returned to the Shoshoni camp, an old Indian having informed him that a road, passable though difficult, led from this point over the high mountains to the north and down into a valley whose inhabitants could direct him to the Columbia. This route was finally adopted.

In the meantime, Captain Lewis, in his capacity of horse-trader, was eking out his small stock of trinkets with every blandishment known to the profession; for the Indians sold their horses with great reluctance. Before the trading began each day, the Indians were put in as good humor as possible by music from the violin, dancing, displaying the tricks of Captain Lewis's dog, and shooting the airgun; the last mentioned being pronounced "great medicine" by the astonished natives. Finally, after several days, a supply of twenty-two horses was secured.



THE JOCKO RIVER

Owing largely, no doubt, to the presence and influence of Sacajawea, the Shoshoni had proven friendly and honorable in their relations with the white visitors. They expressed great anxiety that trading posts be established among them, especially that they might obtain fire-arms with which to meet their enemies in the buffalo country on equal terms.

With the old Indian for a guide, the expedition set out from the Shoshoni camp, August 30, to cross the high range of mountains to the north. This is the Bitter-root range of modern maps, and the journey on the north side was down the Bitter-root val-

ley in Montana. The baggage was carried on the backs of the Shoshoni horses. The mountain sides were exceedingly steep and covered with brush, while snow covered the summits. After four days of great hardship, the expedition reached an Indian camp in the Bitter-root valley and was kindly received. Going down the valley to a point a few miles from the present site of Missoula, the party camped at the mouth of a creek, to which the name of Travelers' Rest was given. Here a much-needed rest of three days was taken. When the march was again taken up, its course was along Travelers' Rest Creek to the west. The Indian guide was still with them, and from Indians in the valley the general course towards the Columbia was learned. The food supply of the expedition was now exhausted, and the country through which they were passing contained very little game. The hunters were unable to supply food, and horse flesh was finally resorted to. The journey over these mountains required ten days, and the little band was nearly famished when it finally reached the valley of the Clearwater. Here they fell in with some Indians under Chief Twisted Hair, by whom they were abundantly fed with berries, roots and dried fish. Pushing on they arrived September 26th at the forks of the Clearwater, and went into camp for the purpose of building canoes with which to continue the journey by water. These were of the sort known as "dugouts," hollowed by fire out of large tree trunks. The horses were left with Twisted Hair to be kept for the return journey.

The voyage down the Clearwater to Lewis, or Snake River, and thence to the Columbia, was full of excitement and peril. The Columbia was reached October 16. Food was again very difficult to obtain, and in lieu of horse flesh the travelers were obliged to depend upon dog-meat, which they purchased from the Indians. The Indians of the Columbia they found, as a rule, to be unfriendly and thievish. The great river was easily navigable, except at the rapids and cascades, and these were passed without disaster. November 3d the last rapid was passed and the brave little company was filled with joy to discover that the tide-water of the great ocean was now reached; four days later, as the fog lifted from the waters about them, they broke into cheers to behold the broad expanse of the Pacific before them.

Although the goal of their long journey was now reached, their hardships were by no means at an end. The few days spent about the mouth of the Columbia in search of a suitable spot for winter quarters were fraught with the most trying discomforts and imminent perils endured throughout the voyage. A furious storm, which lasted several days, drove them to seek shelter on the north shore of the river. Here the entire beach

up to the steep bluffs was covered with logs and driftwood, upon which they pulled their canoes and made a camp. The high waves set all this driftwood afloat in the night, and for two days and nights they were exposed, without shelter and with little food, to the incessant rains and winds of a November storm. A lull in the storm allowed them to move into a more favorable place nearer the mouth of the river; and here, for six days more, they were at the mercy of the storm at "Point Distress," as Captain Clark aptly named "the miserable spot."

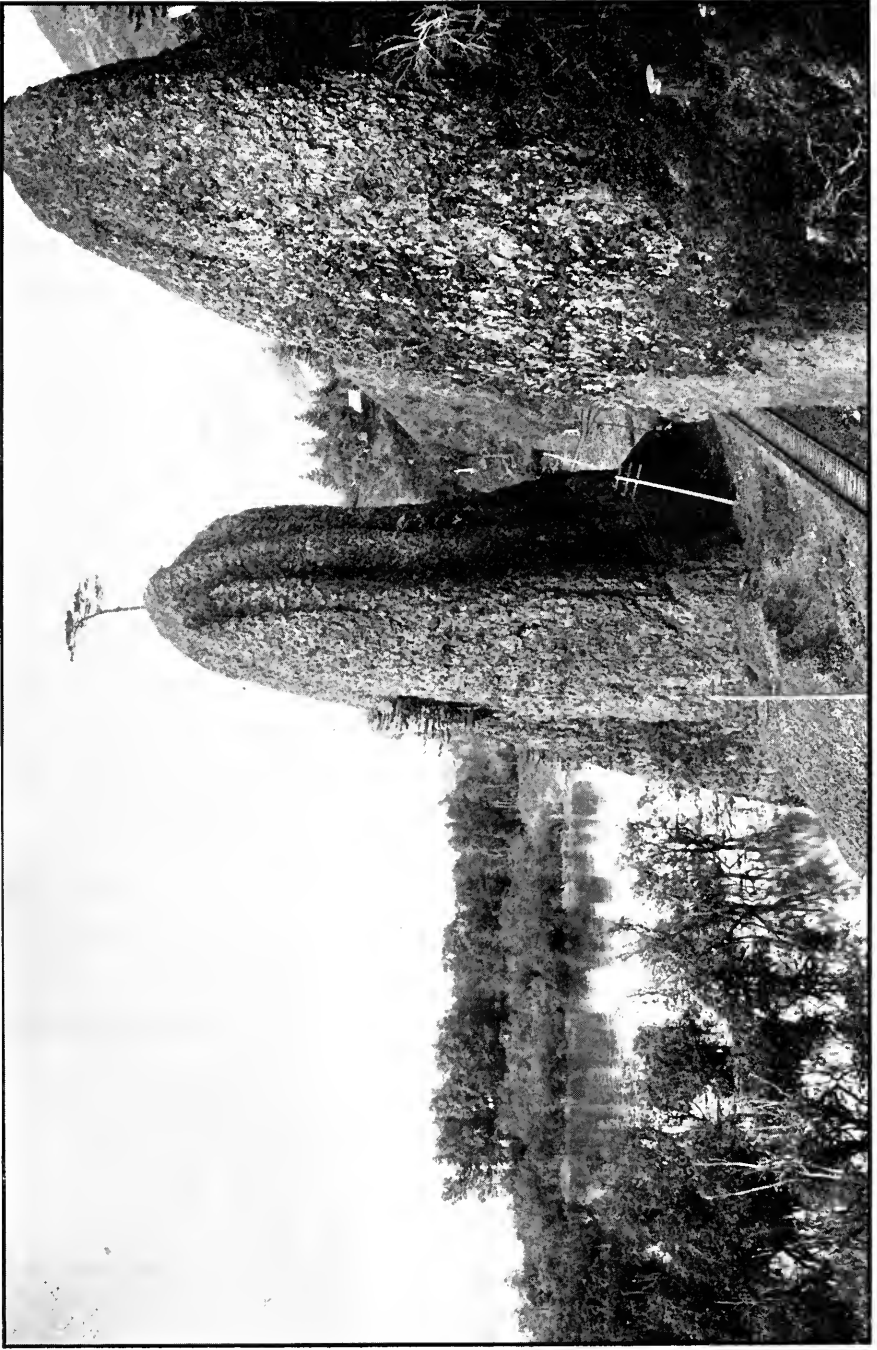
When the storm finally ceased it was evident that winter quarters must be found at once. From some Indians it was learned that deer and elk were more abundant on the south side



WEST ENTRANCE JEFFERSON CAÑON, MONTANA

of the river, a matter of prime importance to the expedition. Accordingly they crossed over to the south shore, and ascending a small stream (Netul River) about three miles, they landed and selected a camp-site in a grove of pines on the west bank. Here, in huts made from planks split from pine logs, they passed the winter, naming their camp Fort Clatsop from the Indians who dwelt in the vicinity, and who, if not especially friendly, were not overly hostile. The ocean was seven miles distant, and thither a small party was sent to procure salt by evaporating sea-water.

During the winter a whale was reported to be on the ocean



PILLAR OF HERCULES, COLUMBIA RIVER

beach, and many of the men went over to see it. Sacajawea requested to be allowed to accompany them. She had, she said, accompanied the expedition over the mountains to the big lake, but she had never been allowed to visit it; and, now that the big fish was on the shore, it seemed hard that she could see neither the fish nor the sea. Her request was granted. The winter passed slowly and tediously. Game was far from abundant, and often the food supply was perilously low. Dog-meat was a frequent, and even a favorite, resource. It was only with great effort that sufficient elk and deer skins for clothing were secured. Fort Clatsop was abandoned without regret March 23, 1806, and the journey up the Columbia began. Aside from the constant dearth of food and the great difficulties met in ascending the rapids, the return voyage up the river was not of especial interest. They found the Indians along the river in almost a starving condition, their chief source of food being the wappato roots. These grow in the mud at the bottoms of ponds, whence they are procured by the squaws, who wade into the water, frequently neck-deep, and detach the roots with their toes.

Among all the Indians visited by the expedition it was observed that the treatment of their women was based entirely upon her economic value and not at all upon any sentiment of affection; indeed, the lower the condition of the tribe, the greater was the consideration shown to women. As the expedition reached the Cascades, navigation was abandoned and the party went on by land, a few horses having been procured from the Indians. On the eighth of May the expedition fell in with Twisted Hair, with whom the horses had been left the year before. Here it was discovered that the snow was still too deep on the mountains to allow the expedition to pass over, though owing to the scarcity of provisions an unsuccessful attempt was made. A delay of about six weeks at the foot of the mountains was caused by the snow. The reputation of the white "medicine men" had waxed great since their visit of the previous year, and now all the sick and maimed Indians for miles around were brought to them for treatment. As the principal ailment was an inflammation of the eyes, and eye-water was easy to make, the circumstance really redounded to the benefit of the white visitors, who received much food in the way of dog- and horse-meat, as fees for professional services. Among the invalids was Sacajawea's baby, who took advantage of the delay to develop a case of "mumps."

Finally, June 24th, a second start over the mountains was made. This time three young Indians acted as guides. The snow was still deep, but so frozen as to hold up the horses. Five



MT. HOOD, OREGON



CASCADES OF THE COLUMBIA

days later they left the snows and went down into the valley of Travelers' Rest Creek. At their old camp a halt of two days was made; and here the expedition was divided. From their own maps, as well as from information from the Indians, they had learned that the mouth of Dearborn River, above the Great Falls of the Missouri, was nearer by five hundred miles in a direct line from their present camp than by the long detour up the Jefferson. It was therefore decided that Captain Lewis with nine picked men should cross the Rocky Mountain divide by the most direct route; while Captain Clark with the balance of the party should return to the Jefferson, pick up the boats



JEFFERSON CAÑON AND RIVER

and material left there, descend that stream to the Missouri, send a few men down the latter river to join Captain Lewis, and himself and the main party cross over to the Yellowstone, go down that river and meet Captain Lewis at its mouth. This plan was carried out. How Captain Lewis went up the Big Blackfoot River and crossed the divide in a low pass at its head; how he reached the Missouri, and, leaving six men at White Bear camp, set out with the three others to explore Maria's River; how he narrowly escaped death in a battle with the Sioux, and how he finally descended the river in safety, is a story by itself. Our present interest is with the main party, with which was Sacajawea.

Going up the Bitter Root valley by the route followed the preceding year, Captain Clark and his party came to an Indian road, at the foot of the mountains, which led to the east of their former course. From the Indians they learned that this road led to the buffalo country east of the mountains, and that it was easier to travel over than the difficult road that led to Cameahwait's camp. Selecting the more easterly course the party crossed the mountains by what is now known as Gibbon's Pass, from General John Gibbon, who was in command when the battle of the Big Hole was fought in 1877. The Indian roads scattered in the valley of the Big Hole and Captain Clark was uncertain of his course; but fortunately Sacajawea was familiar with this valley and guided him safely over the mountains to



PLACER MINING, JEFFERSON BAR, MONTANA

the southeast and down into Shoshoni Cove, where their canoes were cached. Here they found the supplies, which had been buried all winter, in good condition. After spending a day in repairing and loading the canoes, the party began the descent of the Jefferson River, the horses being taken by land to be used later in crossing from the Missouri to the Yellowstone valley. None of Cameahwait's band was seen and Sacajawea left the home of her childhood without again meeting any of her friends.

Proceeding leisurely down the river they arrived July 13th at the mouth of the Madison River, where Sacajawea had been captured six years before. Here they were joined by the party with the horses, and all went on to the mouth of the Gallatin. Here the party was again divided, ten men going down the Mis-



PALISADES OF THE YELLOWSTONE

souri with the canoes and joining Captain Lewis's party at White Bear Island. Captain Clark, with ten men and the Indian woman, went up the Gallatin River to the east, following approximately the present route of the Northern Pacific Railroad. In the valley of the Gallatin were several well-worn Indian roads, most of them leading to a pass in the mountains to the northeast, but Sacajawea advised a more southerly course, saying that a low pass would be found in that direction leading to the Yellowstone. Fortunately her advice was followed. "The Indian woman has been of great service to me as a pilot through this country," says Captain Clark. The low gap through which



POMPEY'S PILLAR, YELLOWSTONE VALLEY

the party easily made its way is now known as Bozeman Pass; in justice and gratitude it ought to be named Sacajawea's Pass, to commemorate the fidelity and heroism of the simple Indian woman who was so useful a member of this important expedition. But for her sagacity Captain Clark and his little party would undoubtedly have gone far out of his proper course to the northeast, among the hostile Sioux.

Going down the eastern slope of the mountains, the party came to the Yellowstone River, not far from the present site of Livingston, Montana. For several days they continued their journey by land along the north bank of the Yellowstone, looking in vain for trees suitable for making into canoes. Finally

twenty-four of their horses were stolen by Indians, and further progress by land was next to impossible. Accordingly the largest of the small cottonwood trees were utilized for constructing two very long and narrow canoes, which, for safety, were lashed together side by side. In these the company embarked. Three men started out by land to take the remainder of the horses to Fort Mandan; they were robbed of all their horses by the Indians on the third day and were forced to return to the Yellowstone, where they constructed two frail boats, covered with skins, in which they safely followed and finally overtook the main party below the mouth of the Yellowstone.

Captain Clark and his party descended the river without es-



THE SNOWY RANGE, MONTANA

pecial incident. Once they were delayed an hour while a band of buffalo was crossing the river ahead of them; and in general the quantity of game along the Yellowstone was marvelous, even to these old hunters. Finally, in the afternoon of August 3d, they reached the Missouri River, and camped at the junction. Here they intended to wait for Captain Lewis, but "the camp became absolutely uninhabitable in consequence of the multitude of mosquitoes;" so, leaving a note for Captain Lewis, they continued, by slow stages, the voyage down the river. On August 12th Captain Lewis and his party overtook them, and the expedition was again united. Six days later they were at Fort Mandan, among the friendly Minataree, by whom they were pleasantly received. It was planned that several Indian chiefs

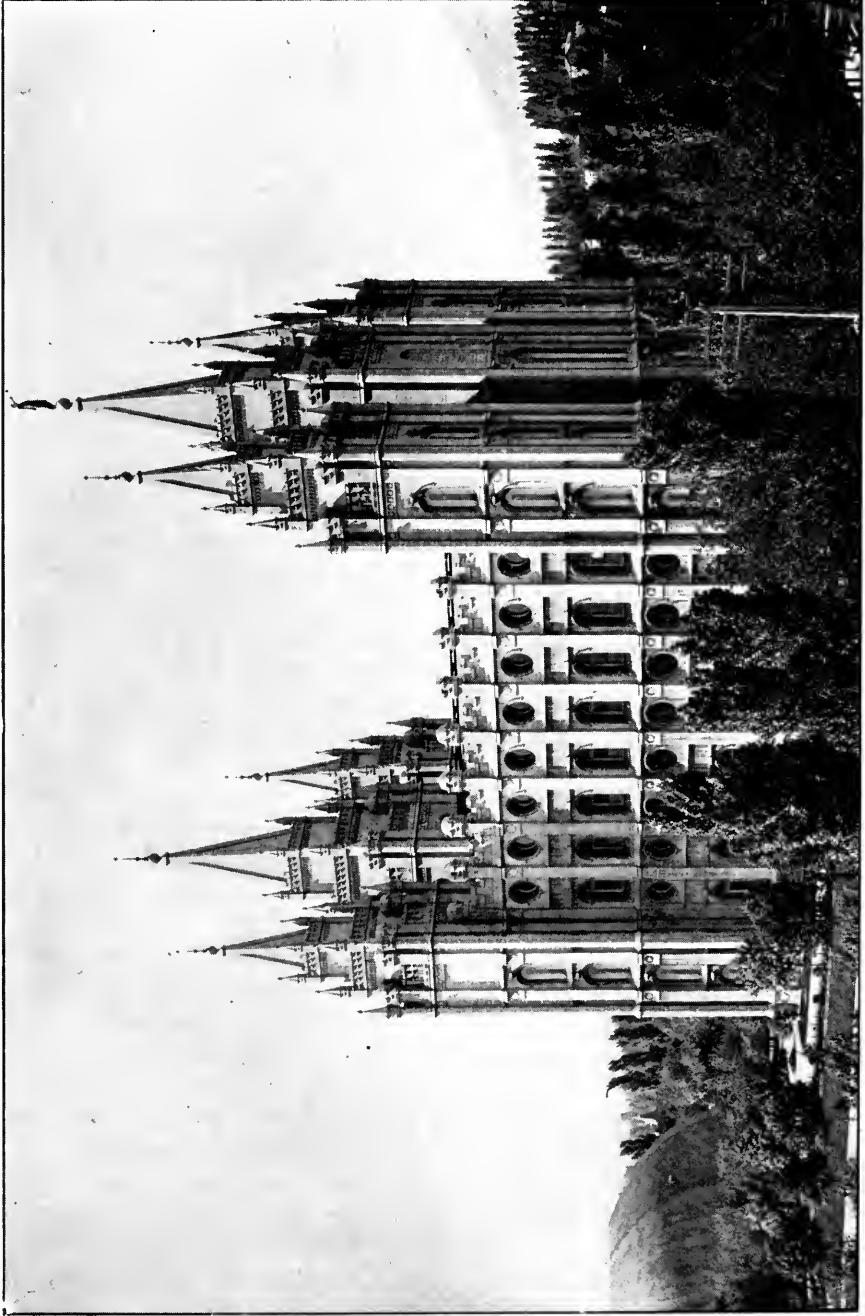
should accompany Captain Lewis to Washington, and Charboneau, with his wife, was requested to go with them as interpreter; but, his term of service having expired, he declined to go farther. Accordingly, while the expedition went on to St. Louis to be mustered out, he remained among the Minataree. For many years he was a well-known guide and trapper along the waters of the upper Missouri.

Of the subsequent history of Sacajawea very little is known. While she had suffered great hardships in her voyage with the expedition, she had nevertheless been treated with a kindness and consideration to which, as an Indian woman and the purchased wife of Charboneau, she had never been accustomed; and ever after she was a firm friend and admirer of the white people, whose dress and manners she tried to imitate. While



LOWER CASCADES, COLUMBIA RIVER

health and strength remained, she lived contentedly in that picturesque life which resulted from the commingling of traders, trappers and Indians along our western frontier. Uncivilized as the life was, it was too nearly akin to civilization to be healthful to the simple Indian woman; and in 1811 (in Brackenridge's Journal) we catch our final glimpse of her, weak and ill, on her way up the Missouri in company with a party of whites. With failing strength her thoughts went back to the peaceful days of her childhood beyond the buffalo country, to the salmon-fishing, root-digging Shoshoni, in whose lodges were her friends and home. Thither she had turned her steps, and it may be hoped that she who had been so unselfish was gratified in her wishes, and that her last years were passed in the mountain valleys among the scenes and with the friends she loved.

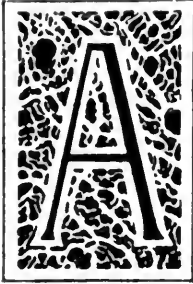


THE SALT LAKE TEMPLE
Cornerstone laid April 6, 1850 ; Capstone laid April 6, 1892 ; Dedicated April 6, 1893

THE TRUTH ABOUT MORMONISM

By *PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH*

Of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints



A MOST malicious and determined effort is being made at the present time to misrepresent the acts and motives of prominent men in Utah. The hackneyed question of "polygamy," and the equally well-worn subject of "church and state," while still harped upon, are no longer to the fore in these savage and unscrupulous assaults upon the lives and characters of the present "Mormon" leaders. The partial retirement of those trite and threadbare themes is doubtless for the reason that the most virulent enemies of our cause are becoming convinced that they cannot convert into facts their whilom pet theories, to the effect that the so-called "dominant church" has re-sanctioned the inhibited practice of plural marriage, and that it dictates to its members how they shall exercise their political rights and privileges. Therefore, these plotters against peace and good will—the only real enemies of the "American home," the only actual unifiers of church and state—see the necessity for a change of base, or at least a new war-cry, in order to succeed in their nefarious work of deceiving the nation and the world regarding the unpopular "Mormons"—the most persistently slandered and most misunderstood people under the sun.

The main charge now is "commercialism"—the alleged departure of the Church, under the present administration, from its original standards; the sordid and selfish enthronement of the temporal above the spiritual. This accusation is intended, of course, to have its greatest effect, in the designs and desires of its inventors, upon the Latter-day Saints themselves; a schism in their ranks being among the things hoped for by these religious and political conspirators. Much is being said of the alleged tyranny of the "Mormon" tithing system, the "exactions," "extortions," "oppressions" and "cruelties" said to be practiced by the Church, and particularly by myself, to the infinite woe and misery of widows, orphans, and poor people in general, the so-called "dupes and victims of the Hierarchy." Day after day, from press, pulpit and rostrum, in various parts of the land, these falsehoods, with "polygamy" and "church influence"

It hardly needs to be said that OUR WEST holds no brief for "Mormonism"—nor against it. But quite apart from social or religious questions, it is glad to open its pages to a frank and unedited statement from the executive head of a body which has had so great an influence on the economic development of the West, as has the "Mormon" church. The illustrations are mainly intended to show some of the "enterprises," in building up which the Church has taken an active part.

as subsidiaries, are fulminated and sent broadcast, for the purpose of poisoning the public mind against the "Mormon" community.

That these false and foolish stories will be believed by many, whether disputed or not, is perhaps inevitable; and indeed the effect of their circulation is already apparent in prejudice and feelings of ill will that have arisen in the hearts of men and women once friendly, or at all events charitable and tolerant, towards our people.

It is marvelous to me, not that the "Mormons" can be lied about—for I have been used to that all the days of my life—but that the atrocious and often absurd calumnies manufactured concerning them can be so easily swallowed and assimilated by the sober, sensible, discriminating, and usually fair-minded American people; a people sprung for the most part from the sturdy Anglo-Saxon race, from the cool-headed, well-poised, steady-going northern nations; a people whose mission and destiny are to prevent injustice, put down wrong, exalt truth, defend the weak, stand by the right, and hold things level, wherever their power and influence extend. That a nation formed from such elements can be lashed periodically into a frenzy of hatred against a peaceable, patriotic, and well-meaning body of their fellow citizens, and this at the mere dictum or instigation of some ribald newspaper, some characterless demagogue, intent only upon feathering his foul nest, or feeding fat his selfish grudges, regardless of truth, consistency, or any other consideration—this to me is a matter of astonishment.

I would expect such things in some parts of Europe—say from the mobs of Paris, from the blood-thirsty "Commune," that portion of the excitable Gallic nation graphically described as "the red fool-fury of the Seine." I would accept such incidents as commonplaces among savages and barbarians. But I cannot reconcile them with my early teachings and traditions, my high conceptions of the innate chivalry, generosity, and sound common sense of my American countrymen.

And I see in these things a menace, not only to the unpopular "Mormons," the present victims of this reckless, mobocratic tendency; but to the whole American people, our glorious nation at large. This spirit of falsehood and intolerance—an emanation from the bottomless pit, a miasma from Hades, from the abode of the infernal gods, bent upon "making mad" those whom they would "destroy"—this spirit of injustice and persecution, so opposite and antagonistic to the true genius of Americanism, will not focus its malevolence upon the Latter-day Saints alone. It will attack in time every sect, creed, party and

organization that stands for peace, order and good government; and, if not checked, will uproot, overthrow, destroy and sweep them from the face of the earth. It is the spirit of anarchy, of murder and spoliation. These are its ultimate aims, whether recognized or not by those foolish enough to follow its lead and do its dire bidding. Religious rancor and political chicanery are its right and left hands; "yellow journalism" its banner, trumpet and drum; more blatant and more bigoted than any Peter the Hermit, working up a "holy crusade." Both these mischievous agencies are at work, consciously or unconsciously preparing the way before a national, perhaps a world-wide catastrophe,



THE TABERNACLE

that will inevitably follow a continuation of this pernicious and persecuting course.

Having said this much, Mr. Editor—and I would not feel satisfied to say less—I wish to thank you, a real American, one of the upright, uncringing men of the West, for the privilege accorded me by your request, of making, through the columns of your fair and fearless magazine, a plain and truthful statement concerning "Mormonism," having special reference to the false charges that are now being hurled against its leading representatives.

I shall not deny that "Mormonism" has a commercial or material side. I admit that to begin with. But I propose to show

that this is not the only side, nor by any means the largest and most important feature of the system. And I shall further prove that "Mormonism" from the first has avowed and presented to the world this particular phase of its many-sided self; that it is no new development, due to a sudden change of policy, some selfish, sinister purpose on the part of the present leaders, as some people pretend to believe. All such allegations are the veriest trash, the flimsiest of fabrications, susceptible of the easiest disproof. They have not even the merit of honest ignorance in their favor, so far as the authors are concerned. They are grounded in sheer malice and hypocrisy. Some of those who repeat them, parrot-like, may be sincere; but those who uttered them in the first place, and are still sending them forth and deceiving others, know full well that they lie.

I need not inform any reasonable Latter-day Saint—for to my own people as well as to the public at large, this article will come—that the temporal part of the Church of Christ is essential to its existence in this material world; almost as essential as the spiritual part, which of course comes first, and is absolutely indispensable. No sacred system of government, having in view the salvation of the bodies as well as the spirits of men, can successfully accomplish its mission without being temporal as well as spiritual in character. It was the doctrine of Joseph Smith, the original revelator of "Mormonism," that the spirit and the body constitute the soul of man. It has always been a cardinal teaching with the Latter-day Saints, that a religion which has not the power to save people temporally and make them prosperous and happy here, cannot be depended upon to save them spiritually, to exalt them in the life to come.

A duality in the government of the Church is plainly apparent from the fact that there are two priesthoods therein, namely, the Aaronic and the Melchisedek; the former officiating in temporal things, and the latter in spiritual things, which, however, include the temporal. Our entire ecclesiastical polity is in and under these two priesthoods, which correspond to the duality of the soul. Paul, the apostle, compared the Church of Christ to the perfect body of a man, including, of course, the animating spirit, without which the body would be dead. Joseph Smith, who proclaimed the restoration of the ancient Church, Priesthood and Gospel, emphasized and amplified Paul's doctrine.

It is well understood in our Church that those holding the Aaronic Priesthood have authority to officiate only in outward ordinances. By virtue of this Priesthood, faith and repentance may be preached, and baptism by immersion (in the temporal element of water) administered. But it requires the imposition

of hands by those holding the higher or Melchisedek Priesthood, to bestow the Holy Ghost and induct the convert into the spiritual concerns of the kingdom. All the officers of the Church, from the highest to the lowest, bear one or the other of these two priesthoods. Ascending the scale of authority, the titles and callings of Deacon, Teacher, Priest and Bishop come within the purview of the Aaronic Priesthood; while those of Elder, Seventy, High Priest, Patriarch, Apostle and President are offices and callings in the Melchisedek Priesthood, to which the Aaronic Priesthood is an appendage. A full equipment is thus shown for the government and conduct of the Church both spiritually and temporally.



BEE HIVE HOUSE AND LION HOUSE
Official Residence and Office of the President of the Church

According to Joseph the Prophet, who claimed to have received these Priesthoods through angelic ministrations, the time of their restoration was several months before the organization of the Church. The Aaronic Priesthood came first, being conferred by John the Baptist upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, May 15, 1829. The Melchisedek Priesthood came soon after, when they were ordained under the hands of Apostles Peter, James and John. By virtue of the sacred keys thus given, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized at Fayette, Seneca county, New York, on the 6th day of April, 1830. The Book of Mormon had been previously translated and published, and its doctrines, identical with those of the New

Testament, were preached by Joseph Smith and his associates in Western New York and Northern Pennsylvania. In that region several hundred converts were made before the removal of the Church to Kirtland, Ohio, in February, 1831.

One of the first steps taken by the Prophet, after the establishment of headquarters at Kirtland, was the institution of what Latter-day Saints call the "United Order," a religio-social system, communal in its character, designed to abolish poverty, monopoly, and kindred evils, and to bring about unity and equality in temporal and spiritual things. It required the consecration to the Church, by its members, of all their properties, and the subsequent distribution to those members, by the Church, of what were termed "stewardships." Each holder of a stewardship—which might be the same farm, workshop, store, or factory that this same person had "consecrated"—was expected to manage it thereafter in the interest of the whole community; all his gains reverting to a common fund, from which he would derive a sufficient support for himself and those dependent upon him. The Bishops, being the temporal officers of the Church, received the consecration of those properties, and also assigned the stewardships; but they performed their duties under the direction of the First Presidency, who hold the keys of the Melchisedek Priesthood, to which the Aaronic or Lesser Priesthood is subject. Each Bishop, I will remark, has two Counselors to assist him, these three forming a Bishopric; and the President over the entire Church also has two Counselors, they with him constituting the First Presidency.

The United Order, the Prophet declared, was the same ancient system that sanctified the City of Enoch; the same also that the Apostles set up at Jerusalem (Acts 4:32-35); and that the Nephites instituted upon this land, according to the Book of Mormon (IV Nephi 1:3). The purpose in view, by the Latter-day Saints, was the building up of Zion, the New Jerusalem; an event to be preceded by the gathering of scattered Israel, and preparatory to the second coming of the Saviour and the advent of the Millennium.

I need not weary the reader with a recital of details as to how the Church grew and prospered along the lines laid down by the United Order, which was established at Kirtland, Ohio, and at Independence, Missouri, during the year 1831. Suffice it, that under the auspices of this beneficent system the Gospel was preached on both hemispheres and the gathering of Latter-day Israel begun. Lands were purchased in both the States named; and in Jackson county, Missouri, the foundations of the City of Zion were laid. A Temple was reared at Kirtland, schools were

opened, mercantile and publishing houses instituted, and industrial enterprises of various kinds conducted by the Church; the object being to build up Zion spiritually and temporally, and prepare for the literal coming of the King of Kings to reign upon the earth a thousand years. In this cause, the Apostles as well as the Bishops performed a variety of labors, not only preaching the Gospel and administering its sacred ordinances, but also traveling to collect money and other means for the erection of the Kirtland Temple and the purchase of lands in Missouri.

The United Order was not perpetuated at that time, and the



SALT LAKE THEATRE, BUILT BY PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG

reason was two-fold. Primarily it was due to the innate selfishness of human nature, which prevented the Saints, as a whole, from entering into the work of "redeeming Zion" with sufficient zeal and singleness of purpose. But another cause, equally cogent, was the cruel mobbings and drivings of our people, by those who did not comprehend their real motives, or maliciously made evil out of their pure and philanthropic designs. The "Mormon" colony which settled in Jackson county, Missouri, was violently expelled from that part in the autumn of 1833; and in 1837-39 the main body of the Church was compelled to leave Ohio, and migrated to Missouri.

It was at Far West, Caldwell county, Missouri, that the law of tithing was instituted, concerning which so much is now

being said. The tithing system of the Church did not do away with the United Order, the practice of which, though discontinued during that period, is still contemplated as an event of the future. But the law of tithing (like the law of Moses, in its relation to the Gospel of Christ) was to be observed and obeyed pending the final establishment of the more perfect system. Here is the full text of the law:

Revelation given through Joseph, the Prophet, at Far West, Missouri, July 8th, 1838, in answer to the question, "O Lord, show unto thy servants how much thou requirest of the properties of the people for a tithing?"

Verily, thus saith the Lord, I require all their surplus property to be put into the hands of the Bishop of my Church of Zion.

For the building of mine house, and for the laying of the foundation of Zion and for the Priesthood, and for the debts of the Presidency of my Church;

And this shall be the beginning of the tithing of my people;



LATTER DAY SAINTS UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS

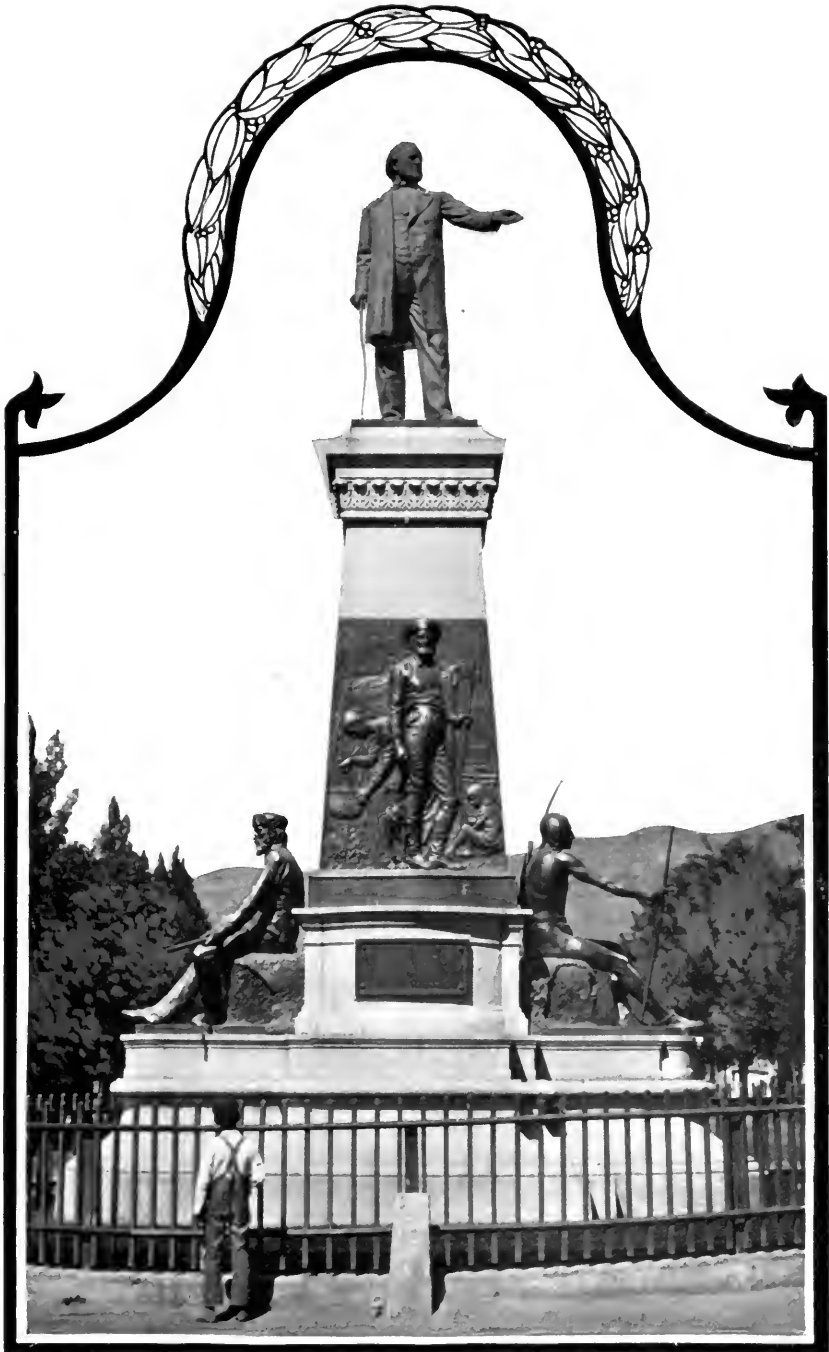
And after that, those who have thus been tithed, shall pay one-tenth of all their interest annually; and this shall be a standing law unto them forever, for my holy Priesthood, saith the Lord.

Verily I say unto you, it shall come to pass, that all those who gather unto the land of Zion shall be tithed of their surplus properties, and shall observe this law, or they shall not be found worthy to abide among you.

And I say unto you, if my people observe not this law, to keep it holy, and by this sanctify the land of Zion unto me, that my statutes and my judgements may be kept thereon, that it may be most holy, behold, verily I say unto you, it shall not be a land of Zion unto you.

And this shall be an ensample unto all the Stakes of Zion. Even so, Amen.

The Stakes of Zion, I will explain, are those gathering places of the Saints that are outside of Zion proper—Jackson county, Missouri, where the holy city it is believed will yet be built. For instance, Kirtland was a Stake of Zion, as was also Nauvoo, Illinois. Where, early in 1839, the Saints, after their barbarous midwinter expulsion from the State of Missouri, under the ex-



MEMORIAL STATUE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG, FOUNDER AND BUILDER
OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF UTAH

terminating order of Governor Lilburn W. Boggs, next established their headquarters.

In Illinois, the same methods and policy were pursued for the upbuilding and maintenance of the Church, and the prosecution of the sacred labor devolving upon it, as those previously adopted and followed; and this under the personal supervision and direction of the Prophet, its first President. The law of tithing continued in force, and the revenues of the Church, thus obtained, were used in a variety of ways for the advancement of the general cause. "The gathering" also went on, not only from the various States of the Union, but from Canada and Great Britain. Mormonism's first foreign mission was opened



WOOLEN MILLS AT PROVO, UTAH

at Preston, England, in 1837, and the foundations of the mission were broadened and strengthened in 1840-41. This work was done by the Council of the Twelve Apostles—the second quorum in authority in the Church—acting under the direction of the First Presidency in America. A Church paper was founded at Manchester and a new edition of the Book of Mormon printed, with means contributed by the Saints of the British Mission. A permanent emigration agency (now at Liverpool) was established, and this has conducted annually across the Atlantic thousands upon thousands of Church members. Many other similar works were done by the Apostles while upon that mission. At Nauvoo a Temple was built and a university chartered; papers were published, mercantile and industrial enterprises were

founded wherever necessary, and all kinds of legitimate business, essential to the work in hand, carried on by the Church under the express sanction and direction of its spiritual and temporal head. The Prophet even laid out cities, and in this he was assisted by the Apostles, who as well as the Bishops were active in settling in these places the newly arrived immigrants from abroad.

Joseph Smith, with his brother Hyrum, the Patriarch of the Church, was murdered by a mob, in Carthage jail, Illinois, June 27, 1844. His death dissolved the First Presidency, and the succession fell upon the Council of the Twelve Apostles, with President Brigham Young at its head. He conducted the "Mor-



UTAH SUGAR COMPANY'S MILLS AT LEHI, UTAH

mon" exodus from Illinois. Leaving Nauvoo in February, 1846, he led the first companies of the migrating Saints to the Missouri River, and, after the enlistment of the "Mormon" Battalion, which aided the United States in its war with Mexico, he headed the pioneer movement which in July, 1847, penetrated to the heart of the "Great American Desert," and selected Salt Lake Valley and the surrounding region as the future home of the "Mormon" people.

Brigham Young succeeded to the sacred powers and presidential position held by Joseph Smith. Choosing two counselors, he re-organized the First Presidency, filled the vacancies thus occasioned in the quorum of the Twelve, and otherwise set the Church in order in its new gathering place. In all the won-

drous work performed by that truly remarkable man—the reclamation of the desert, the continuation of “the gathering,” the establishment of numerous Stakes of Zion, and incidentally the founding of the commonwealth of Utah—he but carried out the policy and fulfilled the predictions of his yet more remarkable predecessor. President Young’s proudest boast—figuratively speaking, for he was not a man who boasted—was that he was Joseph Smith’s Apostle, and was building upon the foundation that he had laid. Joseph prophesied, years before his death, that the Saints would be driven westward, and would “become a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains;” here to remain, growing in numbers, increasing in wealth and influence, and otherwise preparing for the eventual return to Jackson county. Brigham Young inherited this work from its inspired originator, Joseph Smith, and the work, it is needless to say, was well and faithfully done. It was a spiritual and a temporal work, having in view, not the aggrandizement of self, not the creation of privileged classes and the oppression of the toiling masses, but the glory of God, the redemption of Zion, and the prosperity and happiness of all mankind.

Under President Young’s wise and able administration, the savage tribes were won over and made peaceable; colonies were sent out in all directions; cities, towns and villages laid out and peopled; irrigation introduced, arid lands redeemed, mills, factories and mercantile houses established, and the whole land made to hum as a veritable hive of industry. Missionaries went forth, new missions were opened in various parts of the world, and five hundred Church teams were annually sent to the frontier to bring in the immigration. Special features of President Young’s industrial work were the mining and manufacturing of iron, and the manufacture of nails; also the raising of cotton in Southern Utah, at the outbreak of the Civil War, and the building of a cotton factory in that section. He likewise founded woolen mills, some of which are still in existence. He even attempted the manufacture of beet sugar, the pioneer mill at Sugar House Ward, in the suburbs of Salt Lake City, being the forerunner of the present flourishing factories of the Utah and Idaho sugar companies.

But Brigham Young did not believe in all work and no play. While his tireless brain and potent hand were busy laying broad and deep the foundations of Utah’s prosperity and greatness, he also bore in mind the necessity for pure and wholesome amusement and recreation. As early as 1862 he built the Salt Lake Theatre, as he had previously built the Social Hall and the “Old Bowery,” our earliest homes of the drama; and he exercised ceaseless watchcare over the morals and manners of those who frequented as auditors, or appeared as performers, at these popular places of amusement. The erection of the Saltair Pavilion—Utah’s great bathing resort—in after years, was simply a continuation of the policy inaugurated by President Young relative to public means of recreation, and it was undertaken in the same spirit that he manifested, and for the same purpose at which he aimed.

In all the useful and philanthropic enterprises thus enumer-

ated, and in many more that cannot now be named, it was virtually the Church that took the lead; for Brigham Young, as President and Trustee-in-Trust, acted as the agent of the Church in investing its means and manipulating its revenues. In this capacity he built the Deseret Telegraph line, entirely with home capital and home labor, only a few years after the original telegraph line crossed the continent, and before the advent of the railroad. He and other leading "Mormons" helped to construct the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads, which on May 10, 1869, made Promontory, Utah, their place of meeting and welding point between East and West. About this time also he took the initiative in organizing Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution, a mammoth concern designed to unify "Mormon" commercial interests in the face of impending fierce competi-



DR. GROVE'S LATTER DAY SAINTS HOSPITAL, SALT LAKE CITY

tion from the outside, resulting from the coming of the railroad. He even attempted to re-establish the United Order, and succeeded in part; though his greatest success in that direction was limited to the mighty Co-operative movement of which he was the chief instigator and promoter.

A word in passing, as to the origin and nature of the office of Trustee-in-Trust, which was first held by the Prophet Joseph Smith. It originated while the Church was in Illinois, and was in conformity with the laws of that State, which required each religious body to have a financial agent to act for it and to hold the legal title to its property. From the days of the Prophet Joseph Smith down to the present, the head of the Church or one of the General Authorities, has been chosen and sustained by the members, in their general annual and semi-annual conferences, as "Trustee-in-Trust for the body of religious worshippers known as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

Brigham Young died August 29, 1877, and John Taylor, the senior of the Twelve Apostles, became his successor as President of the Church. He chose as his two counselors George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith, and these three, as the First Presidency from 1880 to 1887, inherited the powers and continued the policy of those who had preceded them. It was during President Taylor's administration—an anti-polygamy crusade having been instituted under the Edmunds law and the Edmunds-Tucker statute—that the "Mormon" public property was confiscated by the Federal Government. The greater part of it was subsequently returned, but the finances of the Church were seriously disordered by those proceedings. President Taylor died in July, 1887, and was succeeded by President Wilford Woodruff, who chose as his counselors those of his predecessor.

It was during President Woodruff's administration that the Pioneer Electric Power Company was established, a proposition involving several millions of dollars, and in which the Church became largely interested, mainly through the influence of President George Q. Cannon and his son, Frank J. Cannon, the present editor of the Salt Lake Tribune. The Pioneer Electric Power Company was the forerunner of the present Utah Light and Railway Company.

President Woodruff, at his death in 1898, was succeeded by President Lorenzo Snow, who also chose George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith as his counselors. President Snow's administration was rendered notable by a revival in the observance of the much-mooted law of tithing. For years the hands of the Trustee-in-Trust had been tied, so to speak, and the Church crippled financially, not so much by the confiscation of its property, as by the failure of many of its members to pay their tithing; they fearing further confiscations and escheatments under the laws of Congress. President Snow, at the beginning of his administration, began a zealous and strenuous preaching of the law of tithing, and in this movement he was loyally seconded and supported by his counselors and the priesthood generally. The result was a great reform in the direction of tithe-paying, and a consequent improvement in the financial condition of the Church. This presidency continued until the death of President Cannon in 1901, when Joseph F. Smith succeeded him as First Counselor to President Snow, who died in October of the same year. Then it was that Joseph F. Smith became President, with John R. Winder and Anthon H. Lund as his counselors.

Up to the ingoing of the present administration, while much had been said about polygamy, church-and-state, and the commercial and material phases of "Mormonism," no one had the temerity to assert or even intimate that the policy and procedure of the Church leaders were at all at variance with those of their predecessors. It remained for the Salt Lake Tribune, edited by the aforesaid Frank J. Cannon, "Mormon" apostate and broken-down politician, in the employ of ex-Senator Thomas Kearns, another disgruntled office-seeker, to invent this false charge and hurl it at the heads of the church. Disappointed in their plans for re-election, and unable to secure for the furtherance of their financial and political schemes the "Church influ-

ence," of which they now prate, they seek revenge by endeavoring to blacken the characters and lessen the influence of the "Mormon" leaders. These two men, Kearns and Cannon, are the principal figures in the self-styled "American party." Their religious coadjutors are the members of the Protestant Ministerial Association of Salt Lake City, a little clique of un-Christian ministers, who spend one day in seven preaching the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule, and the remaining six in bearing false witness against their neighbors and stirring up strife and hatred against them. When not engaged in getting up "anti-Mormon" petitions to Congress, or lobbying in the interest of partisan legislation, they may be found any day at the old stand, denouncing "union of church and state" and proclaiming against "priestly interference in politics." The summoning of several prominent "Mormons," myself included, before the Smoot investigation committee at Washington, where it was shown that the Church was to some extent interested in various secular enterprises, and that its President was an officer in them, gave these political and religious crusaders their opportunity; and that they have made the most of it, the unblushing effrontery and ribald mendacity of their operations bear ample and daily witness.

It is true the present Trustee-in-Trust is prominent in various business concerns that have done much and are destined to do more in the development of the material resources of Utah and the West; but it is also true that many of the offices held by him in those concerns—mainly directorships—have descended to him from former incumbents of his position; a fact which his enemies, in all their unwarranted strictures upon his course, keep carefully out of sight. It is true that the Church, whose main support is the tithes of its members, has from time to time placed means where they would be likely to do the most good, for itself and for the community at large; and as a result it has paid off many of its debts and its credit today is sound and unimpaired. But it is not true that the Church has been "commercialized" by its leaders, or that there has been any radical change of policy in the financial conduct of the authorities, in the course pursued by them, spiritually or temporally, since the days of Lorenzo Snow, Wilford Woodruff, John Taylor, Brigham Young and Joseph Smith.

I denounce as an infamous falsehood the allegation that the tithing system of the Latter-day Saints is a system of robbery, tyranny and extortion, as these wretched libelers continually declare. The tithing of the Church, which I have shown to be a tenth of the annual increase of its members, is purely a voluntary offering, willingly and cheerfully made by them in obedience to what they hold to be a law of God. The leaders pay tithing as well as the people. There is no element of extortion in it, and no shadow of oppression hangs over it. On the contrary, the tithes of the Saints have been used largely, from the very beginning, for the support of the poor, the relief of the sick and afflicted, the care of the widow and the orphan. Other purposes for which these funds have been expended are the building of temples and houses of worship, the emigration of the poor, the

founding of hospitals and other benevolent institutions, and the maintenance of Church schools throughout the Stakes of Zion, now reaching from Canada to Mexico. The outside missions have also been aided in various ways.

The priesthood of the Church, though possessing a legitimate claim upon the revenues—as the revelation on tithing plainly shows—have never pressed that claim, but have preferred to earn their own living and support their families by private labor, while giving their services gratuitously to the cause. Ours is not a salaried priesthood, and never has been; even our foreign missionaries usually travel “without purse or script.” Only those who give their entire time to the Church, and have no other income, receive regular assistance from its coffers; and even this is limited to the actual needs of such workers and their families. The princely salaries paid to high civic officers, railroad magnates, insurance managers, and leading men of affairs throughout the country, are utterly unknown among the Latter-day Saints. I do not exaggerate when I say, without fear of successful contradiction, that our leading men, Presidents, Apostles and Bishops, who from the first have given their lives and labors in this cause, had they employed their time and talents in other pursuits, and sought their own aggrandizement, would have been able to command, as their reasonable compensation, many times the amount they have received from the Church for their simple support while devoting themselves unselfishly to its interests.

All this talk about a “heartless hierarchy,” “grinding the faces of the poor,” “oppressing the widow and the orphan,” in order that a few men and their families may “revel in wealth,” “practice licentiousness,” and “plot treason against the government,” is just so much humbug and clap-trap, ludicrous enough to be laughable were it not taken seriously by the uninformed “dupes and victims”—not of the “Mormon” priesthood, but of their libelers and defamers. Everybody in Utah knows this to be true. The reputable Gentiles take no stock in the lurid and lugubrious tales told by the Salt Lake Tribune. The “Mormon” people are not oppressed and down-trodden. Neither are they a poverty-stricken class, impecunious and improvident. A greater number of them own their own homes, and are freer from debt than is the case with any other community in the United States. We have no paupers, no beggars, no tramps. The comparatively few indigent people among us—indigent because aged, ailing, or otherwise unfortunate—are well cared for by the Church, through a Priesthood perfectly organized and equipped for all conditions and emergencies. Everything within the Church is done by common consent. Priesthood and people are united, and possess each other’s confidence. Withal, the “Mormon” people are shrewd and sensible. They know who their friends are, and their eyes are open to the trickery and true inwardness of those who profess love and sympathy for them in order to alienate them from their leaders. They have no use for hypo-

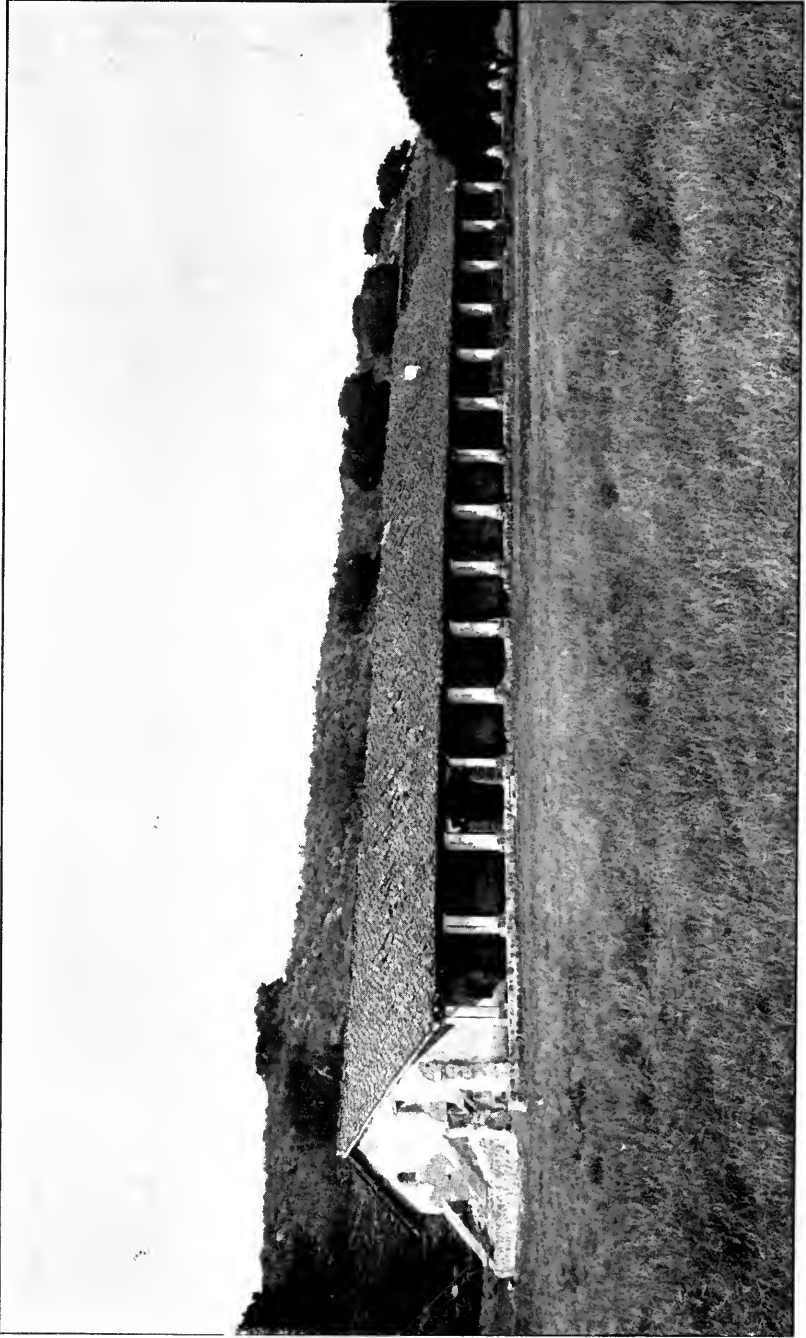
crites, for the turncoat and the traitor. And they will never be won from "Mormonism" by the modern Pharisee, who preaches truth and charity while he practices lying and persecution.

Salt Lake City, Utah



I am respectfully yours
Joseph F. Smith





PURISIMA AS IT WAS ABOUT 1893



FOUNDED 1895

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THS decennial year, 1905, is evidently to show a new high-water line for the Landmarks Club. The membership has increased faster than in any other year (including nine new life members in the last two months); and for the first time in its long endeavor the club has been given an outright gift of one of the historic monuments it is organized to preserve. Only those who bore the brunt of the early endeavor, when the community was rather careless, and the gospel of preserving these historic remains had rather to be preached with a club, can appreciate the great change that has come about. Now public sentiment has matured and crystallized. The community does not intend that these landmarks shall perish; and the community has discovered that while no one else will attend to the matter, the Landmarks Club will and can.

For obvious business reasons the chief activities of the Club have been confined to the 250 miles between Santa Barbara and San Diego. Protection and repairs require personal visitation by the committee of experts; and a hundred miles either way from Los Angeles, the headquarters, is a fair tax on busy people.



PURISIMA - A DECADE'S DEVASTATION

C. C. Pierce & Co., Photo, 1903

Nevertheless the Landmarks Club feels that within any possible limitation it is in duty bound to undertake such work as no one else will do. Southern California will not consciously consent to the destruction of any old mission within its boundaries.

The following correspondence explains itself:

MR. CHAS. F. LUMMIS,
 Prest. Landmarks Club,
 Los Angeles.

Sir:—This corporation is the owner of the ruins of La Purisima in Santa Barbara county, together with contiguous lands. * * * If your organiza-



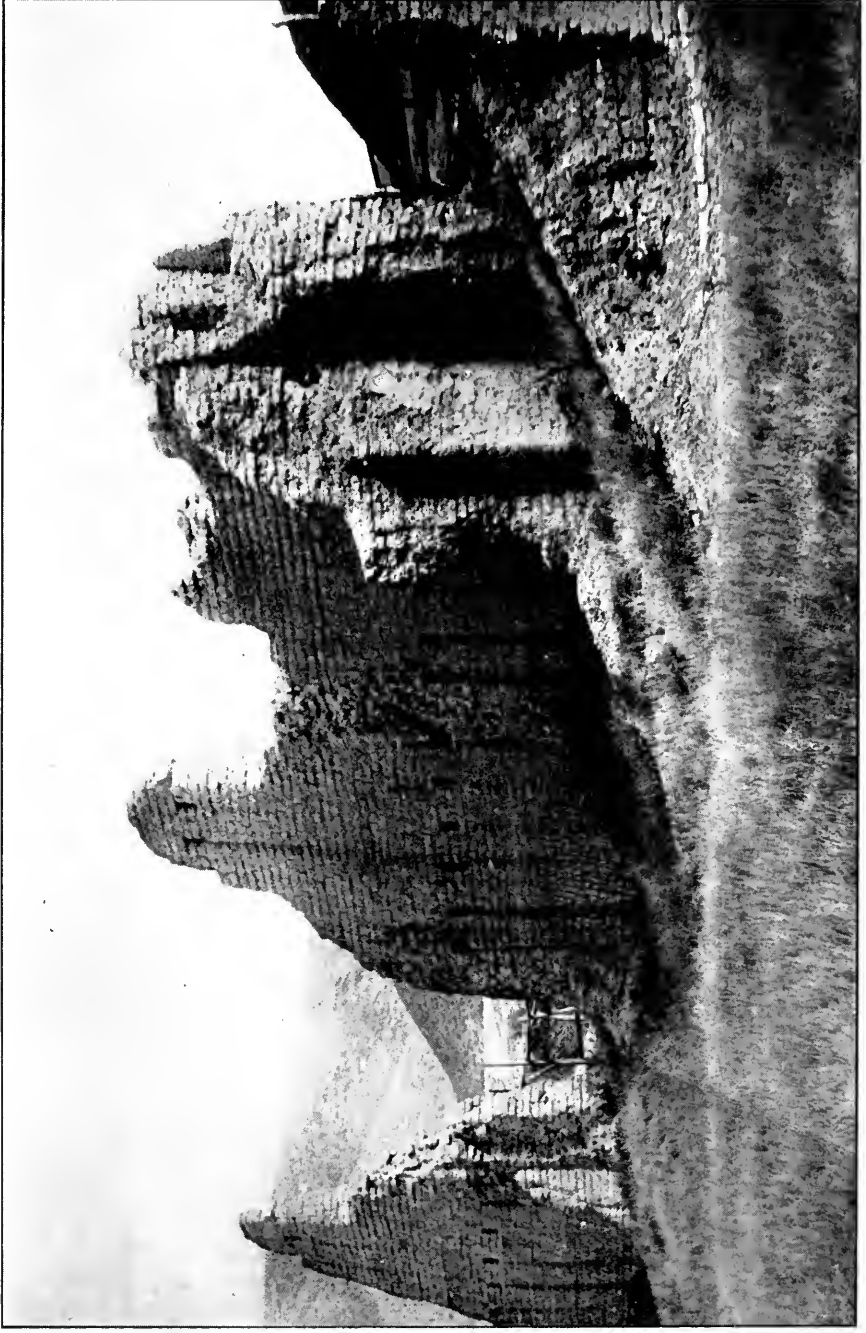
PURISIMA—AN UNROOFED ROOM *Copyright 1903, by C. C. Pierce & Co.*

tion would care to take over the property with reference to restoring it, or any portion of it, or using it in connection with your organization, we will be very glad to convey the fee of the land upon which the ruin stands, and sufficient grounds about it to subserve any purpose for which it might be used. * * * In the event you should care to take over this property, the tiles would, of course, go with it. If you do not care to accept this proposition with the understanding that the society will at some time or other preserve the mission as a landmark, or use it for a commendable purpose, we shall be obliged to sell the tiles rather than allow them to be carried away promiscuously.

An early reply will greatly oblige,

Yours truly,

LYMAN STEWART,
 Prest. Union Oil Co. of California.



THE EARLIER PURISIMA NEAR LOMPOÇ

C. C. Purre & Co., Photo

LANDMARKS CLUB, LOS ANGELES,

July 26, 1905.

MR. LYMAN STEWART,
 Prest. Union Oil Co. of California,
 Los Angeles.

My Dear Sir:—The directors of the Landmarks Club yesterday received, with great interest, your communication of the 15th. By formal resolution we have accepted your proffer and have pledged the Club to undertake the conservation and repairs of the mission La Purisima to the best of its ability. * * * For obvious reasons sufficient surrounding land should be included so that the mission may be given proper elbow-room and not be belittled, when preserved, by the too close encroachment of other structures of any sort. We feel sure that this is a matter in which you will heartily agree with us, and that you will make your generous gift in such shape that it will have the best efficiency and most permanent value. * * * We feel that your act merits the gratitude of all good citizens, and we undertake to do our best to make your gift effective for the public good and for the longest time possible.

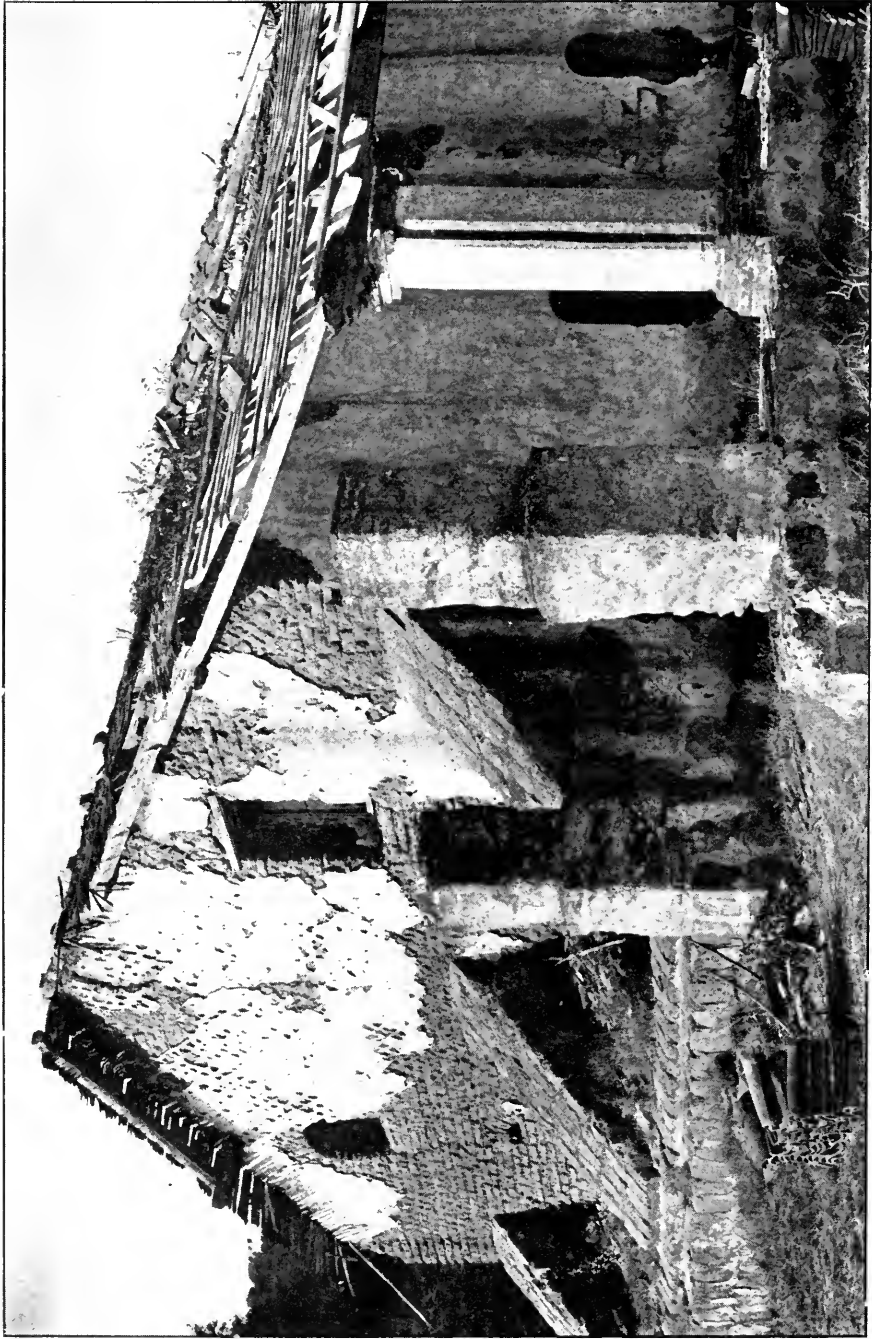
Sincerely yours,

CHAS F. LUMMIS,
 Prest. Landmarks Club.

The supervising committee on repairs will visit La Purisima at an early date to make a careful inspection as to its needs; after which a formal plan for safeguarding this historic monument will be arranged.

La Purisima Concepcion was the third "channel mission" (that is of the establishments along the Santa Barbara Channel) and eleventh in order among all the missions of California. As early as (1870) it was decided that a mission should be founded along the channel in honor of, and named for, the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary; but there were many hindrances in those early days, and this mission was not founded until 1787. On December 8th of that year (the date of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception), Father President Lasuen and an escort from Santa Barbara founded La Purisima. The winter rains prevented further activity for several months, but in March, 1788, the escort returned and erected the first buildings. The Indian name of the locality was Algsacupí. In April, Father President Lasuen with Fathers Vicente Fuster and José Arroita consecrated the buildings. By August of the same year Fathers Fuster and Arroita had gathered seventy-nine neophytes. By the end of 1790 there had been 301 baptisms and the crop of grain had reached 1700 bushels. It was a populous region. There were fifty Indian rancherías in the district of this mission. Father Fuster was succeeded in 1789 by Father Cristóbal Oramas from Santa Barbara. Father Arroita was here until 1796, a term of ten years, and then retired. Father Oramas remained until 1792. Successive priests in charge were José Antonio Calzada, Juan Martin, Gregorio Fernandez (before 1800); Mariano Payeras, Gregorio Fernandez, Juan Cabot, Geronimo Boscana, and Fathers Tapis, Ripoll, Ullibarri, Sanchez, Rodriguez, Vitoria, de la Cuesta, and Moreno.

By 1800 the mission had baptized 1079 and the neophytes numbered 959—the largest proportional gain and the smallest death rate in any of the California missions. In 1800 also, the cattle and horses numbered 1900; the sheep and other stock 4,000; the



PURISIMA IN 1903

Copyright 1903 by C. C. Pierce & Co.

crops had reached 4,000 bushels. The mission was a good deal troubled by bears and rattlesnakes—one neophyte was bitten by two snakes in 1799.

A considerable church was completed here in 1802. In 1804 there were 1522 neophytes. In 1810 the crops aggregated 5970 bushels; cattle and horses numbered 10,015 (the maximum for this mission); the sheep and other small stock (also maximum) 10,042. This mission was among the foremost in California in the number and prosperity of its live stock.

In 1810 Father Payeras made a faithful report, which is still of record, concerning the mission. Among other things we learn from this report that the catechism had been translated into the native idiom.

December 21, 1812, the great earthquake which affected practically all the missions of California, destroyed the church and its buildings, and 100 houses of the neophytes. This catastrophe probably marks the removal of the mission from its original location near the present town of Lompoc, to the present locality—which was then known to the Indians as Amun. The transfer was made in March, 1813; and the new church in the new location was finished in November, 1818. We lack many particulars, but it is of record that another new church was dedicated October 4, 1825. This is probably the identical building now transferred to the Landmarks Club. On the 24th of February, 1824, the most serious Indian revolt in the history of Southern California broke out at Santa Ynez. On the same day the insurgent Indians, under the leadership of Pacoimo, who had been trained by the padres as a cabinetmaker, attacked the mission Purisima. A corporal, with four or five men, defended the mission all night; but their power gave out and they surrendered. In this conflict four Europeans and seven Indians were killed. The California Indians, however, were not of the Apache sort; and the soldiers and their families were allowed to depart to Santa Ynez. The priest, Father Rodriguez, remained behind with the neophytes and was not molested. The rebel Indians fortified the mission, cutting loop-holes in the church and mounting old cannon which had been used to fire salutes. March 16th the little Spanish force from Monterey attacked the church at 8 a. m. and captured it at 10:30 a. m. Three Spaniards were wounded, one fatally; sixteen Indians were killed, and many wounded. After a judicial inquiry, seven insurgent Indians were executed for murder; and four ring-leaders of the revolt were sentenced to ten years in the guard-house.

In 1822 the lands of this mission measured fourteen leagues north and south, and from four to six leagues east and west. These were the Spanish leagues, of about two and one-half miles.

In 1805 the attempt of the viceroy of Mexico to raise hemp in California had one of its most successful experiments at this mission.

In 1835 the property of this mission was appraised at \$62,000. The mission was secularized in February, 1835. In 1830 the large cattle numbered 13,000; at the secularization these herds were slaughtered mercilessly for their hides and tallow.

In March, 1843, the Mexican governor, Micheltorena, restored to the padres this mission and eleven others; the church properties but without their lands. From this time on, under the oppressive measures of the Mexican government, the descent of the mission was rapid. In 1844 there were left but 200 neophytes. There was no property left, and no lands except a modest vineyard. December 4, 1845, the mission was sold by the government to John Temple, for \$1110. Its vicissitudes since are less important. It finally found its way into the possession of one of the foremost of those modern American companies whose enterprise has, within a few years, made California one of the first oil producing states in America—the Union Oil Co. To the public-spirited officers of this company is due the transfer of this venerable ruin to the Landmarks Club, to be preserved for the public benefit.

Again the directors have peculiar pleasure in welcoming a very young life member—a fashion set, in this community at least by the Landmarks Club. Master Walter Jarvis Barlow, jr., now of the golden age of five years, is the new recruit. He starts in a good path in a good time. May he tread it long! There are parents who fancy that a birthday present of this sort, setting the young feet in ways that lead to good citizenship, is quite as worth while as so many tops. Maybe their children will be as grateful, a few years from now. By the time this lad is a man, a million educated people a year will see the California Missions, glory in their architecture, their history and their romance, and feel the gratitude which education gives us toward these who have saved such things. Then possibly Mr. Barlow may have forgotten what clockwork automobiles, ponies, books and candies he had on his fifth birthday; but he will not forget that ever since his childhood he has helped to save the history of his native state. Walter is the fourth boy to acquire life membership in the Landmarks Club. There are no girls yet.

Chas. P. Bowditch, Henry E. Huntington, Walter Jarvis Barlow, Jr. Previously acknowledged, \$7905.18.

New contributions—Henry E. Huntington, President Los Angeles Inter-Urban Railways, N. Y., \$25.00 (life membership); Walter Jarvis Barlow, Jr., aged 5) \$25.00 (life membership); Chas. P. Bowditch, Vice-President Arch. Inst. of America, Boston, \$25.00; Elizabeth C. Daly, Los Angeles.

C. T. Brown, C. E. Socorro, N. M., \$5.00; Chas. Cassat Davis, Board of Education, Los Angeles, \$5.00.

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BETTER THAN GOLD

By PHILIP J. NEWMAN

(Another extract from the autobiography of Jerry Murphy, Prospector.)



RIGHT on the boundary between the old and the new is the town of Phoenix, Arizona. Still standing are the long, low gambling halls on Washington street. But the Indian girl, painted and beaded, stands no longer shy and curious, by the corner posts in front of them; the "tin-horns" lounge no more in the sultry shade, spoiling for excitement; the prairie-schooner no longer ploughs through the street, drawn by a centipede of mules. Old times have passed away.

Down the street of the old town is now no look at all. The women and the farmers—what me old friend, John Clancy, calls the "moral element"—have taken the country. Behind dark-green folding doors the ivory ball still spins, but it's winding down to its last jump. Across the street hay-shovelers are swapping eggs for calico, and you can see the gambler's finish—that kind of figuring don't go with tin-horn aristocracy.

One morning in late April I took me pasear down Washington street. Ahead of me the electric cars went buzzing down a line of cottonwoods that narrowed to a point in the level distance. The rock mountain beyond, balloon-shaped in the mirage, rode and wavered in the heat like the thing it seemed. Warm wooing summer, as the fellow says, was coming on, and me back began to prickle with the heat.

"Your wings are itching to make a fly-away to a cool country, Jerry," I says. "You've got plenty of fly-away stuff in your clothes. You'll have to take a trip to the coast."

I turned into the "Palace" to have me morning toddy with old "Wheelhouse" John Clancy. The bartender laid a fat influential cigar on the bar, and took up a couple of his long, shiny glasses—nothing was too good for Murphy and his friends since he made his stake.

The saloon was cool and quiet; the floor was still damp from the sweeping, and the chairs were piled, legs up, on the table. A small knot of men were gathered, like flies, around a faro table in the corner. At the wheel, John was reading the paper.

A gray and grizzled old-timer was John. He had been a mule-skinner in early days, that is, until he found he had a hoodoo on the ivory ball; then he took his nick-name and turned gambler. But he couldn't shake his tanning alkali. His voice was like a hoarse gale of wind, and everything about him was round and fat and salty. His bushy gray eyebrows, his thick white mus-

tache, his knobby cheeks, all stuck out in fierce good humor. He didn't have an enemy nor a dollar in the world—when he died, I telegraphed me five dollars to help bury him. The only thing John was “down” on was the “moral element that was ruining the country.”

He tossed me the paper, and set to work cleaning his lay-out.

“You missed a mighty pretty play last night, Jerry,” he says. “There was a little touch of old-time gambling. It was suckers win and gamblers lose, too—I lost my rep.”

“Who win?” I says.

“A couple of strangers—miners, in from somewhere with a few months' pay. They were dressed up to kill, with silk shirts and nugget scarf-pins, skin-tight kid shoes, twelve-dollar pants, and Stetson hats. I was out sporting my diamonds, myself”—old John's fat sides shook—“and wherever I went I noticed them—always together—mixing in the crowd, watching the games, taking a drink, now and then, but banking their money safe in their pockets. But when the Chink, Skinny Johnson, got busy fixing the lottery tickets in the back of the room there, the lads couldn't stand the pressure. One of them fished up a quarter, and marked a ticket. After the draw every Chink in the room crowded around the stranger for a ‘look see’—he had made an eight spot, and drew down a couple of hundred bucks. The boys had a few drinks to celebrate, and then I sees them off in a corner, talking it over. You know how it was—that two hundred was velvet—they could afford to risk that. One of them—the big black fellow—takes fifty and sits in the faro game. In half a deal he runs it up to three hundred, cashes in, and they left. I went over and turned in; and about 1 o'clock Skinny Johnson came after me. A run was being made on the wheel and maybe I could change the luck.

“The same two lads, with all the town at their heels, were bucking the wheel. They were out with the luck of a life-time, taking a piece of hide off of every game in town. I took the deal, but the machine was wrong. I couldn't spin the ball but it came on the red, and the players were betting the limit on the color. Everything was lovely. The big fellow was making the bets, and the little one stood at the end of the table, taking down the pay, milking the game to a fare-ye-well. The little fellow was sure traveling on his nerve. He was a middling tall, slim fellow, built like a whip, without a bone in him. His curly red hair was combed nice and purty, and his cotton mustache was twisted tight to his square-cut red face. Some girl had pinned a bunch of pinks to his shirt, and he sang a little good-luck song as he took in the money:

'Every time he spins the ball
She hops out on the rosy,
And every time I cops the dough
I smells my true love's posy.'

"The big fellow was sulky with drink, and I saw if I could turn the play, and stick him for a few bets, the money would be coming back. I offered Red ten dollars for his bunch of pinks, but he said he wouldn't take a thousand—they belonged to his true-love. The little fellow kept his posy"—John laughed his slow, wheezing, whisky laugh—"she kept 'hopping on the rosy,' four times out of five, and the best I could get was a big crimp in the bank-roll. As soon as they lost three bets in succession, the little fellow broke the play off short. The big one bulled around for more play, but Red made it up to him, saying they would go down to Johnny Duncan's and get bank. I laid for them, but they didn't come in again. Perhaps you know them, Jerry; they called each other Jack and Scotty."

"Oh, yes," I says, "Scotty Gannon; Scott Gannon and Jack Truly; they always travel together; you hit one, you hit the other. I know them well."

John tossed his rag and brush into a drawer, and lit a cigar.

"Play like this, Jerry," he says, blowing up the smoke, "is good for a community. These boys won't go out of town with a dollar; they'll scatter the money all over town. In our early mining camps, everybody had money because nobody kept it; a man got quick action on what he had and everybody got a chance at it. And no man could pretend anything he couldn't establish with his hands. But with this tenderfoot gang—the "moral element"—everything is bluff, mystery, superstition—and squeezing the almighty dollars. Suck around the fellow that's got plenty—he's a big chief—spend all your money on him and maybe he'll associate with you. But if a poor widow woman is trying to support her children—she's nobody. She isn't Mrs. So-an'-so—jew her down to the last cent because she needs the money. That's the tenderfoot way of whip-sawing the turn. In our day and place, Jerry, how did we treat the widow and the orphan? She would take in washing, and hire an Injun to do it, and make more than a mine Superintendent. And if any fellow went after his washing that didn't propose to her, he was no man.

"I don't like the tenderfoot," says John, "and I don't like his country, but I suppose we'll have to come to it; things are changing fast. Only yesterday a tambourine was shoved under my nose, and there stood an Indian girl in a Salvation Army uniform. 'Are you saved, my brother?' she says. Asking me if

I was saved! Me that saw her mother and her grandmother in a G-string! She rattled me so, I coughed up a couple of bucks into her jingle-pan before I knew it.

"I'll take my chance, Jerry. If being white and square, and keeping a man's hands above the table won't win, nothing will. 'Uncle Billy' is a white man and he's no tenderfoot—" John straightened up and spun the ivory ball. In shot the green folding-doors, and the two lads came straight for the roulette table. I copped off the play behind me paper. It was the old story—they were losing and couldn't quit. Their last bet was soon swept away, and Jack spread his hands on the table to support a sudden weakness.

"Stake us to a couple of bucks to chew on, Mr. Dealer," says curt little Scotty.

John dropped him two dollars from the silver he was stacking up, and the lads went out. They cut diagonal across the street to Coffee Al's, and presently down the sidewalk to the corner. There was no more sunning themselves in their good clothes, keeping an eye for the pretty women; they were looking for someone they knew to get out of town. Crossing over, I sauntered down toward them.

"Well, well, well," I says, "here's little Scotty! How are you?"

"Not exactly broke, but pretty badly bent," he says, producing a little silver.

"Well, well—and here's Jack, too! How's tricks with you?"

"Feeling like a fool."

"What seems to be the trouble? Being broke is nothing new for you boys."

"That's so," says Scotty, cuffing his hat on the side of his head; "it's not the first time I've given seven month's work to the gamblers. But this time it came pretty tough. We dropped in yesterday, bound for a trip inside, but couldn't let the games alone. We tumbled into luck, and you can guess the rest. As long as our luck lasted we had 'em jumping sideways, and this morning we're dead-broke and shot to pieces. But it's not the money that's floored us; it's losing a chance."

"What sort of a chance?" I says.

Scotty looked at Jack, and both looked away.

"I heard you made it a go in Alaska, Jerry," says Scotty. "How was it?"

"Pretty fair; a little comfort for me old age."

Again they exchanged glances.

"Jerry," says Scotty, "were you ever in the south end of California? No? Well, it's the only green and happy land. I was

in there once a Christmas. It's the prettiest country that ever lay under the burning eye; there's not a straight line or a jump-off in it.

"It's the only God's country, Jerry; if you ever lived in California, you've lost your mother and your sweetheart when you're away from it."

"Good boy!" I says. "Good boy! You've got me going. What was the chance you spoke of?"

"It's an old Mexican," says Scotty. A Californian that's hit the bed-rock. He's Don Tomás somebody—when he's at home. For the last seven months Jack and I have been cribbing up a little stake at Congress, and we ran onto the old fellow working with the muckers. I gave him some tobacco one day, and he braced up, and passed the buck like a man. Somehow he always managed to be shoveling behind our machine, and he hears Jack and me speculating, how we're to get out and get a little honest money. One morning, while we were setting up the machine, the old boy climbed over the muck-pile and told us a few of his travels.

"A paisano of his down in Guadalajara had a pair of hoodoo irons stolen out of the Mission where the priests had had them prospecting for buried treasure. There was an old Mission in ruins near his home in California, with a lost-mine story going with it—a mine the fathers had worked a hundred years ago. It was rich; the Indians had been seen dog-trotting the ore to the Mission, several miles away. The padres had guarded the mine, and, when they went away, had hid it for keeps. No one had ever found it, although it was no secret there was a mine; every man in the country, sometime or other, had made a try for it.

"In Tonto Basin, when I was a boy," says Scotty, "there was a man could locate silver nuggets with the hoodoo-stick, every time. There's something in it; there's something inside of a man that gets the hunch, and works the stick for him. These old priests in Guadalajara had the same notion—and they're dead onto their job, pardner.

"Jack and I sent the old boy to Mexico to get the irons off his compadre. He was to meet us at the Rancho Agua something—I've got the directions in my valise, inside. I'm dead sore on losing the trip. It's a mighty purty country, Jerry."

It was as good luck as any. I fixed the boys with money, and told them, to take the lead—it was their trip. I wanted to see the country.

We left the railroad at the coast. Scotty fitted us up with a pair of plugs and a spring wagon, and we were soon rolling along over the springy ground of a laguna, with the breakers curling

white behind us, the round green hills in front, and the white tips of the Sierras in the distance. Not since me days were young and green had I been in such a country, and there was music in me ears.

Leaving the laguna, the road ran like a strip up a round green hog-back. Down below at the left, in a broad valley, stood the old Mission, silent and alone on a barren red mound, as though the wear of time had left it dead and stranded there.

"I wonder if it's haunted," says Scotty, driving on. "Can you talk spook-talk, Jerry? We might get a pointer where this mine is. But maybe the old irons can hypo the hills for us."

Cutting down a grade, we went spanking up the valley. The rolling, green, open country soon gave way to rough hills, covered with brown sage and dotted with white boulders. The rock formation brought the water to the surface, and we were soon splashing through a trickling stream. Deeper in the hills the water stood in pools, mirroring the drifting sky; bees hummed in the flowing sage, and cattle lay under wide-spreading oaks.

The Rancho was near. The old-time Californian, having the key to the country when he owned the water, always took his grant near running water, and by it built his low, square adobe ranch-house. The rich valleys and hills, where he pastured his herds, were later taken by the Americans, leaving him his deep-walled old house to nurse his pride in. Up the widening ravine we saw the last paring of one man's pride—a white-walled, red-roofed ranch home, set against the hill, across a circle of green flowing meadow.

Scotty slammed on the brake under the shelter of the trees, and we went up to the silent home to ask for Don Tomás, and get permission to camp. Jack stayed with the horses.

There were a dozen doors in front of the 'dobe house. We knocked at one that had a window by it with lace curtains.

"Dost think thee'll ever go back, Jerry?" says Scotty, giving me the old-country josh.

"Damme, ol' son, it all depen's—" The door opened, and the daughter of the house stood in the deep casement.

Off came Scotty's hat, and he swept the ground with it, making a bow.

"Buenas dias, Señorita," he says in his sweetest voice.

"How do you do, sir," says she, not bending a line.

The straight look she gave him was too much for Scotty; he stammered until I shoved him aside and asked for Don Tomás meself in plain United States.

"He was here," says the young lady. "If you'll come in, I'll ask my father."

As she stepped out, Scotty's face was red, and he studied the carpet between his feet; he didn't like his part in the play at the door.

The solid white walls of the room were bare, except for an old family picture here and there. Fierce fiery Dons, and old-fashioned little Señoritas in unhappy bridal finery looked down at us with sadly humble, passionate eyes. They all bore a line of resemblance to the woman that had just left us. Her eyes—heavy-lidded, night-clouded eyes—were the same, but it was her mouth—the blossom of the heart—that made me think of her as I never thought of woman before. Red lips they were, and round and full, but trembling and irresolute; they reminded me of the rose that bloomed outside the door, too heavy with its own sweetness to support itself upon the stem. Me arm ached to fight the world for her on the spot, and the fear that any other man should have her shot into me like a knife. "Steady, Jerry, you old fool!" I thought to meself. "This is not your game. You're a hard-baked old terrier, and there's gray hairs in your head. Steady!"

Scotty had been doing a little thinking himself, and wanted information.—

"How did you happen to know her name was Romero?" he asked, looking up from the carpet. "Why didn't you talk Spanish to her? Why did you call her Miss Romero?"

"I didn't want her to think I was a Cholo; I saw she didn't understand low-grade Mexican. I found out about things here while you boys were buying the plugs; that's always me habit going into a place."

"You'll do, pardner," he says. "You haven't rambled all your life for nothing. But did you ever see such a true-blue gypsy, Jerry? I'm giving you straight goods—win or lose on this mine—I'm going to play a stack of blues for this girl. She's just the fairy for Scotty."

"All right, boy; go in and win. I'll be a father to you."

Romero liked company, and wanted us to stay at the ranch-house, but we couldn't hear to it. He picked out the best camping place for us, and sent an hombre for Don Tomás, who was away on a visit.

Jack followed the lead of his pardners—his feet went out from under at the sight of the girl. Josefa—"little Gypsy Jo" the boys called her—soon made friends with them and they shared her friendship, as they did everything. I knew there would be the devil to pay as soon as she favored one or the other, and hurried matters up when Don Tomás arrived with the "hoodoo irons."

The formation of the country was granite and sandstone; granite in the rough back country, and sandstone under the soil of the rolling hills and valleys that belted the coast. The granite was unstained by mineral; it seemed as barren as the sandstone itself. By the time Don Tomás arrived, we had run the country over in vain for a trace of old workings. Scotty pinned his faith to the irons to smell out the old stopes and galleries that had been resealed by the wear of time. Don Tomás and the boys were sure the mine was there—they needed the money.

It was toward the full of the moon, and in order to be secret and mysterious about it, we did our spook prospecting at night. Don Tomás was the spook professor. He produced the irons, and we sneaked off into the hills to make a try. Don Tomás unrolled the irons from a frazzled, gold-embroidered buckskin. Kneeling down he went through a hocus-pocus to get on the blind side of the saints—a prayer his compadre learned from the priests before he stole the irons. The irons were S-shaped, brass concerns, so battered you couldn't make out the lettering on them. At one end of each S was a handle, at the other a crow's-foot, where they dovetailed together. A silver arrow, dropped through the crow's feet, was supposed to point straight down to the "oro fino." Scotty and Don Tomás fitted the rig together, and gripped the handles tight to keep the arrow pointing up, joined hands in front, and went off over the hills, walking sideways.

Me curiosity satisfied, I sat down on a white boulder, to smoke me pipe. The country was carved in marble beneath the moon, and the sea was a silver sheet in the distance. The deep tones of a guitar came up from the ravine, over the hills, and I saw visions in the fading wreaths of smoke. Visions soon to be but a bitter memory—I would have given all me money to be young again.

Getting no action on their hoodoo-stick, the boys soon tired of walking sideways over the hills, holding up a dead piece of old brass. There was more magic in sky-larking with the rose-lipped "Gypsy" in her garden, watching the spirit dance bright in her eyes like the curls of a child in the sun. Scotty loafed around camp, thinking of nothing but the girl. In the evening, when we sat under the wide-roofed porch, he sang cowboy songs to her, high up in his head, until she threw her guitar in her lap and burst out laughing. Jack couldn't see it, but Scotty was winning her, hands down. I had to steel up me heart to be a good friend to him when trouble came.

I was stuck fast in a game where I couldn't get a look-in—the girl would never even talk to me. "Over the hills and far away" was the only medicine for Murphy. I took long hikes for meself, losing meself and me trouble in the deep green bosom of mother earth.

Deep in a nest of adobe hills, lying head to head, was a green circle of sumac and elder. The adobe soil, overlaying the sandstone formation, although it waved and billowed with wild oats, was usually barren of brush or trees; you could trace the contact of lime or sandstone with the granite, as far as the eye could see, by the division of green, rolling, open country from the rough hills of brown sage. Seeing this lone clump of trees on the adobe, I thought a spring must be there, and climbed up to it to quench me thirst. There was no water. I sat for half an hour cooling me brow in the shade, and sipping the honey-suckle in the undergrowth. Old habit was strong on me; I began to kick around to see if there was a reason why the trees grew there. The soil was but a few inches thick; beneath it, granite, sandstone, and a conglomerate of sea-shells bedded in lime, were mixed in pockets and layers. It was an old dump of some kind and I went home to tell the boys.

Their interest took fire again and we went back that very evening to try the irons. After Don Tomás got through his medicine-performance, I took hold with him and we started through the trees. The irons began to turn slowly, like the spoke of a wheel, from the moment we started. I gripped the handle until my hand blistered, but couldn't hold it. It continued to turn until it pointed straight down, and after we passed the point, turned slowly to point back to the same spot.

"Now she's throwing her mud," whispered Scotty, marking the ground with his heel. "Take her crossways to get it exact, and we'll fly at it."

The boys worked like demons, and talked in whispers—it was night, and they were knocking at the door of Old Prosperity. After an hour's work, they were down shoulder deep, and one of them shouted. I went to see—they wouldn't let me touch a tool—and Jack held the lantern to show me a couple of stone steps. It was the old workings; up those steps the Indians had carried out the rock on their backs.

The stone steps continued to go down a steep slant for fifty or sixty feet. The boys worked like grim death. Their hopes beat high and they never seemed to tire. They made open love to Josefa in the evening, until I was afraid they would come to blows; and at night, in their bunks, they played and fought like bears. In the general good humor I came in for a lot of hard joshing.—

Usually wrapped tight in my bunk before the boys broke away from the girl, they would carry on a conversation for my benefit, as they threw down their blankets. Scotty, of course, did the talking.

"And did you notice Jerry tonight?" he would say. "Josefa had him dead mesmerized, watching her little hand fluttering up the tramway of her guitar. She saw the poor old dumb beast, eating her up with his eyes and I saw her tuck away a little smile time and again. She played the tune over and over, hoping he would get better."

"Jerry's a lady's man all right," he says, coughing; "what I call a long-distance lady's man. When Gypsy Josie is alone with me she can't talk of anything but 'Mr. Murphy.' Where did I know Mr. Murphy? And where was I when he did this, that or the other? You see, she's interested in his yarns. And did you ever hear such yarns? He's an educated terrier; he's been everywhere, and he's done everything. When he's telling his travels to the old Señor, she lays her guitar on her knee to listen; but if he braces up to talk to her, she flies away, and asks Scottie to do something. How purty she says that 'Scottie!'"

They wondered what I thought of the mine now. Wasn't she shaping into as pretty an incline as a man ever saw? You could lay a straight-edge on that flight of steps and touch every stone in it.

Sixty feet down we struck a drift. When the muck was down so he could crawl into it, Jack threw in an armful of straw to burn out the foul air, and we went in to investigate.

The roof was gouged here and there, where ore had been taken

out, but she hadn't caved; the walls and roof stood firm, covered with moss and mildew. Seventy or eighty feet in we came to the face, and I threw the pick against it. The point went in up to the eye, and I had to wriggle and twist it to get it out. I tried again with the same result. I took me candle-stick and ran it all over the face, and along the roof and floor of the drift. Nowhere did I strike rock or grit, and I examined it closely. It was a vein of red and blue clay.

I held out a few of the moss-covered pieces to the boys.

"How about the irons, now, Scotty," I says.

"All right. Isn't that good ledge matter?"

"Clay!" I says. "Clay! The stuff those Indians carried to the Mission to make jugs and ollas. You've found a pottery mine."

Jack threw down the pieces he held with an oath, whirled on his heel, and went out. Scotty stood, grinning silly, scratching his head.

"I guess the irons are not exactly up to date," he says, "but they win. In their day this was as good as a gold mine. The trouble is, we're not Indians, and those days have passed away."

The jig was up; we got ready to pull out. The boys' preparations, as far as I could judge, consisted in each fellow trying to make a sneak on the other one to get a promise from Josefa to wait for him until he rounded up a stake to come for her. The woman, of course, made a puzzle of it, playing one against the other so the winner would know he had had a run for his money.

The Sunday following, I paid me last visit to the ranch-house. The Señor was out with his cattle, and I sat under the porch, behind me paper, watching the young folks in the garden. The girl was merry as a child; the morning seemed to sparkle with her laughter.

"Now I think you are handsome," she says, pinning a rose on Scotty's shirt. Before he could take it up, she was away picking a flower for Jack.

I had a suspicion the girl knew she was torturing me; she seemed to watch me continually out of the corner of her eyes. Finally, sure of it, I crushed the paper in me hands, and stood up, me mind made up to make a quit of it then and there. Out of the old garden gate looked like surface daylight to me, and I made for it.

"Oh, Mr. Murphy—wait," something breathed behind me, and Josefa ran down the path toward me. At the sight of me old face the merry light died out of her eyes, and she dropped them before me. "Won't you—won't you have a flower, too?" she says. "I have the prettiest one for you."

I took the hand that held the flower, and held both.

"Yes, Josefa," I says. "I'll take the rose, and I'll always keep it. Not because I'm much for flowers, but because it's like you and will always remind me of you. For memory's sake it will smell sweeter than any rose. I'm going away in the morning," I says. "Good bye."

And so I left her—I couldn't stand her pity. The sunshine danced before me in ripples on the grass, each leaf nodding to me its tiny smile, but there was no gladness in the day. Poor

old Murphy, jealous, was crawling to his hole like a wounded bear.

There was a pool, dimpling and smiling under the willows, like a babe in its cradle. There I had often loafed and me feet strayed there now. Lying against a leaning willow, I looked at meself in the water.

"Jerry," I says, "after all your travels, and all your luck, you've come to a bad end. You'll never see yourself in any woman's heart. Your eye's not bright, and your cheek's not smooth—curse the women!"

Like a man holding his breath to get over a hurt, I lay there until I heard a great puffing and panting behind me. Old Juana—she often did her washing there—came waddling up, holding her sides—she had been running.

"What's up?" I says. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, oh—I am so ol' an' fat, Señor."

"Yes, I know. But what's the matter?"

"Poco tiempo, poco tiempo; mi corazon esta cansado."

She moistened a forefinger big as me wrist, dug her hand in her cotton skirt, and brought up a brown paper. Another dig brought up some tobacco, and she made herself a smoke. She took a puff or two.

"Yong fellahs fight," she says.

"I thought so. What about?"

"No lo sé—maybe Josefa. Leettle while 'go she sit down on a doorstep with the face in the hands. Yong fellahs sit down each both sides, an' try talk. She jump up, run in the house, throw herself down an' cry, cry. Jack, he say, 'What you say that girl she cry that way?' Scotty, he say, 'What you say'—and they fight. Scotty got whip'. He get up, brush off hees clothes, an' feex back the hank'chief 'roun' hees neck, thees way. 'You are the bes' man with the han's, he say, but you haf a come-again, pardner.' Jack, he say, 'Any time, any place, any way,' an' they go to the camp. I think they goin' shoot."

I stepped in view of the camp. The boys, back to back, were going through their valises.

"Here," I says, "if you got another run in you, go tell your Señorita she's got to come down here. She's to pick the man she wants, to settle this row. Get there some way—if you can't run, lay down and roll."

I went over to camp, and sat on the end of me bunk with me arms folded. The boys started away, but I raised me hand and stopped them.

"That girl will be here in a minute," I says. "She can say which of you she wants without you men making brutes of yourselves. There she comes now."

Josefa followed at Juana's heels and presently stood before me with her eyes on the ground, twining and twisting her hands like a child.

"Now, little sister," I says, "these boys have been getting foolish about you and it's up to you to save some one from getting hurt. Say which one you want, and I'll take the other one off with me."

She raised an appealing look to me face; a look that made me heart cave, and her frightened hands were never still.

"Come," I says, "which one?"

"Neither of them."

There was dead silence—the boys heard that. I was surprised and hurt, meself.

"That's a rough deal for a crowd of good men. We're all three in love with you. Isn't there any of us you're in love with?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, who is it? It wasn't Murphy you were crying after?"

"Yes, sir."

Some things come natural. I never kissed a woman in me life, but I gave a good imitation of an old duck taking to water. Me little sweetheart's face was soon muffled on me shoulder, answering me questions. I thought of the boys and looked up to see them shaking hands.

"The argument's settled," says Scotty. "The best man wins."

I couldn't drop me pardners at the door of the woman I had taken away from them, so I got a horse from the Señor and rode with them as far as the divide. They were going out to a little camp on the edge of the desert, and, if they couldn't catch on there, they would sell the team and work back to their old stamping ground. They wouldn't take a cent from me; but I had staked them to the team, that was theirs.

The boys were glad to be gone. When they set their brake on the down grade, over the divide, they shook hands almost without a word. Rounding a point of rock below, they waved their hats good-bye, and were gone. There was a choking in me throat—all that Murphy had ever been went with them.

I stood for a long while on the mountain top with me eyes fixed on the road that spun out like a thread, and was lost in the desert. It was a barren and sexless land, scorched by the glare of the angry sun, a land set in the everlasting tragedy of death with saw-teeth fanging the sky; a land where there was no rainfall and no women.

I turned me horse's head back toward the far blue sea, the green glowing hills, and the woman. Murphy was going home.

Vista, Cal.





The Child-Study Circle, and the Congress of Mothers, and all these other conscious attempts to regain our human nature, the Lion is far from having a grudge against. They have been made necessary by our straying; and while they sometimes err on the side of super-excitation, their general trend is unquestionably toward the raising of our civilization back toward humanness. They are All Right. But so also was God.

We are apt to forget sometimes that Human Nature was invented some time ago. It was one of the Old Man's first, best thoughts. We shall do well if we can keep it intact as He made it. Perhaps it will be easier for us to do this well, if we can realize that in the making of it, and the distribution, He showed no favoritism. What we call Human Nature, is in fact animate nature. Within a few years all scholars have come to realize that the higher vertebrates share it with man. We are still in society a good deal like Gulliver in Lilliput; perhaps another generation will bring us more competent to use our eyes. We know already that motherhood is not confined to mankind alone among the vertebrates; we do not yet know whether the tree has some joy of maternity, as scientists realize it has some of the other functions which a few years ago were supposed to be confined to the earth's Dominant Beast.

A few weeks ago, upon the Lion's own land in the city of Los Angeles, a pair of quail hatched out their brood of ten. The Indian boys came running to ask what should be done.

"Let them alone, of course—"

But the neighborhood cats and dogs; and the civilized boy with a gun, who has less mercy than any Indian ever had?

"All right—catch them! For your life don't hurt them. We will see if they can live as happily as the covey of quail did in the court of the Hotel del Coronado."

The ten babies, just out of the shell, were gently caught and put unharmed in an open box. The mother was running around thirty or forty feet away, calling to them—anxious but not

hysterical. Then the other human troublers were sent away, and the Lion came down alone. The little mother drew closer and closer, up to within twenty feet. Then she would come no nearer. So the Lion went away and left the box for her. Within two minutes she ran up to this trap—and the hunter knows what a quail thinks of a box. But her young were peeping inside. Four or five times she ran about the box, calling; but the tiny striped babies could not hop out. She hopped upon the rim of the box; and daunted (as any wild animal would be) hopped down, and circled three or four times more, still calling. Then up she hopped, and down she dropped to her children, and began hovering them. A butterfly net dropped over the end of the box her changed and more satisfied speech indicated that she was in. This was too much, even for wild nerves; and up she flew—to be caught, of course, in the gauze. Then a monster 500 times her size closed an enormous claw upon her in the netting.

This little mother did not flutter once, nor once cry out. It took the Indian boys fifteen minutes to put netting over the top of the box, leaving one end free. All that time, Mamma quail lay motionless in a great paw. Then another paw came down into the netting, grasped her, took her forth and dropped her under the net into the little box with her babies.

A hen, civilized perforce by man, would thereupon have killed all her chicks, because of her "emotions." This wild quail (with the mother-nature that God gave her, and no one has had a chance to spoil) did not once flutter nor kick. She was in a house, in a box, a prison; but her children were with her. She instantly ruffled her feathers, spread her wings, and called her babies to be hovered—and of course among the creatures that remain as God made them, there are no children that have to be Told Twice.

And the Lion came away, after building an adequate home for this little family, more disposed than ever to believe that there is a Force older and even Smarter than we are. Nor was this faith a whit lessened by the proof that fatherhood is as old in God's scale as the more beautiful, because more costly, maternity. The father quail did not desert his own, nor quit his responsibilities, even for fear of the thing that is most fearful to all wild animals. He came talking to them day and night; and he would have shared their captivity—except that before he could be trapped, a civilized cat pounced upon him.

Words are as we use them—either the rock on which MAN
we stand, or the facial pitfall for our own feet. They
are mostly banged away like the Missourian's scatter-
gun on a dark night—"for general results." But there are still — WORDS

some who use them like a rifle-ball, straight between the eyes of the quarry. There is no more perfect index of the mind. Those who think straight, speak straight, and write straight; those who don't think at all, spill more words where all is already a-slop. The digested thought finds expression in a form unlikely to be forgotten. In every language there is a vast mass of proverbs—"the wisdom of many in the words of one." And it has taken a thousand years to make them.

The first "familiar quotation" was made by our father Adam. The first epigram was by his oldest son. "Am I my brother's keeper?" has served as the bible, ever since, for those who dodge the responsibilities of humanity.

Ever since man became bridle-wise upon the steed most likely to run away with him, there has been recognized a greatness in the ability "to say it all" in words so few and so apt that no one ever thinks to issue a supplement. Probably most laconic of all was the first conqueror of Europe, the little bald Roman who (while he could write, and did write, history) found three words enough to announce a great victory. Ten thousand people remember Caesar's diamond epigram for every one that has ever read his Commentaries.

If not quite as compact, many other historic characters have so told a volume in a sentence that it will be a proverb to the world forever. Every thoughtful person recalls the more prominent of them. It is a great gift to be able, in a single phrase, to take one's place forever in the speech of mankind, whether by the beauty and the aptness of the couplet, or by the straight, stinging efficacy of the sentence. And it is a gift which implies the larger gift which fathers it—the gift of compact thought.

While we have not any local Caesars or Nelsons, and while its application is local rather than universal, Los Angeles has recently added a classic to this slow world-fund of epigram. The city in its prodigious growth has outgrown all its municipal clothing—water-supply included. It had reached the danger line. Those who think, foresaw that without a radical increase in the supply, the community could not much further continue its advancement. Such increase in the supply has been offered. Like all public questions, little or big, it has become a matter of dispute. While the sense of the community is undoubtedly in overwhelming favor of the "Owens River plan," there are many still in doubt; and the papers are in freshet of argument pro and con. But all the pages and columns of words add nothing to what Mulholland, superintendent of the municipal water system which (since it was taken over from private hands) has

made a most extraordinary record of efficiency, has put into a shy dozen words:

"If Los Angeles doesn't get this water, she won't need it."

SOME FLIES

IN HIS OWN

OINTMENT

Probably no other man has done so much for the technical efficiency of the public libraries of the United States as Melvil Dewey—now enforced "Ex-." Shakespeare is still rather more the world's creditor than the attendant who hands him out to you. So, in proportionate measure are they who make books and know what is in them as compared with those that know the backs of books, their numbers and their ordained places in the decimal system. But in this busy day there must be organization to put the brains of the few in the hands of the many; and in this function Mr. Dewey's services have probably been unique. For more than a generation he has been perhaps the most active and the most eloquent agitator for training, for method and for technical detail in all America. When he began, the public libraries of the country were unquestionably in a provincial state. He has done more than any other one person I recall to formulate them, to give them a system, to unify them, and to prepare for their service a vast corps of clerks, competent for the routine of arranging books so they can readily be found and promptly handed out to such as happen to ask for them by name. If not the father, he has been the most energetic step-father of the library training-schools. He is the inventor, I believe, of a decimal system which, despite certain ridiculous mistakes (likely to occur in any inclusive system to cover the enormous publications of the modern world, which must from time to time meet its *reductio ad absurdum*), is now very widely in use. He is a man whose integrity I think has not been questioned, whose energy is tireless, whose ingenuity is great, and who speaks most fascinatingly and by the book.

It will be inevitable, therefore, to feel that the present ending of his stormy career is a misfortune; despite the obvious and long-notorious reasons why (in the rude language of the Plains) "his boss quit him." It is a misfortune—though, like most clouds, not without its silver lining. While a temporary loss to technical librarianship, it is a distinct lesson and gain for those qualities of business and manhood and common-sense which obtained long before "trained librarians" were invented.

For many years Mr. Dewey, as director of the New York State Library at Albany, N. Y., as Secretary of the State Board of Library Regents, and as leading spirit of the library training classes of the Empire State, has been a storm-center. No doubt much of this has been due to the fact that politicians could not

use him. No doubt, also, quite as much has been due to the equal fact that he either could not or did not use the saving grace of common sense. He has been for all these years what the rude Westerner calls Tenderfoot. This quality has brought upon him at home, among many other things, public reprimand by his superiors, the Regents of the New York State Library; the loss of his position as secretary of that Board; and, in August, 1905, his enforced resignation from his \$5000 position as Director of the State Library of New York. At the August meeting of the Regents he was given until December 31, 1905, to "close up his business and retire from the service of the State."

The Lion is sincerely sorry for the passing of Mr. Dewey, though human enough to appreciate the humor of it. His relations with Mr. Dewey have been very comfortable and agreeable—for the Lion never holds grudges for the blunders of the well-meaning. A few weeks ago Mr. Dewey saw Los Angeles for the first time in his life. Without investigation, inquiry or care for the facts, he took a violent partisanship in a local controversy, and in an eloquent public talk accused several reputable citizens of what, in the mind of every decent man, is a crime; lectured the city for its iniquity in things wherein other American cities are, he alleges, generally clean; and actively broadcast throughout America his ignorant aspersions on the fame of Los Angeles.

Now this is not a sinful thing to do. It is simply foolish. Back in Boston they would call it "lack of balance." In the California of a few years ago, everybody would have defined it with the terse word "Tenderfoot." Today, with regard to our passing slang, the papers have unanimously designated it as "butting in." All these definitions converge. And the act which they define—and the habit of such action—explain why one of the ablest, most talkative and most likable of American librarians has been forcibly divorced from one of the most remunerative library positions in America.

Unquestionably since Medieval history, when there were Saladins, and Richards of the Lion Heart, no ruler of a great nation, whether republic or monarchy (excepting only Diaz), has ever wilfully invited so many and so great personal hazards as President Roosevelt. Perhaps no one of his imperial compeers was ever so seriously and so oft in chosen peril, even before coming to the throne. Certainly none of them since accession has so often and for so high a stake played across the table with that Lean Fellow who always takes the last trick. Even the man nearest like him among the world's

WHERE

TO DRAW

THE LINE

potentates today has never had anything like the same Western effrontery in chucking Death under the chin. To kill bears and panthers with a hunting knife, to stand off lynchers, to laugh at anarchists and assassins—none of these are etiquette for the man upon whose head rests the responsibilities of a nation. And perhaps the most extraordinary and most dubitable of these adventures was the President's day-before-yesterday temptation of the submarine boat.

The first and perhaps still the foremost reason why the nation loves Roosevelt as no other of its presidents has been loved in his lifetime, and as only two have been loved after their death, is this very thing. Civilization has not yet so preyed upon us that the most cowardly do not love courage. The physical and the moral dauntlessness of the President have endeared him not only to heroes but to those who would be if they dared. The nation needed a Man—how badly he was needed, we did not realize until we were astonished to find we Had one.

But there can be enough of even a good thing; and he whom 80,000,000 people love cannot properly dare as much as he whose permanence or exit concerns no one but his own little circle. Responsibility breeds obligation. The simile will not be misunderstood, for the President's capital calibre is by now gauged the world over; but even a pin has a head put on it to keep it from Going too Far.

It is an old story that "it is dangerous trying to be safe;" and while old it is still true. There is more than epigram in the axiom that danger catches up with those who run from it. A chimney may fall on a man in his own house, or the unsuspected midnight tack may finish him with blood poisoning. But there is always a golden mean. God pity a nation when its men lose the pulse of adventure; and if the men of the nation should have this pulse, so should its First Man. On the other hand, everything has its So-far. Probably every adventurer has found himself more conservative after acquiring a wife and baby for whose happiness he was as a man responsible. The acquirement of any human responsibility generally tends, and normally tends, to increase the sense of obligation of the curator to preserve himself for the sake of his trust.

Every man who holds an official position, no matter how humble, realizes (if he have sense) that the very things which were his privileges as an individual, are no longer his in his relation to the community.

Like all human queries, national, political, religious or social, this matter hinges on definition. No one will deny that there must be some things too dangerous to be indulged in by a man

of whom his nation expects so much. The drawing of the line is a delicate matter. But it certainly is not treason to suggest that there is such a line; and that all of us may profitably begin to reckon about where it ought to lie.

There is much discussion among the Mentally Unemployed whether there is more dishonesty in public life than there used to be; or whether we "only hear more about it," thanks to the newspapers and an occasional crusader for good government. The discussion somewhat recalls the anecdote of Lincoln—and of course all good stories were fathered upon Lincoln until very recent years, since when they have been attributed to a famously smug and orotund senator.

The story is that in his obscure days as a country lawyer, Lincoln took home as a boarder his law partner; that Mrs. Lincoln had convictions of her own, not wholly in line with the later verdict of the world concerning her husband; that with the thin partitions of a country shell, the partner overheard, unwillingly, so many curtain lectures, and so pointed, that he was moved to protest:

"Abe, how in the world can you stand it?"

To which the Rail-Splitter is alleged to have answered, with a knowing inclination of his forefinger:

"You have no idea how much it relieves Mrs. Lincoln."

So doubtless it relieves the disputants in this case.

Of course there is more dishonesty than there used to be—though without question it is much magnified to our ear by the enormous multiplication of the activity of the "news." This has to be. Modern life is more complex every day. Today it is a hundred times as involved as it was when your grandfather and mine held the relation to his day that you and I do to ours. Complication begets complication. Graft breeds graft. All these habits are cumulative, as every habit is. The philosopher traces this aggravation of symptoms to several causes which need not be discussed here—since they are an essay in themselves, and each of them. But the gravest students of human affairs already as a whole agree to the fact that in society, in politics, in every other civilized activity, certain morbid tendencies which a few generations ago were merely indicative, have now become active and progressive.

And no less general is their agreement as to the radical cause. Several things have combined to aggravate the disease; but the seat of it is in the blood.

Now cancer may be "cured without an operation" in those newspaper columns granted to them that prey upon the despair of their kind; but if you take a cancer to a proper doctor he takes a knife. In economics, the quacks are those who have other nostrums—one of which is "to let it go." It is a feature of our day—and one of the most encouraging—that our national disease has come to the hospital; where Drs. Roosevelt, Folk, Jerome, and their kind are operating, not with poultices nor with Absent Treatment, but with the thin edge of steel. A malignant growth needs to be removed. Thank God, there are men who are not afraid to remove it, and who do not faint at the sight of a drop of political blood.

The blood-purifier is indeed prescribed by them at the same time; but that is for you and me and all of us to take out of our proper bottles with our household teaspoons. Neither national nor state physician can catch each one of us, tie and gag us and pour the medicine down our throat. This is an individual responsibility. When even a working minority of the citizens of the United States are personally honest—honest to their families, to their community, to the assessor, and above all to themselves—then we shall much more seldom need to carry the community patients to the operating table. And presently not at all.

To some it is only saddening that within one year the first Senator of the United States to be convicted of dishonesty should be followed by a second. Certainly it is not a jovial record—but it is a mighty encouraging one. Senator Burton, of Kansas, and Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, are two scoundrels. If they had been tramps or carpenters or common store-keepers, both of them would have been behind the bars long ago. It is encouraging to reflect that while they have not been justly punished as poor men would have been for the same violation of the laws of God and man, both are branded for life. There is no question that we had come nationally to take a rather flippant view of official dishonesty. There is no question that the example of President Roosevelt and the like-minded men who have been encouraged to activity by his success, has had a deep and far-reaching effect upon this common palliation of dishonesty in public life. Without legal process as yet, it is most encouraging and significant that the exposure of Senator Depew for doing as decent individuals in private life would scorn to do, has earned him the disregard and contempt of the whole nation. One need not have any grudge against any particular public man, to hope that this national surgery may go on until every politician who gets the idea that he is absolved of the duties of the common people shall have come upon the operating table in the free public clinic.

SAINTS

AND

SINNERS

It ought to be possible for some of the leading reviews in the East to learn the very simple rule which governs the masculine Saints of Spanish extraction in our geographic calendar. There are thousands of Spanish names on our map; we ought to be able to find someone to spell what's on our map. There certainly is no excuse for the "New York Evening Post" to persist in talking about "San Domingo." It would be just as scholarly to talk of St. Francisco, Cal., or San Louis, Mo.

In the Spanish language there are four Saints, and only four, that invariably take the form "Santo" instead of "San." These are: Santo Domingo, Santo Tomás, Santo Tomé, and Santo Toribio. All the other Saints of the harder sex are "San;" all the ladies are "Santa."

It is high time for those who pose as educators to observe these unvarying rules, and it is always time for those who do not pose, to learn the right thing as fast as they can.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

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ALL the short life (21 months) of the Southwest Society has been a sequence of large successes. In this short span, it has worked up the largest membership of any archaeological society in America; probably the largest membership of any so high-priced scientific body in America. It has saved to this community, from eager collectors in the Easts and abroad, historical collections beyond price; it has enlisted, not merely to passive membership but to active aid, the foremost men and women in the business and scholarly fields in this community; and it has already crystallized the broad plans for such a museum as does not yet exist in the far West—but is very soon going to exist in the chief city of the Southwest.

But its largest victory thus far is the latest. This one item would insure the success of the Southwest Museum, and would vindicate the whole activity of the Society for its two years' labors.

Everyone knows somewhat of the Mission epoch. For three-quarters of a century, about, the history of California was the history of the Franciscan Missions. These quiet pioneers in grey

were not only the men who first explored and settled and civilized California, and brought it within the knowledge of the remote world; they were not only crusaders for the faith; they were practical business men and leaders of men. The practical ability of the best of them would today (with today's changed standards) qualify them for the successful direction of trusts or other great business enterprises. They were men who had the gift to make something out of nothing—and with nobody for helper.

The monuments they left upon this landscape, the romance they imprinted upon this history—these have reached the consciousness of practically all intelligent people throughout the world. They have been an enormous asset to the latter-day material growth of California.

But times change, and we change with them. The era of the Missions and their Franciscan commonwealth-founders is as far back of our bustling day as the Middle Ages. Thanks to the brutal secularization of 1834, to the cumulative blunders of the Mexican government before Mexico found its head, and the use of its hands; and to the strain upon a sudden new population in trying to secure for its new home in ten years what every other American community has required a hundred to acquire—these things have not only made out of date the Mission era; they have also largely robbed us and our children of what we are entitled to have for our education, our enlightenment and our gratification.

The visible remnants and relics of the Old California are incredibly scattered, lost and looted; partly by carelessness, partly by too much trust, partly by the fact that foreigners saw more quickly the value of these relics than we did in California. The historic remains of the ancient Southern California have largely gone to adorn foreign museums and private collections elsewhere. The first considerable retention in all Southern California of such historical relics was the purchase by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce of the Palmer collection, ten years ago. The second was the purchase by the Southwest Society of the Caballeria collection last year.

But despite the shrinkage and loss by our own carelessness, and the greater alertness of our visitors, there still remains in California a great mass of this historic material. Under more enlightened laws the stolen Missions have reverted to their original ownership; and with them such contents as had not been stolen. Scattered among the various Missions of Southern California is a museum in itself, of relics of the heroic days. Aside from what Mr. Bancroft has —“conveyed, the wise it call”—for his “library” there are still in church possession most of the orig-

inal books of marriage, baptisms and burial; beginning in 1769 with the entries written and signed by Junípero Serra, the Apostle of California; by Francisco Palou, his companion, successor and biographer, and the first historian of California; and by all the other pioneer missionaries of the State. There are statues, paintings, altar ornaments, vestments and a thousand other articles which in Europe or Boston or New York would be realized to be absolutely beyond price.

About six months ago the matter was taken up on these lines by the Southwest Society with that broad-minded American and scholar, Rt. Rev. Thos. J. Conaty, Bishop of Los Angeles and Monterey; and the formal request of the Executive Committee was presented to him. The matter has been laid before the Council of this diocese by him, with his recommendation; and on the 24th of August, 1905, by and with the unanimous consent of his Council, Bishop Conaty formally agreed to make a permanent loan of these articles to the Southwest Museum, in honor of the missionary pioneers who founded California.

Bishop Conaty has already, as requested by the Southwest Society, issued episcopal orders to all the clergy of this diocese (running from San Diego to Monterey) to assemble and catalogue all these articles, and hold them in readiness for transmission to him; and has agreed to deposit them in the Southwest Museum.

There is not in North America such a collection as this will be; and this insures the success of the no less important related plan now being formulated by the Executive Committee. While the Southwest Museum is pledged to the highest standards and will be distinguished from any other museum in the United States by certain things approved by all scientists, it is eminently probable that this scientific collection of early California will be more attractive to more people than any other one department.

LOS ANGELES, March 16, 1905.

RT. REV. T. J. CONATY,
Bishop of Los Angeles and Monterey,
Los Angeles, Cal.

My Dear Bishop Conaty:—Pursuant to our recent conversation, I beg to present to you, in written form, a brief statement of what the Southwest Society of the Archaeological Institute of America purposes to do, what it asks this diocese of the Catholic Church to do through you, and the manner in which it believes the suggested co-operation will be of vital and permanent benefit to this community.

The Southwest Society has undertaken to build in this city a free public museum. It intends to begin that work this year, 1905. It intends to make the building the most perfect piece of architecture in California—and to prove by this building that if people, today, *care* enough, they can, with all the resources of money and labor, build as noble an edifice, in the same architectural style, as the Franciscan pioneers built in California more than a century ago. It is the intention to locate this building upon a five-acre

plot in some commanding location where it can "see and be seen;" to have it absolutely fire-proof; and to have it the inevitable depository of those objects of art, of archaeology, and of history, which the scholarship of a later day will expect us of this generation to have saved for our children.

The society engages that the museum shall be, though necessarily modest in its beginnings, beyond criticism by scientists. It will jealously carry out the highest traditions of that scientific body of national and world-wide standing under whose auspices it works. It expects to open to the public as soon as its first room is completed, and to add other rooms on the Mission plan as funds can be raised therefor.

Obviously a historic and scientific museum in the chief city of Southern California and the Southwest must logically include a proper exhibit of that which was for the first half century of California history nearly all of that history, namely, the Mission epoch and its accomplishment. Such an exhibit should properly include, of course, models of all the California Missions; it should include every record and every visible relic of the enormous achievement of these heroic evangelists. It should contain what I presume it would be proper to call the *sacred* relics of that pioneer evangelizing; and it should contain no less the material proofs of the civilization which these practical men taught to the savages.

I beg to remind you, on behalf of this society, that today, and ever since the brutal secularization of 1834, the historic relics of the Mission regime are scattered everywhere. Many bowls, fonts, paintings, vestments and other objects are in private possession—mostly innocent possession, having been taken not so much by looters as by the faithful, who thus preserved them from careless looting. Many are gone forever from all possession which can benefit either this community or the church—I fancy you would hardly believe how extensively these objects have been bought, stolen, or otherwise carried away by visitors from all parts of the world. The remainder is, as you know, scattered among many churches of your diocese. Some of these are conserved by curators who have the historic feeling. Some are somehow given storage in churches or closets or somewhere, safe neither against mice nor fire nor vandals.

Concisely, the Mission relics which are left in California are, at this writing, of very small service either as a monument to that wonderful epoch, or to scholarship in the community at large. This society honestly believes that a better arrangement can be made, and it respectfully tenders its services to that end—in equal good faith to both parties.

We request, respectfully but very earnestly:

1. That you issue an official letter as bishop of this diocese instructing all priests under your jurisdiction to assemble at once, and at once forward to your personal keeping, every record, church book and other document of the Missions of a date prior to 1860; every statue, painting, vestment, chalice and other article of historic use in any of the Missions of your diocese not now truly essential to the proper prosecution of worship by a present congregation, and not replaceable, without detriment to divine service, by a like article purchasable with money and therefore less precious than these historic objects which money could not duplicate—in which case this society begs the privilege of being allowed to attempt at least to make such substitution in order that the original article may become safely and permanently a part of that exhibit which we deem it good citizenship to save for the California that was and for the people who made it.

2. That you, in your official capacity, make a permanent loan to the Southwest Society, in trust for the Southwest Museum, of the articles thus assembled. The society will enter proper and legal obligation to give them the fullest protection, proper display, cataloguing and exposition. Its design is that such an exhibit should occupy, in the Southwest Museum—and as soon as possible in the development of the plan—a hall to be appropriately dedicated.

In this way there would be secured at once two results which we deem eminently desirable. There would be for the first time, and for the only place in the world, a competent object lesson as to the achievement of the Franciscan Missionaries in exploring and founding and upbuilding California. Of course it would be appropriate to add (and we should ask the privilege to add) photographs, paintings and other documents which would elucidate and comment upon this exhibit. We should also desire to publish

a permanent bulletin or monograph not only cataloguing this exhibit but giving the necessary generic information.

Such an exhibit would be, of course, one of the most important features of this museum. The Southwest Society is working for this community irrespective of creed, birthplace, color, or anything else; but precisely as it sees the need of the community for such a museum, with this exhibit as one of its leading features, it feels the obligation and the pleasure of giving full recognition to those whose courage and devotion laid the foundations of California.

Sincerely yours,

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

For the Executive Committee.

St. Vibiana's Cathedral,

114 E. 2nd St.,

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Aug. 24, 1905.

MR. CHAS. F. LUMMIS,

The Southwest Society, A. I. A.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

My Dear Mr. Lummis:—Some few months ago, on the part of the Southwest Society, you made a proposition that a hall to be known as the "Junipero Serra" Hall be set apart in the new proposed museum for the purpose of holding as a loan all such articles as might be obtained from the different Missions in this diocese.

I take pleasure in saying that after careful consideration on the part of myself and of the Council of this diocese, they are one with me in accepting the proposal. Our one anxiety is that we may be able to gather such a collection as would be creditable not only to mission history, but also to the museum of which it is to be a part.

I am thoroughly in sympathy with the movement for the museum and am exceedingly anxious to save what still remains from the treasures once held in the missions, and in securing them from all possible danger.

With best wishes for the success of the museum, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

THOMAS J. CONATY.

The official letters in this matter are appended.

Activity in the matter of the museum funds has been held back intentionally, for the securing of the above important pledge. It will now go forward as rapidly as business judgment dictates. But meantime there has been activity—if without publicity.

The following gentlemen have been elected trustees of the Southwest Museum Funds, and have accepted the election:

J. O. Koepfli,

Kaspere Cohn,

W. C. Patterson.

Messrs. Wm. D. Stephens and Joseph Scott, and Mrs. W. H. Housh have been added to the Executive Committee. Mr. Henry W. O'Melveny is chairman of the Finance Committee, and will have charge of the campaign for financing the museum. He is also chairman of the Site Committee. Several sites have been offered, and a great many will be sought. It is expected to find someone with land plus intelligence, who will be glad to contribute five acres of a commanding hill-top out of combined public spirit as to the cause, and business sense as to the rest of his holdings.

The annual report of the treasurer and secretary of this society to the Archaeological Institute of America shows not only the unprecedented gain in membership—and this society is now more than 100 ahead of any other of the fifteen in the Institute—it shows also that while the running expenses of this society are double those of any other, the result in securing more new members than the whole Institute put together, and at less than one-fifth the cost per capita for new members, justifies the expense. Modern business methods are being applied by this society to the service of science—the card catalogue, the mimeograph, the “follow-up” method, and so on.

Since last month's issue of this magazine the following new members have been added:

Life member: Gerhard Eshman.

Annual members:

Edward S. Graham, Redlands, Cal.	C. Seligman,
Jno. H. Norton,	Geo. Steckel,
M. L. Wicks,	Henry W. Louis,
Chas. Wier,	W. H. Pierce,
C. C. Desmond,	R. A. Rowan,
S. G. Marshutz,	All of Los Angeles except as noted.
West Hughes,	

* * *

The important task of working up the Society's great collection of folk songs is now going forward rapidly, and on broad lines. Mr. Arthur Farwell, the eminent expert, is now in his sixth month of transcribing and arranging this collection; and this month he will be aided by Mr. Harvey Worthington Loomis, whose fine development of folk-songs has attracted wide attention in the East. The harmonization of some of the most beautiful of the old California songs—to make a “popular” volume, in addition to the great collection—presents many most interesting phases; and the book will cause a sensation.

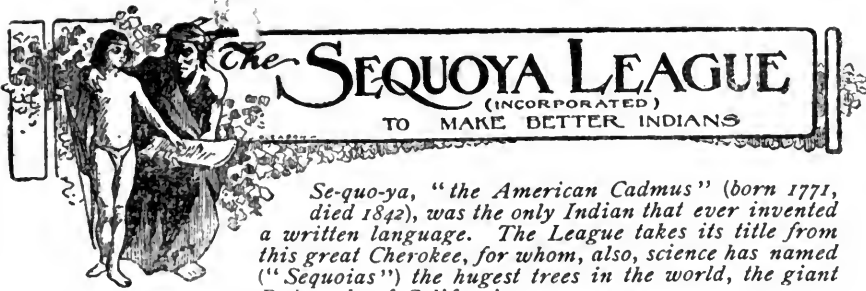
* * *

Hon. Dana Burks, its publisher, has contributed to the joint use of this Society, the Landmarks Club and the Sequoia League, a copy of the 1905 directory of Los Angeles.

Edwin Burritt Smith, a leader of the Chicago bar, who has largely handled the transfer of our street railroads to Mr. Huntington, has presented to the Southwest Museum what is probably the best basket ever made by Campo Indians. The society is gradually acquiring a valuable nucleus of the more typical of these baskets.

* * *

There are still deficits of \$106.50 in the special fund to make President Roosevelt and Prof. Chas. Eliot Norton (founder of the Institute) honorary life members of the Southwest Society; and of \$33 in that for the purchase of the Palmer-Campbell collection. Subscriptions for these two important matters will be gladly welcomed; both funds should be closed up before the active campaign for the Museum, now about to begin.



Se-quo-ya, "the American Cadmus" (born 1771, died 1842), was the only Indian that ever invented a written language. The League takes its title from this great Cherokee, for whom, also, science has named ("Sequoias") the hugest trees in the world, the giant Redwoods of California.

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 Geo. Bird Grinnell, Ed. "Forest and Stream," N. Y.
 Chas. Cassat Davis, Los Angeles
 C. Hart Merriam, Chief Biological Survey, Washington
 D. M. Riordan, Los Angeles
 Richard Egan, Capitran, Cal.
 Chas. F. Lummis, Chairman

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CONTEMPORARY conditions at the five Campo reservations—whose critical distress has been so generously relieved this year by the public of Southern California; while popular interest and contributions have also awakened the Department of the Interior to discover unsuspected funds for the relief of the Indians whose suffering from hunger and cold had been matters of official record for thirty years—continue to reflect credit on Southern California feeling, and on the business methods by which that feeling has been expressed. Among the agreeable features of the case is the fact that Mr. E. H. Weegar, the veteran trader at Campo, the accredited agent of the League and a man to whose justice and mercy the Indians are all indebted, is to retain his place. There was a strong probability, last month, that he would leave Campo. He has now decided to stay; and both the League and the Indians count this good fortune.

It is always to be remembered, however, that all these relief measures are merely temporary. These Indians have been starving for forty years because crowded off the lands which belonged to them, and staked out on deserts inadequate to support human beings. The permanent remedy must come from the government by giving the lands upon which by sufficient hard work and economy they can refrain from starving.

Indian Commissioner Leupp was unable to visit these reservations this summer as he had intended. Fortunately U. S. Sen-

ator Flint has agreed to make a personal inspection of conditions on the worst Mission Indian reservations; and his knowledge will be of serious import in Washington. If it had not been for the fact that Senator Bard, on his own motion, spent several weeks in inspection of these Southern California reservations, it would have been impossible to settle the Warner's Ranch case satisfactorily. Thanks to this unselfish attention of a busy man, the Warner's Ranch Indians were given a better home than that from which the Supreme Court evicted them. The like support in Senator Bard's successor promises as fortunate results for the equally ill-treated Indians of a dozen other reservations.

The Campo baskets still continue to sell. Messrs. Barker Bros., 420-424 South Spring street, have kindly undertaken the public sale of them; and Mrs. Lummis has also a collection. It may be repeated that the League purchases for cash all the baskets these suffering Indians can produce, and devotes all the proceeds to their betterment.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged—\$1,359.00.

New contributions:

\$2.00 each (membership)—F. T. Sutherland, Georgetown, Brit. Guiana; Col. Robt. C. H. Brock (Prest. Penna. Soc. Archaeological Inst. of America), Maybrook, Pa.; Dr. E. C. Buell, Mrs. J. R. Newberry, T. E. Gibbon, Mary Foreman, Lizzie H. Eliel, T. L. Duque, W. S. Heineman, J. H. Martin, Miss Margaret M. Felte, Francis L. Braman, Mrs. J. F. Duane, Miss Mary P. Putnam, Mrs. E. M. Fowler, Los Angeles; Mrs. Eva S. Fenyas, Pasadena; F. H. Spearman, Wheaton, Ill.; Paul T. Brown, Wm. H. H. Hull, New York City.

INDIAN RELIEF FUND.

Previously acknowledged—\$1,293.00.

New contributions—Mrs. J. R. Newberry, Los Angeles, \$10.00; The Shakespeare Club, Pasadena, \$10.00; F. T. Sutherland, Georgetown, British Guiana, \$5.00.





No one has watched with more interest or more pride than this magazine (which first recognized her potentiality) the growing fame and the growing desert of fame of Mary Austin. It is perhaps a little impertinent when periodicals speak of having "discovered an author;" for authors discover themselves. But, at any rate, this magazine may fairly acknowledge its responsibility in having given this brave if somewhat ingrown child of the desert her first encouragement to expand.

Mrs. Austin's work has had a rapid and wide success of esteem. It is not of the hundred-thousand-copies-before-publication sort, but it is a direct and imperative appeal to those who can see and understand and feel real power.

It is too early yet to adjudicate this far from ordinary writer. She has the merits and the defects of her qualities, and both can be measured in fairer proportion later on. Here are simply a few words about her latest book—now volumned forth from its serial presentment in the "Atlantic Monthly."

"Isidro" is an imprint of 425 pages which is neither a novel nor a short story. More than either, perhaps, it is a Picture—as Mrs. Austin's work thus far essentially has been, despite its occasional vehicle of a plot able to walk by itself. While it falls outside the accustomed categories of books of this length, there will be few to find fault because there is so much picture to the story, or so much story to the picture. It has the graphic leisure of a novel, twinned with what in ordinary hands would make a short story of the regulation 5,000 to 8,000 words. Yet it by no means drags. There is a sort of sense of the Wilderness which carries the plot in such proportion to the painting that neither is realized to overhang the other till one sits down afterward to analyze dispassionately.

Cold-blooded analysis is the last thing this book deserves. It leaves a good taste in the mouth—and that is what fiction is for.

Upon dissection, the story would be found to lack constructive facility. The stage-setting art is not mature in it. On the other hand, neither does it limp as it runs. The worst fault of construction, from the dramatic viewpoint, is that the pivotal secret is "given away" at the outset—that is, the element of surprise, upon which all dramatic literature, on or off the stage, largely depends, is here sacrificed—and apparently without need. The reader knows at once that the lad is no lad at all; it would be vain to pretend that keeping this secret longer would not add to the power of the story; yet through some sympathetic quality we are inhibited from any grudge at this robbery of our proper prey.

There are many more errors of nomenclature than should be in a book of California by so competent a Californian; a few historic, but mostly mere matters of type, such as bad grammar and bad spelling in the Spanish

words and phrases, which are after all used with commendable reserve—the worst (and this is wantonly unpardonable) being “Cahuiallas” as an Indian tribe.

This, however, is detail. The one structural warning every friendly critic must wish to give Mrs. Austin is to beware of preciosity.

Almost from the outset her diction has been marked by an aptness so uncommon as to carry and condone a large amount of unusualness. She has bound her dictionary with the skin of the Bible, and there is no better leather. On the other hand, the more characteristic the style, the greater is its danger; and in this book more than in any of its predecessors is visible Mrs. Austin's temptation to yield to the flattery of the strange word. There is life in the fight for choice of speech, even though it be out of the daily vernacular; and no English better than that of King James's wise men has yet been invented. But of a good thing, enough. They who dare to differ from the daily drift—as we all have the right to do—must search themselves with double care to be sure that their variance is for cause, and not merely for the sake of *being* different.

Meantime “Isidro” deserves wide reading and long remembrance.

Mr. Douglas Wilson Johnson, who will be remembered as a contributor of interesting articles to this magazine, has put forth a scholarly monograph of 204 pages on “The Geology of the Cerrillos Hills, New Mexico,” with maps and numerous illustrations from photographs and drawings. This treatise (reprinted from the “School of Mines Quarterly”) includes the famous “Mount Chalchihuitl,” the prehistoric turquoise mine of New Mexican aborigines.

Several years ago students of Americana began to look with prepared interest for anything from the pen of Albert Ernest Jenks, Ph. D. Beginning with routine work on “The American Thresherman” of Madison, Wis., Dr. Jenks soon began to give us valuable scientific studies like those of “The Wild Rice Gatherers of the Upper Lakes,” etc. Larger yet, and more important, is the ponderous volume of more than 250 pages, issuing from Dr. Jenks's recent years of study in the Philippine Islands. This monograph on *The Bontoc Igorote*, first volume of the Ethnological Survey publications of the Department of the Interior of the Philippines—is one of the most important studies yet made in our new colonial possessions. Aside from the text, which is sober and scholarly, the volume is illustrated with a very large number—over 150—of excellent reproductions of photographs, made after scientific methods. Manila Bureau of Public Printing.

Arizona Sketches, by Jos. A. Munk, M. D., of Los Angeles, is an unpretentious but handsome book of familiar writing about the sun-kissed territory with which Dr. Munk has been intimate for many years. The volume is illustrated with a large number of interesting “kodaks” by the author. Grafton Press, New York.

C. F. L.

THE MOST
INCURABLE

A supreme vanity, crucified yet undying, writhing in agony yet considering its audience, displaying indeed a certain complacent satisfaction in the artistic perfection of its writhing—this is perhaps the most vivid impression left by a reading of Oscar Wilde's *De Profundis*, written while in prison for unnameable offenses. But this is only the beginning of the soul tragedy disclosed in these pages. For here was a man in

a hell which he had contrived for himself out of his own vanity and selfishness and lust—the three words are, after all, only different ways of expressing the same thing—and he thought it was but a bonfire out of which he might climb on the ladder of artistic self-expression: “If I can produce only one beautiful work of art I shall be able to rob malice of its venom, and cowardice of its sneer, and to pluck out the tongue of scorn by its roots.”

He had to stand for half an hour in convict dress and handcuffed on a railroad platform surrounded by a jeering mob, and he records that for the next year he “wept every day at the same hour and for the same space of time.” If he ever shed one tear for the pollution of his own character, for the contamination of other lives, for any of the evil that he wrought, he does not record it.

His mother died three months after he went to prison, and of this he writes:

No one knows how deeply I loved and honoured her. Her death was terrible to me; but I, once a lord of language, have no words in which to express my anguish and my shame. She and my father had bequeathed me a name they had made noble and honoured, not merely in literature, art, archaeology, and science, but in the public history of my own country, in its evolution as a nation. I had disgraced that name eternally. I had made it a low byword among low people. I had dragged it through the very mire. . . . What I suffered then, and still suffer, is not for pen to write or paper to record.

Much about his own suffering—not a hint of his mother’s anguish, not over the family name dragged in the mire, but over the son who had chosen to wallow in the mire.

And now I hesitate, for it seems like grinding one’s heel in a dead man’s face—but it is his own heel and the grist is of his own deliberate grinding. He found the study of the Gospels “a delightful way of opening the day,” and as the net result of his study he discovered “just two subjects on which and through which I desire to express myself: one is ‘Christ as the precursor of the romantic movement in life;’ the other is ‘The artistic life considered in its relation to conduct.’”

I would not have missed reading these utterances of a soul in deeper torment than it was itself conscious of—nor would I recommend it to any merely casual reader. G. P. Putnam’s Sons, New York; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles.

Considered solely as amusing and entertaining fiction, the sixteen stories by Alfred Henry Lewis, under the title *The Sunset Trail*, fill their purpose admirably. The author’s picturesque style, Dodge City in the good old “cattle days” for a stage and the renowned “Bat” Masterson as leading gentleman, make a combination that is quite irresistible. But Mr. Lewis makes a mistake in insisting in his introductory remarks that “speaking for its broader lines, this book is true.” That is just what it is not—broadly true. Much of its incident is recognizable, but one could no more get a just and adequate conception of the life of that day and place from Mr. Lewis’s fantasies than he could gather a fair idea of the appearance of contemporary statesmen from Mr. Davenport’s cartoons. A. C. Barnes & Co., New York. \$1.50.

American Insects, by Vernon L. Kellogg, Professor of Entomology at Stanford University, “provides in a single volume a general systematic account of all the principal groups of insects as they occur in America, together

with special accounts of the structure, physiology, development and metamorphoses, and of certain peculiarly interesting and important ecological relations of insects with the world around them." In interest to the average intelligent reader (if I may judge by myself), it is not surpassed by any "nature book" yet published; Dr. Kellogg's scientific standing places its accuracy beyond question; the illustrations (by Mary Wellman) are altogether satisfactory—in a word, the book is of the first importance in its class. As might be expected, special attention is paid to the insects of the Pacific Coast. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$5 net.

Probably the account of the old Sanskrit manuscript, from which F. W. Bain reports himself to have translated the delightful tales contained in *A Digit of the Moon*, is as fanciful as the tales themselves. Yet the author is evidently adept in Hindoo thought and literature, and an unobtrusive thread of serious scholarship is woven very deftly into the fabric of imagination. The book was not written, however, to be scholarly, but to entertain—and in this it is an unqualified success. It can hardly be classified as folk-lore, nor yet as fairy tales, though it smacks of both. At any rate, it is altogether fascinating. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.50.

Six lectures delivered last year by Russell Sturgis before the Art Institute of Chicago are now published under the title *The Interdependence of the Arts of Design*. Two of the lectures are devoted to a comparison of modern with ancient art, two more to the industrial arts, and the final two to sculpture and painting in their relation to architecture. Mr. Sturgis is a high authority in his field, and the book, interesting even to an entire outsider, I should suppose would be of much value to students. It is a beautiful volume and the illustrations are up to the highest standard. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

For almost thirty years Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace's *Russia* has ranked as one of the most reliable and fullest sources of information available in English concerning that mighty empire. A new edition is now published, carefully revised by the author, rewritten in large part, and with several new chapters made necessary by recent occurrences. This author is by no means afflicted with the Russophobia which seems to be endemic in England, and is cautious in his judgments and especially chary of prophecy. Altogether it seems to be a particularly useful volume. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$5 net.

Good Form for Men, by Charles Harcourt, seems to be a useful book for those who have use for it. Certainly it may claim to be reasonably exhaustive, containing advice—and good advice—on such diverse subjects as "How to take a bath," "How to pass over a misfortune at table," "How much baggage to take along," and "Weddings, life insurance before, advisable." The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia. \$1.

On the Firing Line, by Anna Chapin Ray and Hamilton Brock Fuller, is a romance of love and war in South Africa. The habitual reader of romances of love and war will find no fault with this one. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

The Millbank Case, by George Dyre Eldridge, is a pretty good detective story, dealing with the unraveling of a murder mystery in a Maine village. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY

By EDWARD F. COLBURN



O INTERNAL city of the continent lies in such a field of beauty, unites such rich and rare elements of natures formations, holds such guarantees of greatness, material and social, 'in the good time coming' of our Pacific development. I met all along the plains and over the mountains the feeling that Salt Lake was to be the great central city of the West."

So wrote Samuel Bowles, editor of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, from Great Salt Lake City, in Utah Territory, on the 14th day of February 1865. In the handful of houses then lying here in the expanse of a far-reaching desert, the great editor saw the beginning of the city which now outrivals in beauty and outranks in importance any other in the Rocky Mountain empire. No other city was ever founded in such a forbidding region—so far away from human habitations—no other city had so much to contend with—the prejudices of both nature and men—the odds of the wilderness and the warfare of the creeds. But all these impediments have been swept away, and today Salt Lake holds dominion over the trade and industry of an area rich and productive enough to insure many times over the fulfillment of the prophecy of Samuel Bowles.

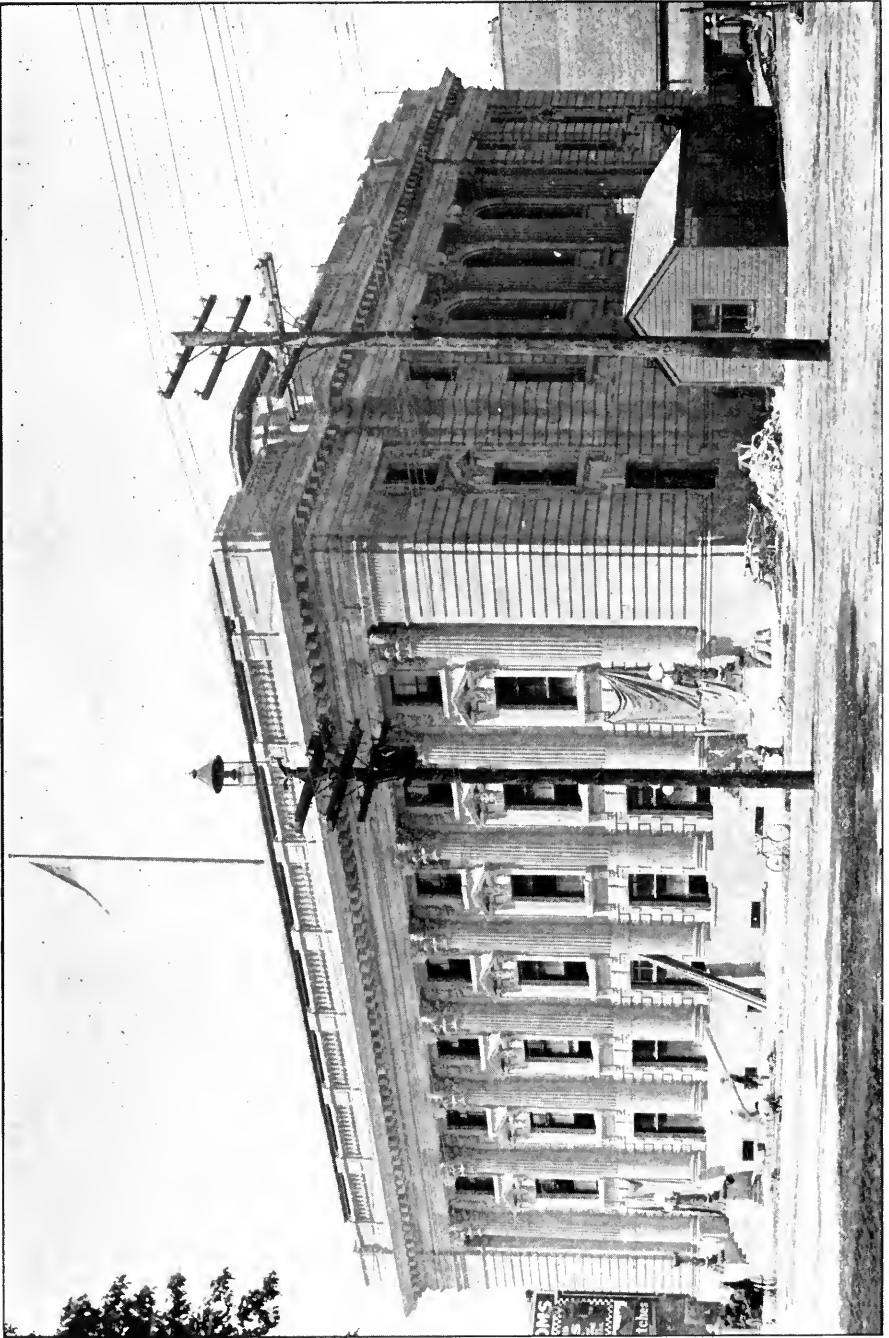
The coming to us recently, over a direct railroad, of the representative business men of Los Angeles—a city with which we are to go henceforth hand in hand in the work of upbuilding the West—makes the time auspicious, for briefly and paragraphically setting out some of the salient reasons why Salt Lake will expand, with ever increasing speed, into one of the important trade, railroad, industrial and residential centers of the country.

It has been said that a tributary area of at least 300 miles in diameter is essential to the building of a city. Salt Lake City is the center of a region three times that in diameter—a region containing a diversity of resources such as no other similar area in the world possesses. These resources are barely in the beginning of their development, and yet, in the matter of mineral alone, were the annual output to cease, the whole world would be affected adversely. Cities have their best growth during the development of the countries that surround them. Every discovery of metal, every new utilization of native raw material, every acre redeemed from desolation and given to the plough, adds to their importance.

With these preliminary remarks let us consider some of the reasons for Salt Lake City's present importance, and the reasons that prompt the belief that the city is just entering upon an area of extraordinary growth.

The principal mining of the United States is within her tributary country, which consists of Western Colorado, Western Wyoming, all of Idaho, all of Montana, a great part of Nevada and all of Utah. For five hundred miles in every direction mineral mills and mines are at work. They all pay tribute to Salt Lake in one way or another. No other mining city of the United States is so favorably located. Denver is on one extreme of the mining region, San Francisco on the other, but Salt Lake City is at the very center. Wherever the districts are, they are more conveniently reached from Salt Lake than from any other point, and mining men who operate in British Columbia, California, Arizona and Colorado reside in Salt Lake. Every mine west of the Rocky Mountains that seeks a purchaser, seeks him first in Salt Lake, where there are millions of dollars available for meritorious

Additional illustrations of Salt Lake and vicinity will be found on pages 238 and following.



NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT SALT LAKE CITY

mining enterprises. There are streams of ore from every direction flowing constantly to the Salt Lake smelters, and streams of money going out of Salt Lake banks to pay the miners and mining expenses. Salt Lake's supply houses furnish all kinds of machinery and supplies. Mining stocks are sold in the Salt Lake Mining Exchange, and the litigation that sometimes unhappily arises over conflicts of territory is handled by Salt Lake lawyers.

There must be in every mining region a home place for the men who own the mines. For the region mentioned Salt Lake is that home place. Whenever fortune smiles upon the prospector and miner his first thought is of a home in Salt Lake. That this is true hundreds of mansions in Salt Lake City, some of which would not be a discredit to Fifth Avenue, will testify. There is nothing in the property line quite so good to have as a successful mine. There is nothing quite so good for a city to have as successful miners. Under their lavish touch mining centers grow in beauty and wealth with almost Aladdin-like speed.

But not alone in that way will Salt Lake profit from the mines. Ores need to be reduced to money—and that is done in the smelters. Nature has been singularly prodigal in giving to Salt Lake a diversity of the ores and fluxes essential to successful smelting, and on that account Salt Lake has been growing year by year as a smelting center, until it has become the greatest in the United States—the capacity for ore treatment now reaching 5,000 charge tons per day. And this, according to Mr. Samuel Newhouse, will, within the next two or three years, be increased fourfold, when Salt Lake will have smelters that will be treating 600,000 tons per month—7,200,000 tons per annum—more ore, it is said, than is raised every year from the mines of Colorado. These smelters will require thousands of men in their operation, and thus will Salt Lake greatly increase her population.

A study of the mineral resources of Utah alone—and these are but a part of Salt Lake's mining stock in trade—will amaze you.

Here are some facts:

Estimated value of gold, silver, lead and copper ores now exposed in Utah	<i>One Billion Dollars</i>
Utah's total output of gold, silver, lead and copper to the present time	\$350,000,000.00
Total mineral product of Utah for 1904.....	26,536,821.54
Estimated product of Utah for 1905.....	35,000,000.00
Total copper production of Utah for 1904 (pounds).....	56,419,969
Estimated copper production of Utah for 1905 (pounds) ..	75,000,000
Value of copper product of Utah for 1905.....	\$11,250,000.00

To appreciate the enormous growth of Utah as a copper state, the reader is advised that the total value of all copper produced in Utah from the beginning of mining in 1868 to the first day of January, 1900, was only \$6,275,290, whereas, the value of the product for 1904 was \$7,221,756.03, and it is estimated the value of the product for 1905 will be \$11,250,000.00.

Utah's birth as a copper state really began in 1889 with the discovery of the underlying zone of copper in the Bingham district. This zone has been found to extend over a wide area of country. It now supplies great smelters with vast quantities of ore, and upon that zone some of the greatest copper producers of the United States are located and in operation. What has been done in Bingham is but an earnest of what is to come. Competent copper mining experts, who measure the world's area with mathematical accuracy, freely predict that within a few years the Bingham district will produce more copper than any other district in the world. Then we shall have a Butte and a United Verde doing business on the outskirts of Salt Lake, and Bingham camp alone—if all else fails us—will build a city here of splendid proportions.

Value of total gold product of Utah for 1904.....	\$ 6,518,036.46
Value of total silver product of Utah for 1904.....	7,744,979.05
Value of total lead product of Utah for 1904.....	5,020,550.20
The total dividends paid by Utah mines to the beginning of the year 1905 approximate	60,000,000.00
Total dividends from 17 Utah mines for 1904.....	4,156,000.00

These dividends were largely distributed among Utah people and are reflected in fine homes and buildings all over Salt Lake. The dividends of Utah go to make Utah a great state, and Salt Lake City a great city; and these dividends increasing, as they will, year by year, will more and more contribute to the splendor and the stability of both.

In this brief account mention cannot be made of the other products of

the mines, such as the hydro-carbons, sulphur, gypsum, lime, salt, clay, etc., but these have their value and belong to Salt Lake's assets.

Not alone upon mining, however, does Salt Lake depend for her present prosperity and future greatness. There are great areas of grazing lands covered with sheep, cattle and horses. There are many thousand acres under cultivation that rival in productiveness the lands in the valley of the Nile. There are great farms and vineyards of enormous annual output. There are industrial institutions other than smelters, which utilize native raw materials, and which employ thousands of operatives. Manufacturing was early taught in Utah. It was the thought of Brigham Young that Utah ought to produce everything within her borders needed for home use, and from the very earliest time the great leader urges the people to bend every energy towards the development of the state's manufacturing interests.

Climate—that magic word which has coaxed into Southern California her teeming population, and made of Los Angeles a proud city of residences and a great center of trade; climate—that has strung a string of prosperous cities and villages along the Pacific from San Francisco to the Gulf of California—what has not climate done for us? What will it not do for us in the future? There are climates and climates. Denver has a climate, so has Los Angeles—so has Salt Lake. They all differ. One is the dry climate



EAGLE GATE, SALT LAKE CITY

a mile above the tide, where the nerves are always at work; one is the soft, languorous climate within the sound of the ocean waves, where the roses bloom the year around, and the trees are always green, and the yellow oranges send their perfume to mingle with the fragrance of the flowers. But the climate of Salt Lake—Salt Lake—just high enough to be where exhilaration has its home—just low enough to be where the heart does not beat too quickly and the nerves are not high-strung—that, too, is a climate to conjure with. It will call many thousands to Salt Lake in the coming years. It was of it that Dr. Standart, widely celebrated as a climatologist, once said: "It is the most unique and wonderful climate on the face of the globe." The value of this climate is evidenced by the roses on the cheeks of our women and the spring in their step; by the vigorous development of our children and by the energy and push which every man puts into his daily tasks. Add to this the singular circumstance that here, four thousand feet high, we have the sea breeze, and you have given the last touch to the picture.

But something besides climate, something besides mineral resources and manufactories and cattle and stock interests and agriculture and fruit-raising has Salt Lake. She has attractions that are all her own, of which the Great

Salt Lake leads the procession. The lake is one of nature's mysteries. It stretches over 2,500 miles of Utah's area. There is salt enough in it for all the uses of mankind for all the centuries to come, and the bath in it is something that you cannot get anywhere else in the world, except in the Holy Land, and something to be remembered long, long after you have forgotten every other bath you have ever taken. You cannot sink in Great Salt Lake. For those in search of health and novelty there is nothing like it anywhere. The beneficial and pleasurable effect of a bath in the lake, of floating on the buoyant waters of this miniature ocean like the flotsam of the greater seas, will enrich the inner life of all who undergo it. The



DESERET EVENING NEWS BUILDING

Here is published the oldest paper west of the Missouri River.
Its first number was published June 15, 1850.

time will come when it will be the Mecca of the pleasure and the health-seeker. Already there is at Saltair the largest bathing pavilion in the world, and after a while people will live upon the shores of the Great Salt Lake during the summer season as they live along the shores of the Pacific near Los Angeles. The unfolding of this lake as a place for summer cottages and for enjoyment will be one of the great factors in the growth of Salt Lake.

But there are other attractions. In a two hours' drive on a July day you can leave the snows that crown the mountains looking down upon Salt Lake from the east, and passing through the temperatures of autumn and spring, pluck the summer flowers that grow on the banks of the Jordan.

There are mountain resorts all around the city—little lakes that have been caught in the arms of the hills—streams that are teeming with trout close to where good hunting is found. And there are hot springs within the city limits whose thermal and medicinal qualities are a cure for many common diseases.

Salt Lake has everything to be found anywhere else, and, as will be seen by the foregoing, has many things besides. Good schools, fine churches, wide streets, two telephone systems, and a low tax rate, a low death rate, good theatres, the great Mormon Temple and Tabernacle, and the historic homes of Brigham Young—ever of interest to the stranger and the citizen, and, best of all, 90,000 broad, progressive, energetic, honest people—who have wrung from the desert its tribute, and who will wring from the future everything that should be theirs.

In these latter days, however, railroads have something to do with the building of cities. We have railroads in Salt Lake City—one reaching to Omaha and San Francisco—one reaching from Salt Lake to Denver—one, Heaven be praised!—reaching from Salt Lake to Los Angeles, one to the lake, one threading the valley to the north, and some more coming. The

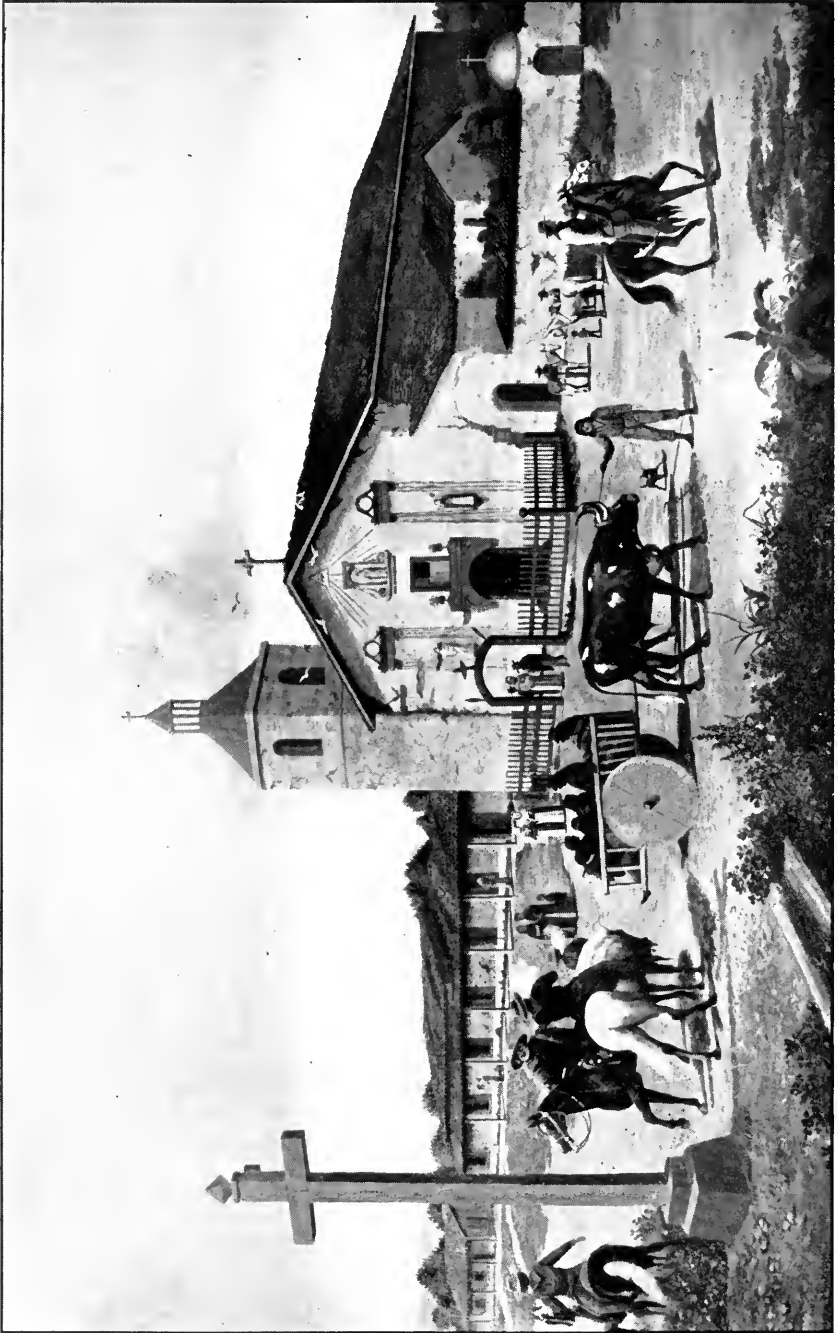


SALT AIR PAVILION

Western Pacific is to be built from Salt Lake to San Francisco, opening up on its way great Nevada, with its buried billions. This has passed beyond conjecture. It is a fixed fact, and within three years the road will be completed and will have given to Salt Lake 50,000 more people. Then we have the Moffatt road from Denver to Salt Lake. This is already on the western side of the Continental Divide and is coming right along towards us. In this connection the statement is made that when the schedule of the "Salt Lake Route" is reduced, as it soon will be, to 24 hours, and the Moffatt schedule of 14 hours to Denver is in effect, Los Angeles and Denver will be but 38 hours apart. Think of it! Isn't that shrinking the continent some?

With all these things, why not a Greater Salt Lake? Is there anything that can stop it? Nevada is unfolding west of us, and all the tributary region around us is developing; the American spirit has entered the lands beyond the sea, and because of it there will soon be five ships upon the Pacific for every one that rides there now. Great transcontinental traffic will result, and along the main line of it, with railroads diverging in every direction, will be Salt Lake City, now the most beautiful; hereafter not only the most beautiful, but one of the most important of the cities of the United States.

It is decreed.



THE SANTA CLARA MISSION ABOUT 1849

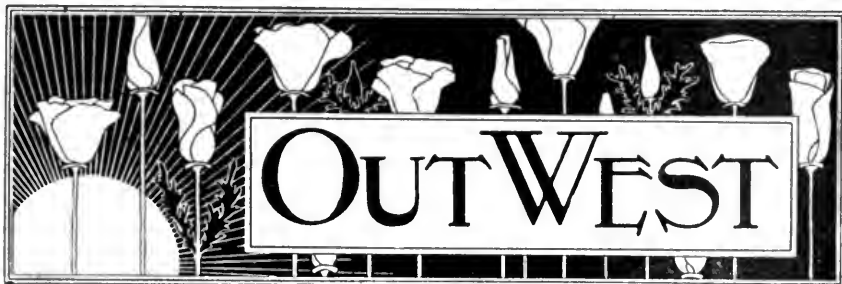
From *Painting by Andrew P. Hill*

Formerly

The Land of Sunshine



THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT.



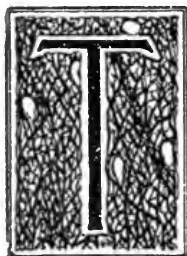
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BEAUTIFUL HÁVASU, THE GREAT ARM OF THE GRAND CAÑON

By SHARLOT M. HALL



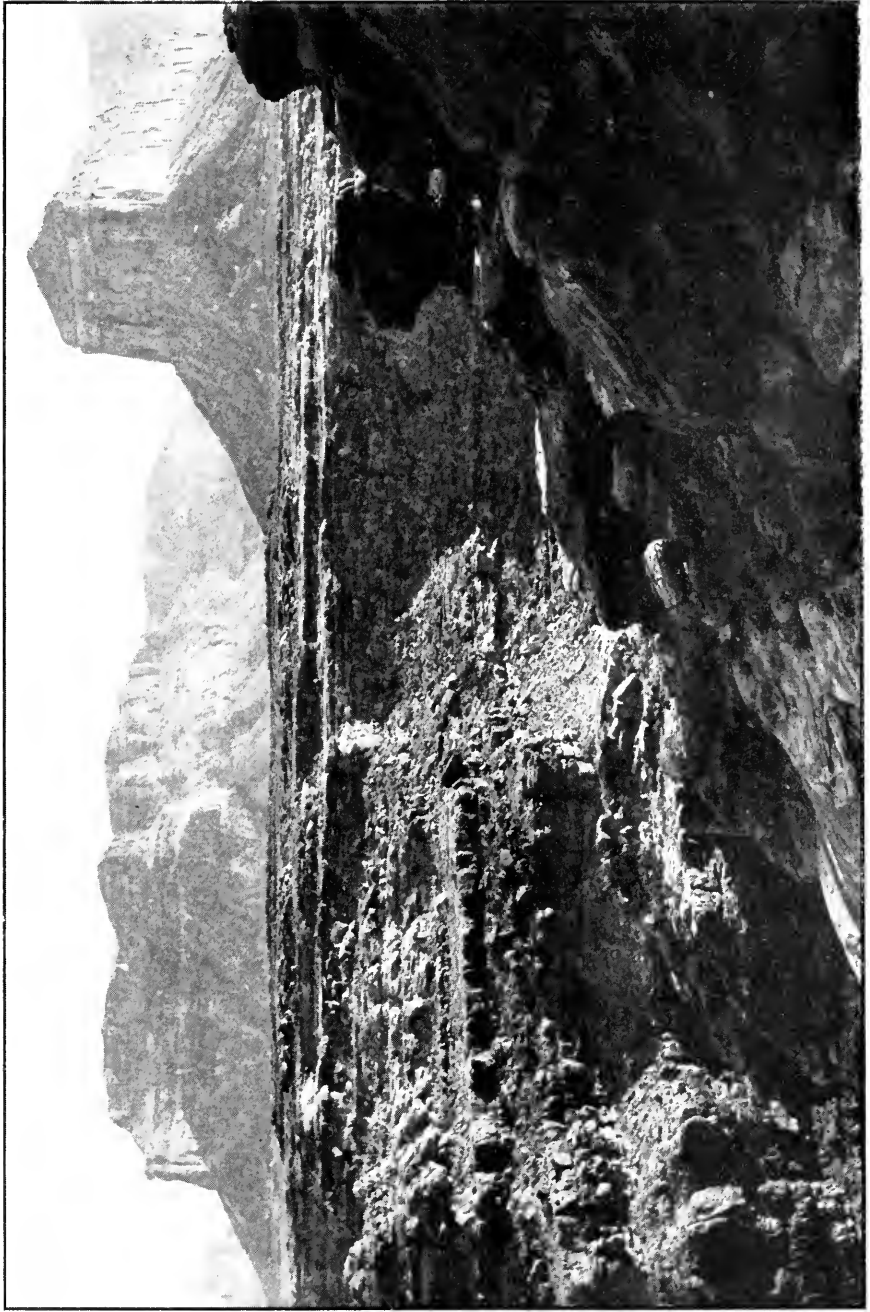
THE great plateau through which with ages of toil the Colorado River has hewn its mighty channel is cut and seamed on all sides with gorges and chasms that would themselves be "Grand," but for the nearness of that greatest gorge in the world, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

Many of them are side-cañons, tributaries to the Chief; great arms reached out across the barren upland and among the peaks, as if to embrace the clouds as they come and turn every raindrop back to the one deep, appointed channel by which it may reach the sea.

Each cañon cleft, each massive reach of walling cliff, has its own grandeur and beauty, but of them all none so nearly approaches the mighty parent as the Cataract, or Cañon of the Hávasu, the deep, wild, little-known home of the Havasúpai Indians, the People of the Blue Water.

In a dim way the Hávasu may be traced back from its mothering gorge to the Bill Williams Peak, almost a hundred miles to the southward. In the beginning it is a tiny spring against the mountainside, slipping into a shallow pool in which the tall pines are mirrored; but it is a peculiarity of Southwestern streams that many of them flow underground from source to mouth, coming

Illustrated from photographs by Clarence H. Shaw.



"GREAT GORGES BEGIN TO COME IN"



THE POOL BELOW BILL WILLIAMS MOUNTAINS
The beginning of Havasu Cañon



"WHERE THE SPRING AGAIN COMES TO THE SURFACE."

to the surface only occasionally and filling their rough, boulder-strewn channels perhaps but once in a year, during some summer cloud-burst.

For miles as it works down the mountain and cuts across the wide, white plain, the Hávasu is only a dim trail of dry sand and bleached gray stones; but in the geological period when the great cañons were forming it must have been the gateway through which a tremendous body of water had outlet.

The Cataract Plain, over which it makes its way, is still a broad, uplifted basin strewn with fossil shells; a lake or sea-bed through whose limestone bottom the water has cut its gigantic



AS THE CAÑON GROWS

channel. The low white hills, sparsely tufted with dwarfed cedars, carry beach marks along their sides and under a mid-summer sun the heat-waves shimmer and move through the low, wide washes like slow, idle waves of sluggish water.

A little farther back are agate beds of wide extent, lying still in shallow wind-rows, as if worn smooth by the waves and tossed up along the edge of a recent beach.

The Upper Hávasu is all in this gray-white limestone, cut into fantastic shapes and pitted with rough caves and fissures—wild and weird for the most part, in spite of its strange beauty. It is rougher and more difficult of access than the deeper cañon soon to come, and its endless gray walls have a sense of monotony; but as the cañon cuts down into the earth the limestone

forms only a broad, gray cloak for the inner depths of rich, red sandstone.

Great gorges come in in bewildering number from the sides and the whole country is a broken net-work of cañons with sheer walls thousands of feet above the narrow, rocky bed at the bottom. The far-away top, terraced back in wild, irregular cliffs and chasms like the broken steps of a giant's ladder, is glowing in the sunlight, while below it is cool and dim as a cave and the great walls seem almost to touch as they lean together. Big boulders hang out over the far rim, poised seemingly with such lightness that a touch might send them crashing into the depths below, and the scant thread of trail at the bottom is filled and turned aside a dozen times in a hundred yards by those that have fallen in the past.



THE LITTLE GARDENS OF THE HAVASÚPAI

Far down in this inner cañon the little spring comes to light again, a fine volume of sparkling, steel blue water, and here and there, where the great cliffs pinch back a few yards, leaving little level bits of ground, the Havasúpai Indians have their homes. Every tillable spot is a garden, and peaches, melons, and squashes ripen by the ton.

There are three miles of these miniature farms, then the water which has been the life of the fields plunges over the beautiful Navajo Falls and for the rest of the way to the Colorado the cañon is too narrow and rocky and difficult of access for cultivation, even by the persistent Indians.

Just above Navajo Falls many little springs deeply impregnated with lime join the Hávasu and for the rest of its way everything the water touches is deeply coated with a thick, white deposit. At one side where in the past a large spring had its course, there is a wonderful white skeleton of a long-dry falls; the lime-



NAVAJO FALLS



ABOVE BRIDAL VEIL FALLS



BRIDAL VEIL FALLS

coated roots and tendrils sweeping down in graceful mimicry of falling water, and veiling a grotto festooned and draped like a fairy shrine with the snowy crystal. Masses of oak leaves and small twigs cased in the lime cover the floor, the little leaf-points as distinct as on the fresh, green leaves fluttering on the bushes overhead.

A quarter of a mile below Navajo Falls the Hávasu breaks down a green slope in a multitude of tiny, rippling streams which, sifted into sheets of pale, iris-tinted mist, unite again in

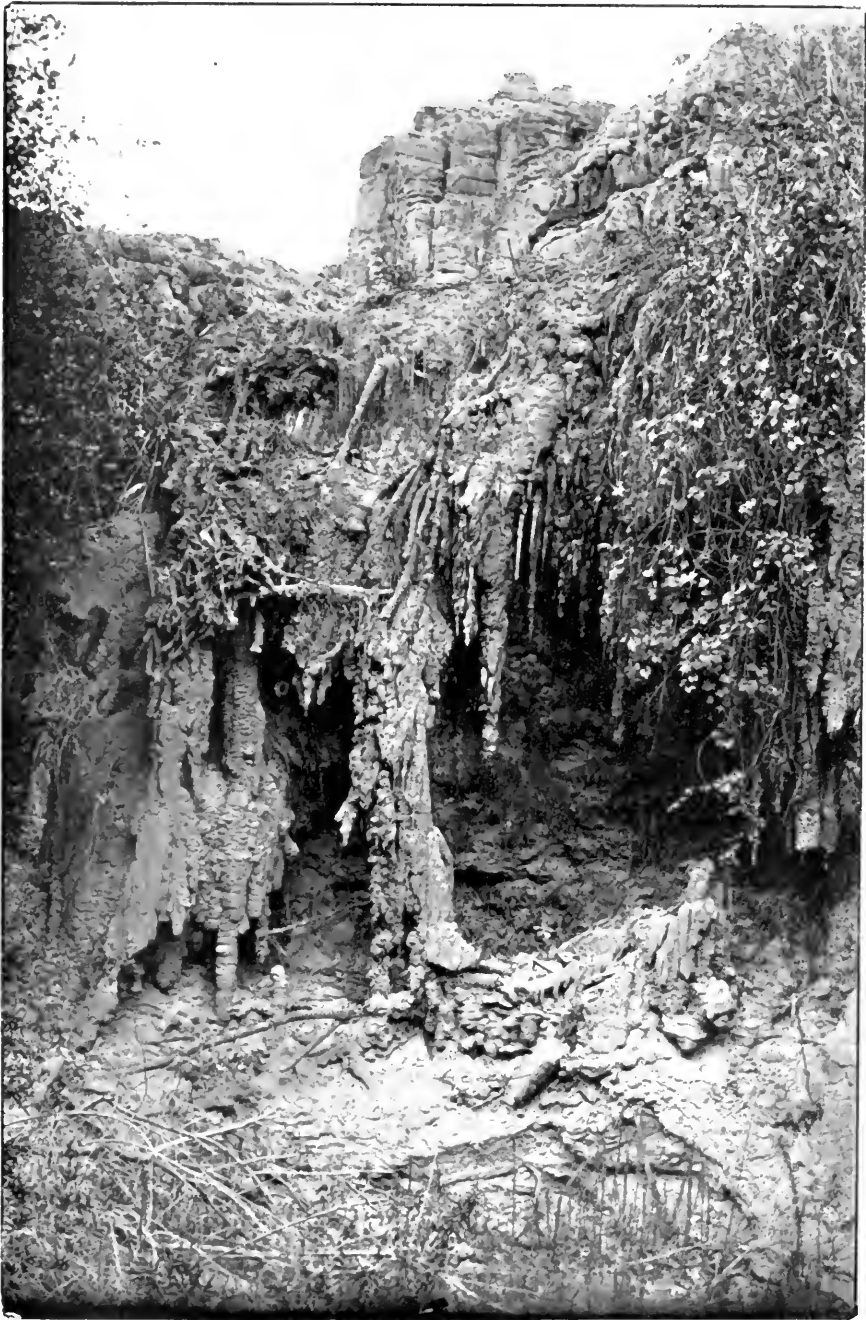


INDIAN HOME IN THE HÁVASU

the shadowy, spirit-like Bridal Veil Falls, beautiful beyond description.

The whole face of the cliff is coated with white incrustations in lace-like filagree and ivory fretting. Long finger-points reach down, veiled in the shimmering water that splashes on other fingers thrust up from the pool below. Knots of dead leaves have been fretted over with the crystal and rise out of the blue basin like goblin faces; grinning gnomes and pixie guardians of the bowl which, fringed with ferns and mosses, is always half hidden in floating blue mist and fine-spun spray.

It is not strange that the legends with which the Havasúpai



THE SKELETON FALLS
(Formed by lime deposits from the water)



A HAVASÚPAI SWEAT-HOUSE
(A few willows bent together and covered with blankets. The Indians in the picture have just come out from a bath)

have invested their wild, remote home should center here in this bewitched cascade, which, they say, enfolds the spirit of the far-away ancestress of their people. The story is told with some variation, but the simplest version has it that in the remote past the people had their home in the forest along the San Francisco Peaks. A heavy blue mist settled over the entire country, turning presently to a great flood of water. The chief sealed his daughter up in a hollow log and in the floating log she was safe until the water went away, when she came out and finding no people left in her old home traveled away across the country seeking a safe home.

The girl came to a deep cañon and climbing down into it found a spring of blue water in which she bathed and presently gave birth to a son. She bathed again and gave birth to a daughter.



MOONEY'S FALLS, BEYOND WHICH THE CAÑON IS NEARLY IMPASSABLE

and from these two the Havasúpai, or People of the Blue Water, came. Later the mother entered the pool and was never seen again, but those who watch at night sometimes hear her voice.

A quarter of a mile below the Bridal Veil, the Hávasu, gathered into a compact body, sweeps with a tremendous rush over a broad ledge and drops two hundred feet without a break. This is Mooney's Falls, taking the name from a too-venturesome visitor who lost his balance in peering over the edge and toppled to his death.

It is impossible to reach the bottom of the cañon below Mooney's Falls except by a long detour and for the remaining seven miles of its course to the Colorado the Hávasu tumbles in a series of headlong cataracts through a wild and difficult gorge little known until recent mining discoveries led prospectors to construct a rude but possible trail.



CUYAMACA MOUNTAINS FROM DESERT. MINING TOWN OF BANNING AT FOOT OF RANGE

Photo by C. C. Pierre & Co.

A HUMMING BIRD'S NEST

By M. G. JENISON



IN "Riverby," Mr. Burroughs tells of a sparrow who built her nest in a grape arbor, in such a position that there was suspended over it a partially grown bunch of grapes. The grapes developed more rapidly than the eggs and entered the nest, filling it so completely that before the little birds came the mother bird was crowded out of the nest and forced to abandon her eggs.

A pair of California humming birds that I became interested in were wiser in their selection of a locality for their nest, but their choice was probably unique. After watching the movements of this pair of beauties among the flowers, I felt sure they had something of special interest in a nearby peach tree, where upon investigation I discovered their nest located on a partly grown peach, the upper portion attached to the branch, on which was growing the fruit. It was constructed of delicate fibres, some of which looked like spiders' webs; with these were shorter ones probably taken from flowers, all closely interwoven, forming a compact structure of a delicate brown color resembling silk, which measured an inch and a quarter across the top, three-quarters of an inch deep inside, and an inch and a half outside depth to the peach.

The nests of these beautiful little birds vary somewhat in form in different locations. Some I

have found were covered with bits of lichens, evidently with the object of making them more obscure.

The builders of the nest on the peach did not appear at all disturbed by my visits, the female keeping her position on her two white eggs, although I was frequently near enough to have touched her with my hand. The male would spend his time among the flowers, occasionally perching on a wire over the kitchen window, where he would peer in as if curious to see what was going on. At other times he would alight on a branch of the wistaria near my chair on the porch, as if seeking a closer acquaintance. But he never forgot his pretty companion and frequent were the trips to the peach tree. I cannot say he would sing to her, as only one kind of humming bird has the ability to sing, and that is found in Costa Rica, but nearly all are gifted with a squeaking noise which might be called almost anything. If any other bird invaded what this couple claimed as their domain there was trouble in the air; for humming birds are pugnacious little creatures and do not hesitate to attack a larger bird as well as one of their own order.

In due time the young birds appeared and strange looking specimens they were—tiny bits of flesh with a bill attached. When the mother bird fed them it actually looked as if she were going to impale them on her bill as she thrust it down their diminutive throats when the food was regurgitated for their benefit. The diet of these birds does not consist exclusively of the sweets of the flowers, but includes insects.

The rapid growth of the young birds made extra room necessary and this was obtained by building a rim or border onto the nest, which helped to keep the little ones from falling out. But before many days they had on their beautiful new suits, and one morning when I went to them they were on the edge of the nest, fluttering their wings as if they were testing their strength. The next morning there was a vacant nest and I saw these four "winged jewels" flitting about among the flowers, enjoying their new life together.

Los Angeles

THE MADROÑO

By GENELLA FITZGERALD NYE

LIKE some young slender Indian maid,
 Upstarting from the thicket's shade,
 Her bright limbs gleaming through the wood,
 The sunset-hued Madroño stood.

Nashville, Tenn.

MARIN'S UNTRAVELED ROAD

By D. DONOHOE, JR.



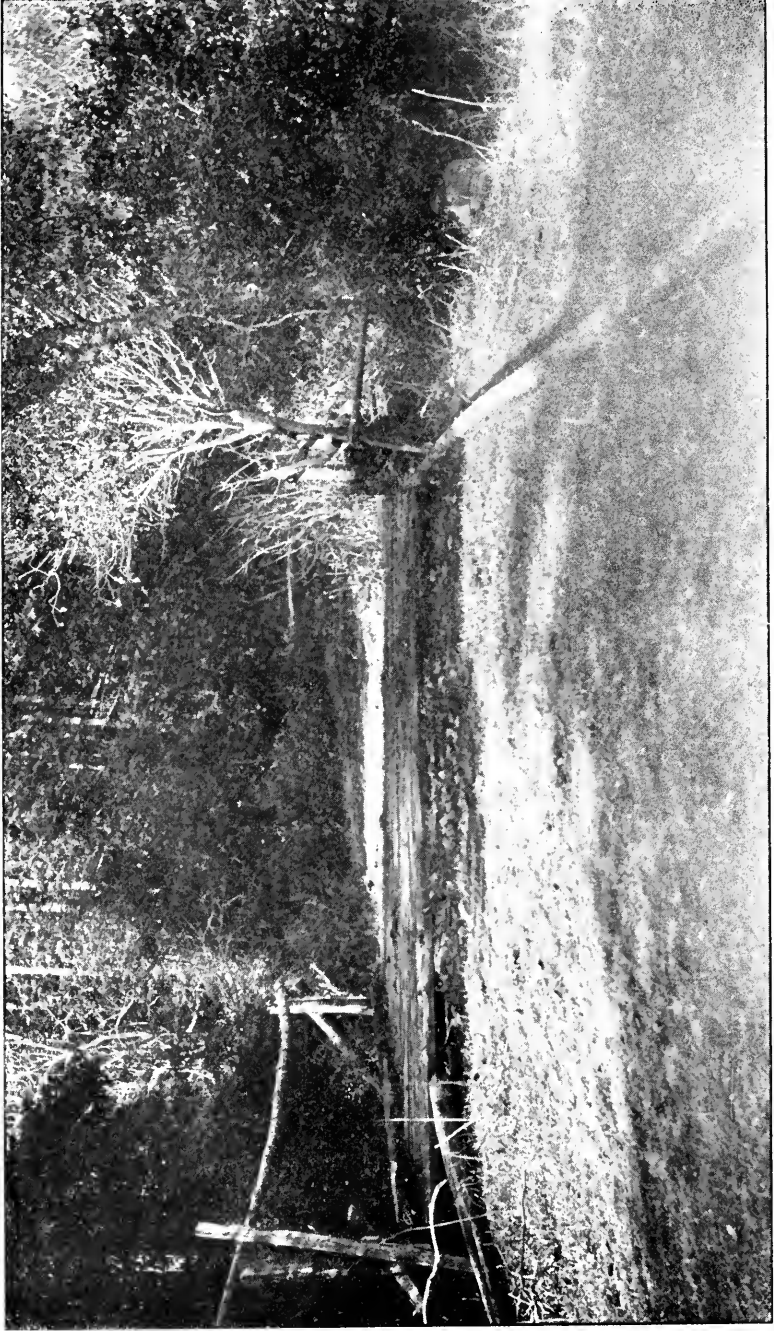
THE best constructed road in Marin County is not traveled by wheeled vehicles once a year, and its very existence is unknown to ninety-nine out of every hundred persons who make this picturesque suburb their home, or who sojourn there during the summer months. And yet this road is five miles in length and it traverses some of the most en-

trancing scenery that the Coast Range has to offer. Every Saturday and Sunday, hundreds of sight-seers from San Francisco drive past the modest gate-way which gives access to this road, oblivious of the deep, shady, well-watered cañons and clumps of stately sequoias that lie just out of sight around a point of cinnamon-colored country-rock; and even the walking clubs have not stumbled upon it in their many wanderings.

The gate is about half a mile beyond the little village of Fairfax and it opens off the highway that stretches from San Rafael to White's Hill and northward. Beyond the gate, the road runs across a tiny wheat field and then with a steady gradient, two feet in every 100 feet—it skirts a cool, dark cañon, fragrant with buckeye bloom, and meanders ever upward through redwood



MT. TAMALPAIS, FROM THE WHEAT FIELD



THE RUSTIC BRIDGE BENEATH THE BUCKEYES



THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF TAMALPAIS

groves, over purling streams crossed by rustic bridges, circling the spurs of Loma Alta mountain and turning and twisting in and out among the gulches until the wayfarer has to look sharply at the sun every other moment to keep his reckoning. Of a sudden the road bursts forth from the wood and winds through a sun-kissed meadow alive with a myriad wild flowers. Larkspur and wild hollyhock, corn-colored monkey-flower, "Ithuriel's Spear" of vivid purple, sheets of scarlet flame where the Indian Pink clusters thickest, yellow daisies vying with the richer gold of the California poppy, sun-flowers innumerable, and thickets of lilac iris—a fantasy of color long to be remembered! The fresh intoxicating mountain air, filtered and purified by its dalliyings



A VIEW FROM THE ROAD

in groves of pine and redwood, drinks deep of the multi-scented fragrance of this wild garden so incomparably more beautiful than any garden planted by man; and here the wayfarer rests awhile in rapt contemplation of the unmarred outline of old Tamalpais lined against the southern sky. No finer view of this grand old mountain can be obtained anywhere than that from this flowery meadow. Gazing across a network of interlaced cañons far beneath him, the sight-seer faces the entire northern profile of the mountains, and every gulch, ravine, spur and rocky promontory are clearly defined in the mellow sunlight. Thence the road winds steadily upward through other meadows starred



THE END OF THE ROAD

with blossoms, losing itself repeatedly in the wildwood, until it ends abruptly in a great forest of redwoods near the summit of the mountain. At the foot of one of these giants, a crystal-clear stream gurgles forth—well known to the shy deer that haunt the mountain side, as their countless foot-prints testify. The waters of this embowered fountain contain iron and sulphur. In the old days before the white man came, this was a favored resort of the Indians, and the crumbling roof of what was once a sweat-house may still be discerned near the spring.

The comparatively few—herdsmen chiefly, sportsmen more rarely—whose wanderings have led them to this great wide road



THE SPRING

have wondered greatly at it, for to their matter-of-fact minds it seemed that it began nowhere and ended at nothing, and moreover, obviously enough, it must have cost much money. The enigma, however, is not of difficult solution. The mountain is called Sais Mountain after a native California family, its original owners. Many years ago, charmed by the marvelous view of Tamalpais, the profusion of wild flowers, the ever-changing beauties of the redwood forests and the purity and crispness of the mineral spring, Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst bought the tract and caused this road to be built from the highway to the summit. The engineer did his work well and preserved a uniform grade throughout. He built it to last and it has lasted, but today its stony surface rings to the beat of deer hoofs and the tiny brush rabbits scamper through its well-arched culverts.

San Francisco.

TAVERN OF THE SUN

By KATHRYN A. TURNEY

HERE in this tavern of the sun,
 The golden moments idly run;
 Here you will find no careful host,
 Who fairest greets who pays the most;
 Here is no need of bolt or key,
 The door stands open wide and free
 To whatsoever guest may be.

The toad sits blinking in the sun,
 Black spiders creep, or slowly run,
 As being not too much in haste
 Their heritage of life to waste.

Hither the vagrant butterfly
 Lights while he lists, then flutters by;
 Here on the trunk of this old tree,
 Basks the brown lizard, or, maybe,
 Another beggar man like me.

So, smoothly all my sands are run
 Here in this tavern of the sun.

There may be those who would despise
 A dwelling open to the skies;
 But where for me a softer bed,
 Or keener relish for my bread?

Let others wear their hearts away,
 Chasing the bubbles of a day,
 Or barter blood and brains to save
 A golden lining for a grave.

For me, I neither grasp nor grieve,
 Future and past alike I leave;
 Whatever lot may come to me
 Can neither worse nor better be.



WHERE THE CATTLE DRINK



"POOLS THAT DRAW THEIR WATER FROM THE YGGDRASILS OF THE WOODS"

THE ELUSIVE FISH OF BEDALOC

By MARGARET TROILI



THAT was a gray, repressed morning on which we started up-river to fish.

Fishing demands the same attitude of mind as a religious ceremony. One's thoughts should be hushed, reverential—one's whole being tinged through with faith that waits and yet expects to be disappointed. We were cheerful, but not puffed up with vain pride over the big and many fish we were to catch. And so we went along under the quiet alders till we came to the deep, deep, green pools that draw their waters from the Yggdrasils of the woods. With a pledge to the morning, we cast in our hooks.

There was a bird or two chirping among the trees on the ridge beyond, and the river gurgled in the riffles. The sky bent over the soft, deep green of the woods with a devotional gray.

The grasshoppers, caught in the mesquite on the hill yesterday, are lowered, and you watch them as they dangle down to the piscatorial breakfast table. You expect the trout to accept without question such providential early dishes—but, alas! though they



"WHERE IT NESTLES TO REST"

gather in large family groups about the pendent hopper, they will not even nibble, but turn away with a single disdainful flirt of their tails.

But the river is long, and there are many singing shallows where it hurries, and many green pools where it nestles to rest. You pick up your can of hoppers and set it down many times in that one forenoon. And at last the river runs through your head, and the riffles gurgle in your ears, and the green trees look over your shoulder, while your eyes spear the fish with desire. But the green crystal is a perfect insulator, for they appear to move unhampered.



"WHERE THE ALDERS DIP THEIR FINGERS"

There is a place where the stream runs up to the ridge, then turns under alders that dip their fingers in it, and there the trout dart up and down, mere black suggestions. We saw them, but—!

And there was a pool, a clear shallow one under a shelving rock, where lay fish by fish in assorted sizes. Gently, my hook! temptingly, my hopper! Not even a line abbreviated to two feet, and a bait dropped on their noses, could convince those fleet scaly ones that it would profit them to open their mouths.

There is a bush by a foot-log, and under the bush a gurgly hole. There the hopper sinks, safe from the pursuing hoodoo of your eyes. Lo! a twitch, a thrill, a jerk, and up he cometh, the silver one. But, alas, he goeth also, and sinks again, and the disappointment shocks you back to consciousness. Your eyes are set in circles of weariness, and there is a limpness from your shoulders down.

You know there are more pools up river, but it is now two miles back to camp. The Izaak Walton of the party will tell you, as you sit down to a late dinner, and ask, "What is the matter with the fish? I could see them, but they would not bite."

"Why, you have no animal magnetism."

"Oh, but I wanted them. I looked at them with the force of a concentrated will in my eyes."


"That's your mistake. You should let it concentrate in your fingers."

Oh, well, but you had the morning, anyway.

Inglewood, Mendocino Co., Cal.

THE STREAM

By ROBINSON JEFFERS


 HERE is a stream far up the mountains,
 Thro' slumbrous cañon solitudes,
 That flows unnamed from unknown fountains
 Beneath the eternal peaks it passes,
 Sweet with sharp scent of tall spiced grasses,
 Making low laughter in the woods.

Great froned ferns soft-steeped in slumber
 Lean on its edge, to stay and cumber,
 Their lustrous lang'rous leaves half furled;
 Higher and higher, far above it,
 The ancient mountains know not of it,
 Unmoved, remote, beyond the world.

Thro' summer noontides hot and glowing,
 Beside the lonely waters flowing,
 Spring's coolness lingers with fair shade;
 And in the midnight's heavy vastness
 The stream sings down its rocky fastness,
 And makes sweet music, unafraid.

At dawn with ghostly flags and horses
 Like some old king's long-buried forces,
 The silent mists go up the vale:
 The great grey winds blow calmness thither,
 And there are flowers that never wither,
 And smooth small leaves that never fail.

So when the plain glooms dull and dreary,
 And when one's heart is sadly weary
 With the day's heat and the day's fret,
 One might seek peace and find her yonder,
 Where waters wild and wet winds wander,
 And having found, one might forget.

Manhattan Beach, Cal.

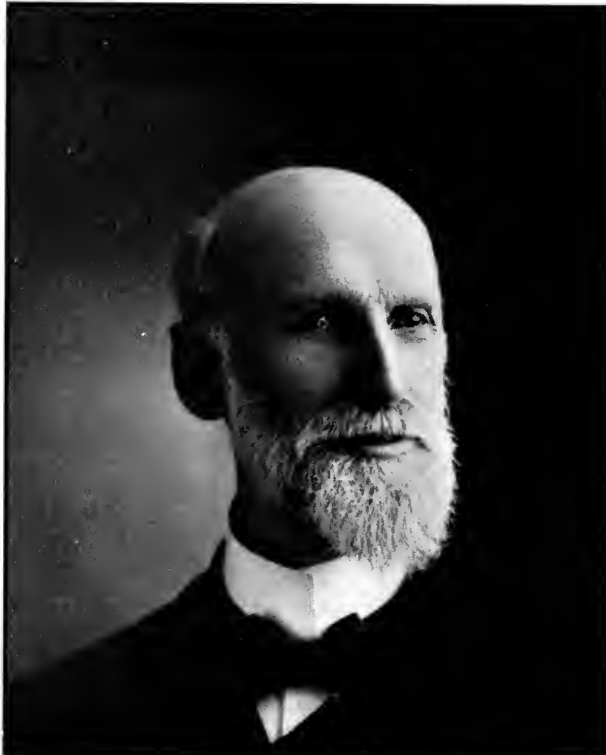
THE GODFATHER OF "LITTLE BREECHES"



WHILE the Nation was still in mourning for Colonel John Hay, who, great statesman and diplomat though he was, will yet live longer in the hearts and on the lips of his countrymen as a poet, the poet of a section—of the homely, kindly, simple, yet keen-minded pioneers of the Middle West—two white-haired men met in Los Angeles and discussed as no other men living could do the incident which gave the "Pike County Ballads" to the world.

Ephraim H. Winans and Henry B. Heacock have been Californians for more than a quarter of a century, but in 1863 they were brother ministers in the Methodist church in the state of Iowa, and Mr. Winans was conducting a Ministerial Association in the little village of New Virginia. It was in April, the frost just out of the ground, the mud still deep—a dark, rainy, inhospitable night. Mr. Heacock had just risen in the pulpit and read the opening lines of the hymn:

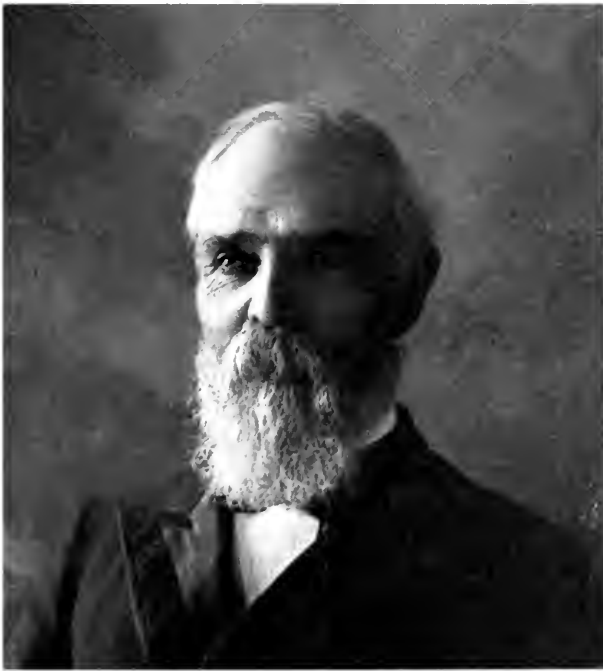
"Forever with the Lord!
Amen! So let it be—"



REV. HENRY B. HEACOCK

when the door of the church was flung open and a man burst in, panting and excited and asking incoherently for a horse.

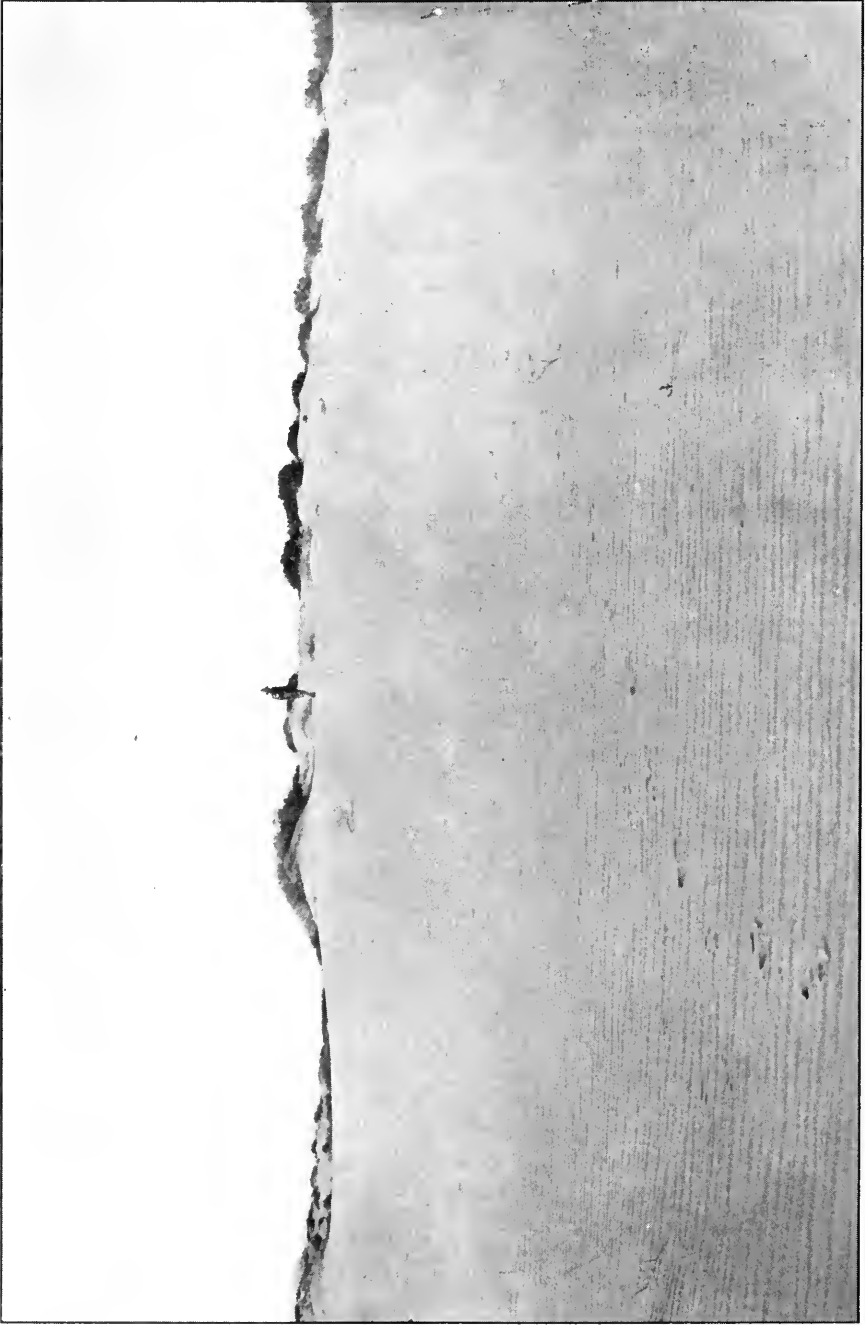
When he became calmer he said that he had just driven up to the door in a farm wagon and had helped out his parents and wife when his team took fright and swept away in the darkness, carrying with them his four-year-old son, clinging to the wagon seat. As the father told his story and asked for help in finding the child, some one in the congregation said, "Let us all join in prayer for his safe recovery;" but Mr. Winans sprang to his feet and cried, "Let the weaker ones pray, but let all the able-bodied get torches and join the search."



EPHRAIM H. WINANS

The meeting was broken up; the mother and grandparents of the lost baby took shelter in a near-by cabin and with the weaker members of the congregation prayed, while the men were going up and down the country roads in the darkness, searching and calling. The track of the runaway was traced across the fields to a gully where the wagon was found half overturned, one horse down in the mud, his mate standing beside him.

But the child was not there, nor near, and by the fast-dying torches no track or trace of him could be found. One of the men remembered an old cabin standing in a field a quarter of a mile away, from which they might get dry wood for fresh torches. He



THE DESERT

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led the searching party there and they tried the door, but found it closed. Some sheep were bleating inside and the men supposed that some one had penned them there for shelter during the rainy night.

One of the young men was lifted on the shoulders of his friends and managed to kick his way through the gable of the cabin into the garret loft. He flung out dry material for torches and then cried to the men below to be still; that he heard the voice of a child in the room underneath. They replied that he had mistaken the bleat of a lamb for the voice of a child, but at his urging went back and tried the door again. It yielded and from out the warm, soft huddle of sheep a little voice cried, "Here I am, papa!"

Not the words that John Hay put in the mouth of "Little Breeches," but they set the searchers to singing the old Methodist Doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," in a great chorus that carried the joyful news across the dark, stormy night to the mother praying in the little cabin by the church.

In 1869 Mr. Winans returned to his old home in Warsaw, Ill., and dined at the home of his old-time friends, the Hays. In the evening the family, including John Hay, went with Mr. Winans to the Presbyterian church, where Mr. Winans preached a sermon on "Divine Providence," taking for his text: "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone."

In the course of the sermon he told the story of the lost child and John Hay listening found the inspiration for the "Pike County Ballads." Years later, when he was Secretary of State, John Hay told the story of that inspiration to his long-time friend, George Cary Eggleston.

"As I sat there in that summer Sunday, I fell to thinking over the story and of the impression the circumstance must have made on the minds of the people who witnessed it. I thought of Pike County, of Pike County methods of thought, and of what impression such a story would make upon the peculiar Pike County mind.

"There are two Pike Counties, you know, one in Illinois and the other confronting it across the Mississippi in Missouri; but the population of the two are quite alike—isomeric, as the chemists say—and they have a speech and a point of view and a way of thinking of their own. When I went out of church I was full to the lips of the Pike County version of "Little Breeches" and on the train, as I journeyed to New York, I wrote the ballad.

"I did it merely as a matter of amusement, and had not the slightest thought of printing it. But I showed it to Whitelaw

Reid and he immediately published it in the Tribune. By that time I had got myself into the swing of the Pike County Ballad, and within a week I wrote 'Jim Bludso' and 'Banty Tim' and all the rest of them."

Mr. Eggleston then asked Mr. Hay why he had written nothing more in this vein, reminding him that he himself had offered Mr. Hay a large sum for a ballad to be used in a periodical which Mr. Eggleston was editing.

Mr. Hay had replied that he was utterly incapable of writing the ballad and said further: "After that week in which 'Little Breeches,' 'Banty Tim,' 'Jim Bludso' and the rest were written I had absolutely no further impulse in that direction—there was no possibility of another thing of the kind."

In July, 1897, this magazine, then "The Land of Sunshine," printed a statement of the incident which inspired the famous poem and the editor, referring to Mr. Hay's indifference concerning the ballads which made his fame, said: "However much their author may look down upon those first achievements, it is not the 'Life of Lincoln' but the 'Pike County Ballads' that have been his making. As a troubador of Pike he was and will remain a classic; and but for an Iowan now gracefully growing gray in Los Angeles there would have been no 'Little Breeches'—for Hay's masterpiece rests upon a true story."

For the refreshing of those who may have forgotten, the poem follows:

I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free-will, and that sort o' thing—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
Ever since one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe came along—
No four-year-old in the county
Could beat him for pretty and strong.
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight—
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker
Just to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow came down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started—
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches, and all,

Hell-to-split over the prairie;
 I was almost froze with skeer;
 But we roused up some torches,
 And searched for 'em far and near.
 At last we struck horses and wagon,
 Snowed under a soft white mound,
 Upsot—dead beat—but of little Gabe
 No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me,
 Of my fellow-critters' aid,
 I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
 Crotch deep in the snow and prayed.

* * * * *
 By this, the torches was played out,
 And me and Isrul Parr
 Went off for some wood to a sheep-fold
 That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
 Where they shut up the lambs at night,
 We looked in and seen them huddled thar,
 So warm and sleepy and white;
 And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,
 As pert as ever you see,
 "I want a chaw of terbacker,
 And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he get thar? Angels!
 He could never have walked in that storm;
 They jest scooped down and toted him
 To whar it was safe and warm.
 And I think that saving a little child,
 And fotching him to his own,
 Is a derved sight better business
 Than loafing around the Throne.

ANGELICA, THE DRAGON

By MABEL AVERY RUNDELL ABBOTT



SMALL Man! What do you think I found?"

Sunshine and mother came into the room together.

He had been thinking, that Small Man, as he lay and looked at the sky from his pillow—he had been thinking that it was a weary morning; that it was not good of the sky to wake up cross, and scowl so, when a little boy's head ached and he was always so very tired. Mother had been taking her walk in the garden. She went every morning for half an hour. "Just a nonsense notion of the doctor's," she said, "but one must humor him."

Small Man knew better. He knew that was what kept her

strong and beautiful, so that she could lift him and hold him and rest him, when the pain was worse than usual.

There was sunshine in mother's face, there was blue sky in her eyes; and her voice—oh, there was nothing in the world that Small Man knew, that could be compared to mother's voice.

All this he had been thinking while mother was gone. And now, as she called to him from the door-way, "What do you think I found?" he turned his face toward her with his bright, brave smile.

"What is it, mother? What did you find?"

"Such an odd thing, Small Man! It was hanging in the barberry bush. Just a chance that I saw it; it had been put away so cleverly. If I had not been looking for a bird's nest, I should never have noticed it. Can you guess?"

She sat down on the edge of the bed, holding up, for him to see, a curious rough gray object, something like a seed-pod, and about the length of the little hand that lay, wasted and weak, on the coverlet.

"Is it a seed, mother? It didn't grow on the barberry bush!"

Mother laughed, and Small Man laughed, too. You couldn't help it when mother did.

"Yes, and no;" she wore her mystery look. "I wish we might have seen it growing, you and I, Small Man. If we planted it we should never raise a barberry bush. But it is a little like a seed, for there is life shut up in it; yet it is more like an egg, for something alive will hatch out of it. It will rustle if you shake it. Guess again, Small Man."

Small Man was holding it in his hand where mother had laid it. He was almost afraid of it; or he would have been, if mother had not told him always that there was nothing in the world that a Small Man should be afraid of, except of being a coward.

"It looks a little scared, mother." He gave it a gently experimental shake, regarding it with a smile that was at once wise and whimsical. He had strange fancies, this Small Man. For, though measured in the usual way his life had been just eight and a half years long, and of course he could remember only part way back, still he had had a great deal of time.

"What do you think, mother? I know! I know truly what it will be!" His eyes were dreamily mischievous. They were not blue sky, like mother's, but violet dark.

"I know!" His voice was clear and stronger. He had forgotten that it was such a weary morning. He was a little oracle.

"It will be a dragon, mother. A green and gold dragon, with a scaly tail, and fire and smoke coming out of his mouth. He will roar. He will roar terribly!"

Small Man put on as fierce a look as can well be achieved when one has to overcome the feminizing effect of a pink feather-stitched nightgown, a little transparent face, and tangled chestnut curls against a pillow.

Mother was visibly impressed. "Truly, will it? But won't that be most inconvenient—in a bedroom? Whatever shall we do with him? He will certainly upset the medicine stand when he gets to waving his tail about, and if he breathes flame he will burn up the curtains."

"Oh, no, mother!" Small Man laughed to reassure her. "It will have to be a wee dragon to be folded up in here."

He measured with his fingers to show her the proper size of infant dragons. "See? He must be quite tiny. And we will tame him. Don't you remember the good dragon who wore a fire-extinguisher for a night-cap?"

To be sure mother remembered; mothers always do. She felt quite secure now, about dragons. She rose and picked up the rough gray object that looked something like a seed-pod. "Of course we can tame him, and if he forgets, sometimes, and gets fiery, just while he is little, we will snuff him out with the snuffers. Shall I put it up here, Small Man?"

She set it on end in an empty candle-stick that stood on the mantel quite close to Small Man's bed.

"And oh, mother, it is the dragon candle-stick! Isn't that—" Small Man's vocabulary was inadequate.

"Remarkably appropriate," supplied mother. She always talked grown-up-talk to Small Man. You see, when the greater part of one's experience has been concerned with plaster-casts and braces, when one has to learn to endure the pain just as long as it can be borne before one asks for the medicine in the little bottle, one has great need of being a man; even though one's life measures only eight and a half years long.

That was why, to mother, he was always Small Man; that is, almost always. He had one other name. Sometimes there were nights when his back would not let him sleep; when he would wake long after every one else was quiet, and lie thinking and thinking. At those times the little red-shaded night lamp seemed to light so small a space, and the shadowy corners held such limitless possibilities, though Small Man knew that he was never afraid. But by-and-by the night would get bigger and bigger, while he would get smaller and smaller and go sinking down through it, until he could not bear it any longer. Then he would say, softly, "Mother!" and mother would be awake as quickly as though she had not been asleep at all. She would slip on her blue kimona and lift Small Man in her arms; the cool,

smooth silk felt so good against his hot cheek. They would sit down by the window and rock, very gently, while mother held him just right. Those were the times when he could not be a Small Man any longer, but was just a little, little boy. And mother understood, for she held him close and called him, "Sweet! Sweet!" over and over.

Somehow, this spring, these nights came oftener than ever before; while even on the gentlest days to be carried down stairs and into the garden was much too long a journey for Small Man. From his bed to the chair by the window, that was his daily outing. He could not remember ever having been quite so tired, since the swing-board struck him and did something to his back.

So, as Small Man could not go out-of-doors, mother brought out-of-doors to him. Flowers and mosses and grass, curious fungi, or sometimes an awkward, scrambling beetle in metallic armor; yet never anything half so interesting as the rough gray object that remained quite inert in the socket of the dragon candle-stick. Every day Small Man talked about it; each morning he looked at it to see if by any chance the baby dragon might have popped out his head in the night. But it was always the same, without a sign of life.

One morning Small Man slept late, after a particularly dreary night, when he was sure that he had been awake for years. At last his eyes unclosed, drooped shut, then opened again, and rested half consciously upon the dragon candle-stick. A stream of yellow sunshine had slipped past the edge of the drawn window blind and was pouring its warm brilliance across the mantel. But it was no flicker of sunlight that made Small Man's eyes widen and grow dark to their violet deeps.

On the tip of the dull gray shell that still rested in the dragon candle-stock, poised and wavered a marvelous shape of life. Slowly, with the rhythmic grace that belongs to the creatures of air, two fawn-colored wings were opening and closing—opening and closing—half-drowsily testing their fragile power.

Small Man held up a warning hand; he had heard a soft foot-fall at the door: "Hush—hush—look!" he breathed, and mother paused at the side of the bed; but the rapt face against the pillow was where her eyes rested, and her smile was glad.

"Let me take it down so that you can see," she said at last. "It won't be afraid." She stepped to the mantel and slipped her finger, mother's firm, slim finger, under the thread-like, clinging feet.

"Oh, mother!" Small Man raised himself on his elbow and there crept into his face the first tinge of pink that mother had

seen there for weeks. This was such a wonderful thing that mother was holding down for him to see! Frail wings of the tenderest shadings of fawn, veined with velvet brown; spots of rose and touches of lilac; while from the tiny head sprung two curling plumes, unbelievably delicate.

"Aren't we glad it wasn't a dragon?" Small Man sighed ecstatically, as he settled back on his pillows. "I think—I think I shall call it Angelica, like the little girl in my Mystery Book. She had wings, too, but nobody else could see them. Isn't it a good name, mother?"

The responsibility of a decision was spared to mother, for at that moment the fawn-colored wings spread and Angelica floated away, straight down the path of the sunbeam and settled, all tremulous, in the brightest spot on the window ledge.

"Will it grow, mother? Will its wings get bigger?" cried Small Man.

"No, it has been growing; I have been saving the story to tell you." Mother sat down on the edge of the bed.

"You see," she went on, "if you had known Angelica a few months ago you would never have thought of such a name. Angelica was crawling about on little short feet with no sign of wings and no thought of flying. A very contented little creature it was, I think, and always busy eating crisp green leaves. Then one day this little creeping thing began to get very tired, so tired and sleepy that it could not possibly stay awake, and then at last it knew a thing to do. It spun that little gray house that is up there in the candle-stick; wove it all around itself and sealed it until it was quite tight and dark, and then it went to sleep.

"It didn't want the sunshine; it didn't know it was going to grow; it never thought of wings. But all the while the wings were growing, because it was meant so from the first. And when it had grown enough and slept enough, it was all over being tired. It woke up and wanted the light, so it opened the door of its little house and came out to spread its wings. Was it surprised, do you think, when it found it could fly down the sunbeam?"

Small Man did not say anything, but the pink in his cheeks was growing almost pinker than mother liked to see and his eyes more deep than even mother could fathom.

She rose and put up the blinds, letting in the glow of the morning. "How hungry you must be, Small Man!" she said. "Now we will have breakfast."

Whether Angelica grew hungry, too, or whether the feel of wings filled the wee creature with a desire for wide sweeps of

air; however that may be, before long it was fluttering up and down the window, beating against the screen in a palpitant effort for freedom.

"Oh! oh! it will hurt itself! It will hurt itself! What shall we do? Is it afraid of us?" Small Man was in feverish dismay.

"No, I don't think it is afraid," said mother. "Wait a moment, perhaps I can feed it," and Small Man waited breathless until mother came back with a great Japan lily that filled the room with its heavy sweetness. The curving petals were splotted with crimson and beaded with honey, but Angelica would have none of it. Still up and down the screen beat the fluttering wings; and mother, watching the flush spread and deepen in Small Man's cheeks, said at last, reluctantly:

"I am afraid, Small Man, we must let it go."

"Oh, mother, I can't!" Small Man was dangerously near to tears. "I want it for mine. I want it to live with me. But it mustn't get hurt. Couldn't we wait a little longer?"

"Then let me take it away for awhile," mother compromised. "Perhaps it will get quiet soon and then you can have it again." She shut the throbbing thing in the hollow of smooth palms, Small Man's eyes following her as she left the room.

"You won't let it get hurt, mother?" such a wistful little voice called after her.

Of course mother wouldn't let it get hurt. Small Man was sure of that. She would know how to make it feel better. Mother always made him feel better. He wished she would come back before long, for he was getting tired now. It was dreadfully exciting—having such wonderful things hatch out right in your room; almost more exciting than a dragon. And while he was thinking about it, he slipped down on his pillow and went to sleep.

Mother found him so when she came into the room again. Noiselessly she crossed to the window and sat down, her eyes on Small Man's face. The flush was gone from his cheeks; even his parted lips, through which the breath came with a soft flutter, were only faintly pink. Long and quietly he slept, and all the while, quite motionless, mother watched him.

It is good that your eyes are closed, Small Man; good that you cannot see the haggard lines, the blue shadows, that are coming out in that watching face. But you will never see them—those lines and shadows; for at the first quiver of your eyelids, by the power of the love that God gives mothers, that face will be re-created—for you.

And so it was when Small Man woke at last. The face turned toward him was strong and sweet and calm. He could not have

told you that it was so; he did not know that it made his earth and heaven; he only knew that it was—mother. The whole story was in the happy, drowsy smile with which he law and looked at her. Then, when he had quite got hold of his world again he said, questioningly:

“Angelica?”

“Oh, we mustn’t have Angelica yet; we must have luncheon.”

“I’m not hungry, mother.”

“Yes, I think you are, Small Man, only you don’t know it. Perhaps that is the trouble with Angelica, and if we let her be all alone for awhile to think it over, she may find it out. Mother is very hungry.”

Small Man made no further objection, but when the tray had been taken away and, wrapped in his dressing gown, he lay in his chair by the window, he said, confidently:

“Now, Angelica, mother.”

So the wee thing came in on mother’s finger. The fawn-colored wings were closed, and they did not open when mother coaxed the thread-like feet to leave her finger for the window ledge, nor even when Small Man put out his hand and touched them. They only tipped weakly sidewise and Angelica did not move.

“It’s sick, mother. It has hurt itself and it’s sick.”

“Perhaps it is only tired.” But mother’s voice was doubting.

“No, no! Open the screen. I don’t want it to be like that. Perhaps it would try to fly a little if it knew the screen was open.”

But Angelica did not know the screen was open, until a puff of breeze nearly whisked her off the window ledge. That was the call of the out-of-doors, and Angelica responded.

Small Man had a glimpse of lilac and rose as the gauzy wings went out into the sunshine. Up and up they went, shifting with the breeze but always rising, above the maple, on, and over the pine tree out of sight.

With a long breath of happiness Small Man looked at mother.

“It isn’t sick; it isn’t sick now. I am glad we let it go, mother.”

Then, while mother went for her walk, Small Man lay back in his chair and thought. That night after mother was asleep and the shadows were very big and very dark, he woke and went on thinking. At last he said:

“Mother!”

“What is it, Sweet?” but mother did not wait for an answer. She gathered him up in a soft blanket and they went to the open window. A white rim of a moon was going down in the west and the sky was sown thick with stars. Small Man lay so still, gazing out into the night, that mother thought he was going to sleep, until he put up his hand and touched her face.

"I'm not afraid now—mother."

"Afraid? Why, Sweet! Were you afraid? Why didn't you tell mother?"

"I couldn't, because—it was being a coward, you know."

Mother waited, not saying anything. Long ago she had come to recognize the inviolable personality of this Small Man. At last the little voice went on:

"I was afraid—because I couldn't get well. I've tried—ever so hard—and I just keep getting tired."

Small Man looked up into the brooding face above him and even in the half-light he saw there something that was new to him.

"Don't cry, mother!" in a tone of startled hush.

"No, Sweet, no; mother will not cry." She smiled at him with shining eyes—eyes that were liquid radiant with the unshed tears of all the weary months since Small Man had been trying with all his might to get well. But the tears did not fall; men and mothers do not cry. Only to men and mothers is such strength given. Again the little voice went on:

"You know when the cage fell down and hurt Cherry, and he couldn't sing any more nor sit on his perch, you said he went to sleep. You made him a little bed out under the apple tree, but he never woke up that I knew of. I didn't think he liked to be out there all the time; it was dark and in the winter it was cold. I think—he must have been—dreadfully afraid."

The words wavered off into a whisper and mother waited so long that at last she said:

"Tell mother about it."

"I was afraid, too, mother—dreadfully afraid. I thought if I couldn't get well pretty soon—"

But mother kissed the words away and her voice throbbed like a lullaby as she said:

"Oh, Sweet, Sweet, mother should have told you!"

Small Man smiled; a smile of assurance.

"I'm not afraid now, mother. Angelica wasn't afraid of the dark. Angelica kept on growing and came out all strong and well; strong enough to go out of doors and wasn't tired at all. Wouldn't it be like that, mother?"

"It would be—just like that."

Closer nestled the little head against mother's shoulder; then, in a murmur of drowsy content:

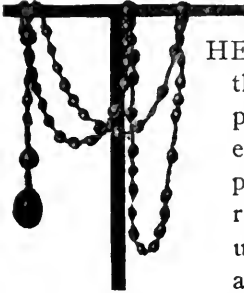
"And I needn't be afraid any more, not ever any more, need I, mother?"

In the voice that answered him was a note of victory.

"No, no, we won't be afraid—ever—any more."

SOME CALIFORNIA POSSIBILITIES

By A. J. WELLS



HE veracity of figures may be questioned, but they are sometimes very suggestive. Some pages of statistics, gathered by an Eastern engineer, raise a question perhaps never before pondered, even by Californians. This is the relation of climate to manufactures. Mr. Samuel N. Goldy has been erecting near San José a plant for manufacturing machinery and tools, and, apparently as a preliminary study,

he has collated and arranged from the Census Report various figures of very practical value..

The gross product per operative in manufacturing establishments is said to represent value as follows: In the United States \$1900.00; in France \$650.00; in England \$485.00; in Germany \$450.00. Among the States, Connecticut shows a value per workman of \$1997.00, and California \$3328.00. The average yearly output of each workman in California is thus nearly twice that of Connecticut, one and three-fourths that of the United States, and nearly seven times as much as that of England. Mr. Goldy thinks that the high average of the United States as compared with Europe is due to automatic machinery, ingenious appliances and improved methods, but that the amazing preponderance in California is due to climate. This is made more striking by a contrast drawn between Bridgeport, Conn., and Los Angeles, Cal. The former is quoted as having 1540 wage-earners in thirty-one factories, their wages being \$832,534.00 per year. Los Angeles is said to have thirty-four factories, employing 552 wage workers, with yearly wages of \$359,920.00. The average investment in Bridgeport is \$74,812.00; in Los Angeles \$30,080.00. The net value of the product per each dollar invested in buildings is \$4.20 in the Eastern city, against \$15.00 in the Western. Bridgeport wage-workers earned net \$998.00 each; Los Angeles workers \$1404.00 each, or about 40 per cent more. Observe that this is the net product. Before, the comparison was in the gross. Note also that this seems to have been a comparison between selected industries. When the comparison is made between the total and general manufacturing interests, the per cent in Los Angeles is slightly reduced, but is still amazing. It is 38 per cent greater than the average of the Bridgeport worker.

Connecticut as a whole has 176,694 wage-earners and a

manufacturing product of \$352,824,106. California has 91,047 operatives and turns out a product valued at \$302,874,761. The cost of raw material in the Yankee State is \$185,641,219. In the Western State raw material costs \$188,125,602. The value of the output per operative in Connecticut is \$940.00, in California \$1260.00 or 32.9 per cent more. This in the face of the fact that estimates were based on coal as fuel, in both cases, while the Californian now finds oil at seventy cents a barrel cheaper than bituminous coal at Eastern prices.

Then, too, this expert thinks California's manufacturing industries far behind in equipments, and that "work is produced on a retail basis;" yet the dry figures of the Census show that, compared with the best equipped manufacturing State in the East, this Western giant, toiling in the sunshine, and not yet "of age," produces nearly one-third more per unit in the value of the output.

We are a little given to bragging about California, as if it were a matter of personal merit that we were born here, or a mark of special wisdom that we came here of our own will. It is probably an effect of climate, but the most enthusiastic Native Son probably never dreamed that climate would make California great in manufactures. Yet this is the conclusion of this Eastern engineer, an expert in mechanics, and not biased by long residence in this Pacific Coast State. Given, he says, in substance, equipments equal to New England, and California can manufacture at less cost than New England; can prepay freight and ship her products to Eastern markets at a profit. And the explanation he finds in—Climate! Is the conclusion wild? It is logical. It concerns itself with such practical items as light and ventilation, heat and power. These must be paid for. Windows must be many and high. Yet the maximum use of glass in a cold country is expensive. The factory will require more fuel, and the fixed charges for operating will be increased. There should be opportunity for perfect ventilation, and ample space above the worker; bad air impairs vitality and reduces the output. But high ceilings are expensive, and increase the cost of heating.

But these items do not explain the larger output of the worker in California. Heat and power in Connecticut cost but 13 per cent more than in this State, for the same value of manufactured product, while 38 per cent of increase in the Western output is to be accounted for. Evidently climate has something to say about the worker. It has. It speaks directly, forcibly, constantly. It points to the higher value of his work and says, "This shows physical vigor, increased vitality, better health. Your

'potential energy' is high; it has not been lowered by months of cold and storm, by bad air and changing temperature; you have worked in Summer with more comfort and with less fatigue; you have not been limp with humid heat; you have done more work and better work all the year because of better air, quieter nerves, more vigorous digestion, more tranquil sleep, and the greater, better, cheaper production of your skill and energy has behind it one constant factor—one sufficient explanation—Climate."

Why not? Is the answer due to the prepossessions of men led captive at their will by soft airs and blue skies? Is it not in line with all that we know of that elusive thing which yet explains the perfect fruit and vigor of the plant in our fields and orchards? Is it not in line with what we are saying today through every avenue of speech and language, about the value of outdoor life in its relation to physical vigor?

A year or two ago an Eastern magazine published a double-page illustration of beautiful children, and the list of winsome faces embraced seven from California. As the subjects were chosen from all parts of the country, from the Gulf to the Great Lakes, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the number of young Californians was out of all proportion to the population. And six of the seven were so exceptionally favored that not three of the others could bear comparison, while the seventh was so rarely beautiful as to be regarded as the one ideal type presented, and so was selected for special comment by the editor of the magazine.

This appreciation of outsiders is not new. Who does not recall Bayard Taylor's "dream of a more beautiful race in possession of this paradise—a race in which the lost symmetry and grace of the Greek was partially restored"? For this wide-eyed traveller, revisiting California in 1859, had noted that "the children are certainly a great improvement upon those born among us," and he describes them as "strong limbed, red-blooded, graceful." Of his own experience he says: "If I live to be old and feel my faculties failing, I shall go back to restore the sensations of youth in that wonderful air." And because he saw that the climate had deeper relations than the physical, this poet-traveler said, "The home of Literature and Art will be in the valleys near the Coast;" for he "could not feel that Nature must be false to her promise, or man is not the splendid creature he once was, if the Art, and Literature, and Philosophy of Ancient Greece are not one day rivalled on this last of inhabited shores."

Was it all a dream of the poet's brain, incited by the charm of a new country—the effect of Lotus eating in a land more be-

witching than the sailors of Ulysses ever found? Well, two or three things are significant. One is that almost within a generation the grace and loveliness of California children should arrest attention in the East, another is that the vigor of California workmen should challenge the scrutiny of a hard-headed mechanical engineer, who believes in his own conclusions, and is actually putting the climate to a test by establishing here a manufacturing plant.

Another thing is suggestive. The earliest homes of literature and art were in lands of the Sun, and the country most famous for the physical vigor and grace of its inhabitants strikingly resembles California in its scenery and the seductiveness of its climate. Bayard Taylor said that "the original type of the landscape of California was Greece," and Pericles long ago connected "the most pellucid air" of Attica with the intellectual quality of Grecians; while it is certain enough to build upon that the Greeks would never have developed either their physical traits, their art or their philosophy, in the climate of Russia. "This world and eternal youth," the Greek said, and that frank devotion to the Visible was the expression of his enjoyment of his native land.

Hamlet asked, a little petulantly, whether he was "a pipe to be played on"—but he was. We all are. The weather and the landscape are but two of the subtle and mysterious forces which play upon us and mold our frame, and shape our character. Life is essentially alike at the root, but it is shaded, colored, tempered by both inward and outward conditions. "Blood tells," but so does climate. Marryat's quarter-master came back from the West Indies into the fogs of the English Channel with a sigh of satisfaction. "This is what I calls something like. None of your — blue skies here." There spoke the Anglo-Saxon, born with winter in his blood. So the melancholy of the Slavs may be traced to the gloom of his forests, his boundless steppes, and grim climate, while the Southern races of Europe are cheerful and light-hearted, as a result of the physical and climatic character of the country.

No doubt climate is a powerful factor in the constitution and destiny of races, and on this coast may ultimately modify our civilization. It may be too friendly to challenge our courage and resistance. There is something responsive to human experience in Tennyson's lines,

"Block my path with toil and danger,
I will find or force a way,"

but if the way is made smooth for my treading, I know not why, like the Eucalyptus in Australia, or the Sequoias on our Sierra

slopes, I should not find vigor and develop greatness in a kindly air, responding as the tree does, to soft sunshine. Do raw climatic conditions develop better men? We want no theory of a Demiurge, and are glad to be where the weather extorts no cry as of the King in the "Passing of Arthur":

"O! me, for why is all around us here,
As if some lesser God had made the world,
But had not force to shape it as he would,
Till the High God behold it from beyond,
And enter it and make it beautiful."

Nor do I believe, because the art-loving and athletic Greeks have deteriorated, that the race culminated in that fair land 2000 years ago; nor with John Burroughs, that "the earth has reached the maturity of her powers," and that "the game of life has been played." I prefer to say with "rare Ben Jonson": "I cannot think Nature is so spent and decayed that she can bring forth nothing worth her former years." She can. She will surpass them. And if there is virtue in sunshine for man as well as for the plant; if the energy of physical health means better work by the artisan and steadier of nerves mean truer messages for the brain that thinks; if sanity and breadth of vision and healthful impulse are nourished by outdoor life, then some future poet-traveler will find in California better men and a nobler civilization.

San Francisco

HOPE

By S. RAYMOND JOCELYN

ALL seasons tell of hope throughout the year—
The airy, love-begetting spring, that fills
The earth with laughter of her early rills;
The radiant summer, heaped with golden cheer,
And voiced with woodland echoes, crystal clear;
And autumn, massing splendor on the hills;
And gay, white winter, with his song that thrills
With hearty life, e'en while the woods are drear.

Come, let us imitate the year, and sing!
Away with care! Eyes were not made to weep.
Our hearts should beat with nature's, and should keep
Hope warm in wintertide as well as spring.
So let us make all times, all seasons ring
With harmonies of hope, soul-stirred and deep.

Wichita, Kan.

FOLEY'S WARDS

By P. S. LELAND

"What have you for dinner today?" asked the guest.

"Salt pork," replied the waiter.

"Don't like salt pork; anything else?"

"Got some curlew."

"What's curlew?"

"It's a bird we have around here."

"Um—can it fly?"

"You bet it can fly."

"Well, bring me the pork, then—I don't want anything to do with a bird that will stay around here when it's able to fly."

—Arizona Kicker.



OUR troop was doing its turn at Carlos. Carlos is the agency for the San Carlos Apaches, and Government until recently kept a small detachment of troops there, to deter these estimable people from murdering the agent, and using his supplies as a basis for another little hair-lifting expedition over the border. The main body of the regiment remained at Ft. Grant, some sixty miles to the southward, where the water was drinkable, and supplies could be obtained.

It was late in the Arizona summer, and I sat in the doorway of the adobe barracks looking out over the flat toward the agency buildings. The brown line of the Gila river, running across the foot of the slope, danced and flickered in the heat-waves that rose out of the bare earth. On the opposite side of the river the round-topped, bark-covered wickiups, or duggans, of the Indians, extended in a long ragged line; while farther back on the mesa Indian boys could be seen herding half-starved ponies on the scant pasture. The grey wall of the San Carlos mountains rose in the distance like a huge rampart.

Presently an old "non-com" came out of barracks and sat down beside me—on his heels, cow-puncher fashion, with his back against the adobe wall—and cast his half-closed eyes out over the ash-colored landscape with an air of dreamy retrospect. Several troopers gathered about, attracted by the scent of "soldier talk."

The old yellow-leg seemed in a communicative mood, so I decided to brace him for a yarn. "Sergeant Foley," said I, "tell us about that fancy sabre you have." (This was Foley's pride; the gift of admiring friends.)

"'Twas the non-coms of the Foorth w'at gev me that—fer takin' a trumpeter b'y aff the firin' line, wan time whin we had

Geronimo corralled down below Huachuca. I wuz a corp'ril in B troop thin—B troop av th' Foorth."

Then of course we all insisted that Foley should give us an account of how Geronimo was corralled.

"It's not me custim to brag av the small part I have tuck in the work av the army an the frontier," he continued with dignity. "But since manny av ye are young min raally desiris av larnin' the trade av a soldier, 'tis well that ye shud know what's bin done be thim whose places ye're takin'. I'll begin at the be-ginnin'.

"Ye've all heard av Geronimo; him bein' the namesake av all the kickin' mules and bitin' dogs in Arizona. Well, thim days Geronimo wuz livin' at Carlos. And he spint his day-times circulatin' around among the soldiers, and studyin' their ways, and how 'e cud circumvint them. And in the avenin's he occipied himsilf wid preachin' sedishin to the young bucks av the camp yonder. They were sore, ye mind, because they'd bin moved away from the upper agincy, where the water was swate, and there wuz game in the hills.

"So wan time, in the Spring av '85, I think it was—I was at hidquarters thin, workin' fer the quartermaster—owld Geronimo med up his mind to desert. And whin night comes, an' the day agreed, he calls out his owld guarrd—the Warm Spring band av Cliricahuas; and he rounds up 'is wives and 'is ponies—and some what wasn't his—and they all lights out fer Mexico.

"About midnight the sintry an guard at the agincy noticed the ponies had dissapeared aff the mesa acrost the river, and he suspicioned there wuz somethin' doin'. So he calls the corp'ril av the guard, and the two goes over and diskivers that the Warm Spring band hez pulled out, and the camp wuz all tore up. Thin the af'cer in charge av the garrison calls out his troop to guard the agincy. But he didn't dare to foller the renegades, fur fear the whole camp would break away. So he sinds a trumpeter out under flyin' arders to notify headquarters.

"I mind 'twas about noon the next day the wind-jammer kem rowlin' into Grant in a cloud av dust, and wint down the row an the run; niver stoppin' to s'lute the flag or nothin'. And whin he jarked up in front av rigimintal hidquarters his spurs wuz covered wid blood, and his haarse wuz glistenin' wid sweat, fer he'd made sixty miles that marnin'—and ye all know the road to Carlos.

"Then pretty soon ye could see the arderlies goin' through af'cer's quarters, callin' thim up fer a conf'rince; and the min began to prick up their ears, fer they knowed there wuz somethin' in the wind. And prisintly the trumpeter comes trottin'

down the line wid a fist full av papers, dodgin' in and out av the arderly rooms. And the top serjints begins fussin' round like a mother hin in the face of a thunder storm, chasin' up stray troopers, w'ile the rooks wuz standin' in the dureways askin' aich other what wuz the row. And 'don't be standin' around askin' fool questyins,' the serjints wud be sayin', 'Git yer stuff together and git ready to turn out; boots and saddles'll be goin' first thing ye know, and the half av ye'll be wantin' somebody to find yer 'quipments.'

"W'ile these prepirations wuz goin' an, the cooks wuz rustlin' a bit av chuck. And we ate it wid our harness on, standin' up, and shovelin' in the banes hot aff the fire; fer we knowed 'twould be the last dacent meal we'd git fer one while, and so it was—fer six bloody wakes. Thin the trumpeter rides out an the p'rade ground and blows the Assembly—the notes wuz bad mangled, but iverybody understood the call—and the whole garrison gits out and falls in.

"The scouts had an idee that Geronimo would strike out South through the Arivaypa canyin, so they led out through the chaparral fer that break in the hills. The sun was about an hour high yit whin we started, and we rached the Arivaypa about tin in the night. Thin ut was some time after that befor the scouts found a p'int, and we cut the trail av the renegades comin' out av the canyin.

"The trail led up along the slopes av the Caliuros, where there wuz plinty av rough goin', and iverybody got more or less skinned up, rowlin' down the sides av the canyins, and workin' up slides. But we kept goin' till mornin', fer the renegades had bin knockin' in fer all they wuz worth. The rocks wuz spattered wid blood and haarse's hair, wherever there wuz a bit av drift acrost the trail; and we come acrost two ar three dead ponies, all slashed up wid the knife where the Injins had bin prickin' thim along befor they give out.

"There wuz no water in the Caliuros, so we struck out fer the Hager ranch next day, after a two hours' rest; bein' satisfied that the game wuz headin' fer Dos Cabezas annyhow. And whin we pulled in at Hager's we found that the Apaches had bin there ahead av us, and the owld man wuz all scared up. They'd come down on 'im like a whirlwind, and two ar three punchers that wuz out an the range had a run fer their lives. The renegades burned an outlyin' camp—disembowelin' a Mexican family w'at wuz livin' there—and wint whirling on down the valley. But the punchers barricaded the corral wid waggins, and whin they seen our dust they wuz sittin' an the roof wid their Winchesters, thinkin' it might be another party av the same welcome guests.

"The outfit only stopped at Hager's long enough to water the stock and rustle a bit av grub, and thin we got up and took the trot agin, only pullin' up wanst or twice durin' the afternoon, to aise the haarse's backs, which wuz beginnin' to gall under the heat and the killin' pace.

"Towards evenin' we kem acrost the spot where Geronimo hed camped the night befor. 'Twas an the North slope av the Cabezas. Ye could overlook the country fer fifty mile around, and the ground wuz covered wid loose stones rolled down aff the peak, so that anny number av min approachin' an the quiet wud make noise enough to wake the did. The scouts sid this wuz a reg'lar stoppin' place av the raiders. And Geronimo hed made the whole distance—wan hundred and twinty-odd mile—in twinty-four hours, widdout stoppin', and takin' about a hundred wimmen and kids along wid 'im. That comes av breedin' fer speed, ye mind.

"The outfit camped that night an Dos Cabezas. And an arderly kem in at daylight next maarnin' wid sealed arders from General Miles. Thin 'twas a three days' straightaway fer the Mexican line.

"Ye cud see all the time be the freshenin' sign that we wuz gainin' an the renegades. But the pace wuz turrible. The troop haarses wuz all dead tired, and the min wuz beginnin' to straggle. And there, me lads, is where the trooper w'at slops round in 'is saddle an the march, and takes aff his blanket in the noonday heat, and lades out to wather after a laang drill widout waitin' fer the sweat to cool, and fills his canteen wid booze instid av what ut wuz med fer, and comes away widout tibaccy depindin' an his frinds—there's where he gits to be a burden an the outfit, and a thorn in the side av the c'mandin' af'cer; an' don't you fer-git it!

"Well, the third evenin' we bumped into thim, in the brakes av the hills, just this side the border; and there wuz the rale fight av the campaign. Iverybody happened to be pretty well up, and the renegades had to make a stand fer to let their wimmen and kids git away. They tuck up a strong position in the malapie, and laid low until the head av the column wuz close in betune thim; thin they poured it into us, and the ladin' sets av foors wint down like cut grass. The byes were not long dismountin', ye'd better believe. And we had to drop back to cover, owin' to the Apaches bein' posted behint a hog-back. Thin there wuz some lively sharpshootin' at long range fer a while, and if annybody showed himsilf fer a minute he drewed fire.

"There wuz a wind-jammer kid got knocked aff his haarse airyly in the fight, and whin the troop wint back to cover he wuz left in

the open; and the Injins wuz pottin' at him from the top of the ridge, w'ile the kid wuz tryin' to crawl to shelter wid his leg smashed above the knee.

"'Twas plain the b'y would git kilt widout he wuz tuck away, so me and the head packer laid out to give him a lift. We started out bold enough, all right; but before we got back we wuz huggin' the ground like a couple av bloomin' badgers. Did anny av yez iver have yer hair parted be a forty-four an the ricochet? 'Tis the most exhileratin' sinsashin ye'll iver expay-rience, if ye did. And we enj'yed ut several times durin' thim forty seconds. But we dragged the kid aff between us, and widout atin' anny lead—barrin' a bit av a crease in the sate av Bowman's trousers' w'ich they wuz too full annyways. And that wuz whin I got me credit wid the Foorth. They gev me the sabre next pay. But the kid died in harspital after—owin' to the saw-bones not bein' handy wid their tools, they sid. And Geronimo got away in the night."

"But they finally got him, didn't they?" eagerly questioned the recruit.

"I sid General Miles wuz in command, didn't I?" scornfully retorted the non-com. "Did ye iver hear av him droppin' a trail wanst the game wuz started "

"It must have been the dough-boys; it was them that followed him over the line, I remember," put in another, more astutely.

"Divil a bit was it the dough-byes," Foley responded. "The dough-byes wuz only wurrkin' down in Mexico fer a bit w'ile we wint back to Grant fer supplies. Though fer fair they med a good showin'; not havin' to lose time huntin' fer passable crossin's whin the trail jumped over the range. But they suffered turrible from the heat and the drought, down an the flats. Sure the weather alone wuz enough to frizzle up annything but a San Carlos salymander, to say nothin' av the fightin'.

"Well, whin word came back to the post that Geronimo wuz headin' fer the Madres, Lawton's column hit the road agin—that bein' the outfit I wuz listed wid. And we tuck along a bunch of extra lead haarses this trip; and a squad av Navajo scouts from up an the San Juan, fer to run the trail; them bein' familiar wid the Madre mountains.

"The Navajos pretty soon had Geronimo located agin, down an the line betune Sonora and Chihuahua somewheres; and Lawton tuck up the trail wid the intinshin av stayin'. The Navajos wint after the owld lobo like blood-hounds chasin' a nigger, and the rest av the outfit strung along annyway fer to kape in sight av the guidon. And we niver gave him no chanst to take an travel rashins, ar to ketch his second wind. But 'twas a long

chase. The owld cock was an his own dung-hill, and he knowed all the passes; w'ile the troops cud only foller w'ere the trail led, trustin' to the instinct av the trailers. We niver knowed when we'd git water, ar food, ar slape, and were generally dissap'inted if we med a guess.

"That wuz the lead fer a matter av three hunder mile down beyand Oposura; and the trail all the w'ile windin' in and out along the main range av the Madres, first an one side, thin on the other. The Apaches wuz makin' the race av their lives, and they doubled back and crossed their track agin and agin. And sometimes the pack wud be wurrkin' back an one side av a gut, w'ile we wuz goin' down the other side, and feelin' fer a place to git acrost.

"Wanst we met thim faice to faice, an the big canyin av the Yaqui—them bein' an the opp'site side. The canyin wuz a matter av a mile acrost, about a quarter dape, and two days' march around the ind. And the Apaches wuz lined up along the idge av ut, knowin' we cud do thim no harm. 'Twas a quare sight: thim buck Injins and buck soldiers scowlin' at aich other acrost the big ditch, and the river rowlin' betune thim, thousands av fate below. And ye cud see the squaws and kids wuz carryin' the camp-kit an their backs now, most av the ponies havin' bin killed and ate.

"The c'mandin' af'cer tried to wurrk a stratejim an thim, be sindin' a detachmint around behint the mountain to make a night reach fer the crossin', w'ile the rist av us med a big show av goin' into camp—settin' up tints, and turnin' out the haarses to graze. But the owld lobo wuz not to be ketched in anny sich coyote trap as that; and the pack soon disappeared beyand the canyin.

"'Twas a lung-splittin', shin-scrapin' job, from first to last; and the divil himsilf wud have trouble to persuade anny man w'at med the trip to try ut agin. Wanst ye've bin through the Madres, all other mountains looks small and scrubby. There 'tis mountain after mountain, rainge after rainge; and all straight up and down. And ye'll find nayther plateaus an top, nor valleys betune. 'Tis a land av dissap'intments, and no person but a bloomin' burrd has anny business goin' theyre—and he wouddn't be comf'table, widdout he 'ad strong lungs and a forbearin' stummick.

"It's niver aven a sure thing ye'll find water whin ye git to the well, in that country. The half av thim are as dry as a cavalry post three wakes after pay. And wanst ye've thrashed around in the greasewood under a red hot sun fer forty-eight hours, wid yer tongue chokin' yer mout', and the thirst divils dancin' in yer

eyes, and widout aven a cactus pear to relave the strain, 'twill make an endurin' impreshin an yer mind.

"We had a packer be the name av Edwards, wid a buckskin bronk w'at cud ate mezquit leaves; and he undertook to circle the hid av the range, to make sure none av the rinegades hed broke back. And divil a bit av water did that man see from start to finish—barrin' the canteen. The buckskin croaked about twinty mile shaart av the last day's ride, and Edwards kem in a-foot. The column wuz crossin' an alkali flat at the time, and s'help me God the man wuz swimmin'. He thought he'd rached the gulf av Californy, and he wuz strikin' out fer the escort waggin', thinkin' it wuz a Dago fishin' schooner. They sint him to the 'sylum at Paso, after, and I reckon he's swimmin' yit; he niver kem back to Grant.

"But good luck and bad luck we kem up wid the game at last, and ye cud see the beggars were about played out. Their ponies were all taken ar killed, and the kids were fair starvin'. But the young bucks still showed fight. And whin we got thim surrounded an a bit av a mesa, they'd laid up a barricade av bowlders and greasewood, and the whole pack wuz preparin' to cash in as dear as they knowed how' niver expectin' to git off wid less than hangin'.

"And whin we closed in an thim ye cud hear the wimmin dronin' out the turrible howl av the Apache death song, meanin' that they wuz nervin' thimselves to die be their own hands. But our arders didn't contimplate killin' the whole band, providin' they cud be tuck anny other way. So the af'cers hild a council av war, fer to decide how we cud git the ropes over the varmints widout spoilin' the hides.

"Seein' how things stood 'twould have bin impossible to restrain the min; them bein' exasperated wid the killin' heat, and hunger and thirst. They would niver have stopped till the last dirty whelp av the owld lobo's litter quit kickin'.

"So at the ind av the conf'rince, wan av the af'cers—a cavalry liftinant 'twas—wint inside av the inimy's lines alone, takin' along a Navajo trailer to do the translatin'. And the shave-tail gev owld Geronimo to understand that his wimmen would be well treated, and the min would not be hanged—anyways not widout further arders. And be this manes the renegades were persuaded to lay down their arms.

"'Twas a pitiful sight to see them little half-starved papooses come troopin' into the lines, wid their big eyes lookin' wild, and their little hearts thumpin' agin the bare ribs wid the fear av bein' murdered. But the owld buck wuz clane whipped, ar he niver wud have give up. And they all kem in draggin' their

tails like coyotes sneakin' into a sheep camp to git away from the hounds.

"We took good care av the pris'ners this trip, don't ye fergit it; for they'd slipped through our hand wanst befoor. But the c'mandin' a'f'cer hed a white elefant an his hands whin we got thim back to Grant. The citizins fair wint wild at the suggestyin av turnin' awld Geronimo loose an the reservashin agin. They niver could rist at all until he was disposed av. And owld maid ladies way up beyand Vegas would tumble out av their beds av nights, dramin' they wuz bein' abducted be the San Carlos Apaches.

"So the tin gods finally decided that the renegades shud be sint East. And we tuck owld Geronimo, and about fower hundred av the Warm Springs and Chiricahuas—which wuz the most ram-pajis element av the tribe—and we located thim at Sill, in the Nation, as prisoners av war and wards av the Governmint. And ye'll find thim there now, what's left av them.

"Whin I wuz an furlough, Dutchy Belz, the Rooshin—ray-cintly discharged from B troop—was tellin' me the owld lobo is still enj'yin' good hilth, and livin' as daycint as a Protestint missionary, ar a rooky in the guarrd house. But I make no doubt the owld b'y would be daylighted to jine his friends an one more little throat-cuttin' sayance over the border, fer the sake av owld times.

"Ye'd better be gittin' ready fer stables," he concluded. "I see the captain comin' down the line." And the old trooper, working himself up to his full height by a series of grunts and hitches, for his joints were stiffened by the strain of many arduous campaigns, limped into barracks and busied himself about his equipments, and the audience fell out.

Eldorado, Kan.

THE CONSTANT ONES

By *NORA MAY FRENCH*

THE tossing trees had every flag unfurled
 To hail their chief, but now the sun is set,
 And in this sweet new quiet on the world
 The king is dead, the fickle leaves forget.

A placid earth, an air serene and still,
 In misty blue the gradual smoke is thinned—
 Only the grasses, leaning to his will,
 The grasses hold a memory of wind.

Los Angeles


THE FIRST CALIFORNIA NEWSPAPER

By W. J. HANDY

III

August 22, 1846.

NEWS FROM BELOW.

FFICERS, soldiers and prisoners have been arriving here all the week from Castro's camp.

Capt. Goaquin De La Torre came in on Tuesday from whom we gathered all the information we have.

Mr. Washburn an American who was a prisoner only confirms the main facts stated by Torre, being confined he had but little opportunity of learning any of their plans.

De La Torre says, that when Castro learned that Capt. Fremont had reached the town of Angeles, about 12 hours march from him, he broke camp in the night, buried his cannon and left in the direction of Sonora. At his first camp from Poeblo, he gave permission to as many as chose to return home, the while force consisting of about 200. He thinks that about 60 followed Castro and Pico but Mr Washburn says that he understood that there were but 16, officers and soldiers, they kept Mr. Weaver, one of the prisoners with them.

Most of those who followed the Governor were persons who had committed so many crimes they were afraid of justice, the remainder have most of them returned to their ranches.

So far as California is concerned, the war is at an end. The next thing is to take steps for the organization of a Territorial Government.

Lieut McLane of the 1st Dragoons, was in town yesterday. The company has just returned from another indian excursion to the mountains. The Indians are beginning to find who has the country, they have divided into small parties which renders it next to impossible for a company to find them. The only effectual means of stopping their inroads upon the property of the country will be to attack them in their villages, in the California mountains. We are in hopes that at least a division of that company will be sent down the Toolary valley and to cross the mountains at the Bear River pass, to meet the emigration on the 10th of September, at Trucky's lake. Should such a division be sent, under command of Mr McLane, his suavity of manner and gentlemanly deportment, with the knowledge he will have acquired of the country, will be of great service to the emigrants, and to the country.

August 29, 1846.

Emigration To California—A large party of settlers propose leaving Arkansas for California next May. The chairman of the committee of arrangements gives notice in the Little Rock Gazette, "that the Californians will rendezvous at Fort Smith, Arkansas, on the first Monday in April next, preparatory to taking up the line of march for the Pacific coast. Every person starting is expected to be well armed with a rifle or heavy shotgun, 16 pounds of shot, 4 lbs of powder &c"

Two hundred Mormons residing in Wanef, (probably meant for Wayne), Oakland and Lapeer counties Mich. have lately left to join their brethren now about emigrating to California.

THE MORMONS FOR OREGON.

The following curious letter has just been received by Col. Wentworth of Ill member of congress,

Nauvoo Ill Dec 17 1845,

Sir.—On the event of an act passing Congress for the erection of those forts on the Oregon route, suggested in the President's Message, we should be pleased if you would exert your influence in our behalf, as we intend to emigrate west of the mountains in the ensuing season. Our facilities are great, and we are enabled to build them at a lower rate than any other people. I have written the Secretary of War, on the subject, and shall be pleased by your co-operation—also for transportation of the mail.

Yours &c

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

President of the Church of Jesus Christ
of Latter Day Saints

NEWS FROM BELOW.

A courier arrived Thursday night bringing despatches for Capt Merrine from the Commodore. The commodore with a considerable force had advanced to the town of Angeles vvh where he was joined by Capt Fremont. The difficulty of procuring horses had prevented Capt Fremont from being able to follow Gen Castro vwith any hope of falling in with him.

Commodore Stockton made prize of the Mexican Brig Primerara but released her to her ovvners. The courier brings verbal news that a division of the Mexican army had fallen in with the Mazatlan troops under Commandte Raphel Telles, and a battle ensued which terminated in the defeat of Telles, who with 22 other officers vvere shot as rebels.

* * * * *

CASE OF ABSCENCE OF MIND.

Two men who were cutting wood about 4 miles from town, came in to grind their axes. After one of them commenced turning the stone, they remembered they had left their axes in the country.

COURT CALENDAR. The first jury ever summoned in California was empannelled in the Alcaldes court of this town on the 4th inst. It was for the trial of a case in which Isaac Graham was plaintiff, Don Carlos Rousillion defendent. The Jury was composed of the following gentlemen.

* * * * *

(The names given indicate that it was part Americans and part Mexican.)

The court appointed Mr Malarian Loveman and Mr Hartnell, interpreter.

The indictment alleged that a large lot of lumber belonging to the plaintiff had been fraudulently shipped off by the defendant. The examination of witnesses occupied several hours, when the case was submitted to the jury by Mr Colton, the presiding magistrate.

The jury in their verdict, acquitted the defendant of all fraudulent intention, and found a small balance of sixty five dollars due the plaintiff. As the defendant had previously offered to settle this without recourse to law, the cost of prosecution was thrown on the plaintiff.

To this enlightened and impartial verdict, both parties bowed, without a dissenting word, and it is not a little to the credit of Mr Graham that previously to leaving town, he left in the Magistrate's office the following note.

Magistrate's Office,

Monterey, Sept 4, 1846.

I am satisfied from the investigation before the court of Monterey in the

case pending between me and Don Carlos Rousillion, and from the verdict of the jury in the same, that any remarks which may have been made by me, impeaching the moral honesty of said Rousillion were without just foundation.

Signed ISAAC GRAHAM.

September 26, 1846.

San Francisco will yet be the most important port in California. It has in itself advantages which no other port can rival. The navies of the whole world can float securely in its sheltered waters, and then the valleys which stretch away from its strand and clothed with perpetual verdure, and the streams which roll into it are never dry. These advantages will in due time exhibit themselves in their full luxuriant force. They are now pretty well understood in the United States and this is the season the great tide of emigration sets there. Still Monterey will largely increase its present population and business. It has the lead as a commercial emporium and will probably keep it for some time. Its course is onward, its days of discord and difficulty are passed.

Head Quarters Monterey Oct 17. 1846.

ORDERS—No person will be permitted to be in the streets of this town after drum beat, at 8 o'clock P M and that no person will be permitted to pass in the streets of this town on horseback, after sunset, without my written permission.

Wm. A. T. Maddox, Military Commandant
of the Middle Department of California.

Same order and all general orders are repeated in Spanish.

Head Quarters Monterey Oct 31, 1846.

ORDERS. All persons immediately on arriving in this town, will report themselves at the office of the Military Commandant.

All persons leaving Monterey are required to procure passports from the same.

W. A. T. Maddox
Military Commandant
Middle Dept of California.

GAMBLING—A person complained at the Magistrate's office this week that an other individual had taken off an ox which belonged to him. The Alcalde sent out and had him arrested, but on further enquiry ascertained that they had gambled for the ox, and the loser had only refused to deliver property.

He ordered them both into the calaboose for the night. Never were rogues more completely caught in their own trap. The next morning they were brought into court, the gambling forfeiture was annulled, the property restored to its rightful owner, and a sufficient fine imposed to serve as an admonition.

November 14, 1846.

Lieut. Talbot, with his small brave party, arrived here on Sunday evening last. They had been stationed at Santa Barbara to maintain the flag; when the insurrection broke out they were surrounded by an overpowering odds to surrender. They refused, pushed their way into the mountains and after much suffering from hunger and thirst reached the valley of the San Joaquin. They traveled nearly five hundred miles, most of the way on foot and carrying one of their sick companions.

January 2, 1847.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

We cannot but feel highly pleased with the hospitably and great glee with

which this sacred feast has been kept up by our present neighbors in this town. Exactly at twelve o'clock P. M. on Christmas eve the church bells began to ring for Mass, the church having been previously illuminated and bonfires lit up in various parts of the town, the most rigid observances of some particles of the martial law, having been by the goodness of the Military Commandant of this place, suspended for a few hours, though every necessary precaution was taken to prevent anything like surprise or disorder in the town. The inhabitants were permitted to attend high Mass from one o'clock A. M. on Christmas day.

A masquerade being customary at this time of year, which is intended to represent the adoration of the shepherds at the birth of Our Saviour, was likewise got up: this consists of six shepherds, dressed in showy cloaks, each with his staff gaudeously ornamented from top to the centre with ribands of different colours, beads, lace, &c. A boy who acted the part of the Archangel Michael and who was superbly dressed with a sky blue silk tunic, a crown ornamented with a profusion of false pearls, his wings dressed off with muslin and lace, plaid sandals and a small sword, then came the Devil with his red tongue, a head dress of black feathers, a red sash across his left shoulder and knotted under his right arm, dressed in black suit and a grenadiers sword in his hand, after him came the hermit with a mask made of a sheep skin with the wool on it, excepting the part intended to form the face, and old Bartholemew came next to make up the complement of representatives. The four last persons have been introduced latterly into the dramatic persona of this masquerade or farce, they do not properly belong to, or have any connexion with the time of our Saviour's birth, but have been introduced by these people for the purpose of giving the piece a shadow of entertainment.

These masquers, or as they are termed here shepherds, go about from house to house wherever they may be called upon, for the space of three or four days, and a supper or a luncheon is generally given to them at each house, and in some cases money, though as this is at present a very scarce article here, we may reasonably suppose that more than was received by the ten persons employed as above, might have been earned by the same number of persons at almost any kind of work in less time, but old customs are hard to be got rid of.

Magistrates Office

Monterey Jan 11, 1847.

AN ORDINANCE RESPECTING THE EMPLOYMENT OF INDIANS.

Be it known to all persons residing in the jurisdiction of Monterey, that the Magistrate of said jurisdiction and the board of council have decreed the following:

That no person whatever shall from henceforth, hire or take into his service any Indian without a certificate from the former employer of that Indian stating that the said employer has no claims on the services of that Indian for wages advanced.

Any person taking into his employment any Indian without such certificate, and advancing any money or property to said Indian, shall forfeit any money or property so advanced, and if it should be proved that any Indian has been enticed away from the service of his master, the person convicted of having so enticed him shall be liable to a fine not exceeding Twenty dollars nor less than Five dollars.

VValter Colton Chief Magistrate

January 16, 1847.

AFFAIRS BELOW.

We have no official intelligence as yet from below. We have rumors in abundance. Still we should not be surprised if the first news that reaches us of the result of the movements at the town of Angeles should be through the washerwomen of Monterey. They were the first to announce the taking of the Pueblo before by Commodore Stockton and the first to spread the news of its being retaken by the Californians. They knew before any other persons in Monterey the result of Captain Mervin's march from San Pedro. How they get the news is no concern of ours, but the fact no one can question. It is the most singular mode of getting intelligence with which we are acquainted; it outdoes the carrier pigeon system and throws into shade even the magnetic telegraph. Their last report is that Commodore Stockton and Col. Fremont were at the town of the Angeles, that the commodore had reached there three days before the Colonel and had taken the town. The greater portion of the Californians had come in and given up their arms; those who had not had dispersed—some for Sonora, some for Tulares. Col. Fremont is close on the trail of those who had fled. So runs the rumor as it comes drifting over the suds of the washerwomen. [The actual date of this re-occupation of Angeles was Jan. 14, 1847.]

January 23, 1847.

The "*Overland*" mail" has arrived via Cape Horn. Arrival of the U. S. ship Independence. She sailed from Boston Aug. 29, 1846. Time of sailing 103 days. "This is splendid sailing, but the Independence is one of the fastest ships in our service, as well as the most powerful."

[Wonder what those old seamen would think if they knew of the Oregon, with double her complement of men and guns, making almost the same distance, with stoppage for coal, in less than sixty days.]

Sam Brannan has just issued a newspaper in Yerba Buena, small but neat sheet, at six dollars a year.

Ward and Smith have received a choice assortment of necessaries, iron, rum, molasses, sugars, brandy, hardware, beaver hats, Scotch ale, canvas, coffee, rich prints, champagne, boots and shoes and other articles.

February 6, 1847.

Mails. It is most devoutly to be wished that as peace has been restored to the country, that same one who has the power will use some means to open a communication through the country. It is a *melancholy sight* for a poor Editor to look over the packages of *eight weeks* of his little paper and see no *possible means* of sending to his subscribers, and as little encouragement to them to be two months at a time without their papers.

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

From the reports that are reaching us daily, we have no doubt Commodore Stockton and Col. Fremont are now in Pueblo de los Angeles. If those reports speak truly, the capture of this place was succeeded by a flag of truce from the Californians, who had retired a short distance from the town. The terms of pacification it was thought would be arranged without further hostilities. If this turns out to be true the south will soon be as it was before this disastrous outbreak occurred. The North is quiet and we have no disturbance in and about Monterey.



To a robust constitution, nothing is catching. Contagion itself may hob-nob with unspoiled nature, and find no opportunity to lay hand on it. There are some of us who remember how on the older frontier not only rough men but delicate women thought nothing of receiving smallpox convalescents at their daily door. And since they thought nothing of it, they obviously did not take it.

It is a curious index of our present sociological physique that there are many excellent people who would be infected if you told them that smallpox was in the next county. A good many pests, physical and mental, have become epidemic in our acute civilization; and perhaps there is no other so devastating, so absurd, and so hopeless of remedy, as the Current Literature Fever. There is a large and growing class of worthy citizens who would as soon deny their God as confess that they had not read the latest novel. To be able to discuss the Six Best Sellers has become as much an article of faith as any in the Longer Catechism. And really it is a distressing disease. It is a disease, because it depends upon a fevered condition of mind; it is distressing, because it engages and absorbs the intellectual activity God meant should be used for the learning of something that is worthy to be remembered for at least three days running. A great many clever people are today writing things which eager publishers purchase—to sell at a large profit. Those who have nothing better to do can keep up with the mercantile publishers and the commercialized writers. But as a matter of fact there is Nothing In It. Neither the author, nor the publisher, nor the reader, remembers a year from now this momentarily accelerated temperature.

How much more comfortable are they who realize the underlying fact!

“Have you read So-and-So’s This-and-That?”

“No, thank Heaven, and I don’t have to.”

Probably no man since Thackeray has been fully competent to

scale this extraordinary obsession by the ephemeral book; but even James L. Ford can give it the entitled laugh. This religion of being able to chatter about the plot and the characters of a wad of transient paper, muddled with bad ink and bound in unenduring muslin; this confession of faith today in a creed you shall have deserted by tomorrow for a new fetish; this prostration of the mentally-unemployed before a diurnal idol whose fate is to clutter forgotten upon tomorrow's ash-heap—all the fads and follies and ologies and isms of today have nothing else quite so lamentable; and as long as this cult lasts it will continue to justify the philosopher's gibe that no other people in the world so much as Americans care to Seem to Know things, and so little care really to Know.

"BREAK AWAY!" It takes a fighter to make peace. This is not the paradox it seems. Even in the homely walks of daily life we are aware that riots are stopped not by Quakers with the other cheek, but by the policeman with a club.

It is rather obvious to the student of history that no other ruler of the civilized world was so well fitted to command the peace between nations as the President of the United States; and that no other recent president, even in this country, was so qualified for this delicate task as the only man of them whose natural bent is a fight. The really peaceful man does not understand what war means. As he does not comprehend the full size of war, neither can he grasp the broad meaning of its opposite. It takes a man who prefers to fight, when necessary, to realize fully the worth of an active refraining from this very human impulse.

The most graphic service that Roosevelt has done mankind is perhaps his almost impudent intervention between two warring nations of the Old World. And it is not a service only but an example and a precedent which can neither be forgotten by his peers nor neglected by any ruler henceforth who aims at the betterment of international conditions.

But while this was the most sensational exercise of his manhood, the slow student who looks behind even the daily paper will probably still feel that up to date the greatest service this unspoiled man has rendered his age is the encouragement of his countrymen to believe that there is some use in standing for the peaceful betterment of our own national conditions.

SEND THEM BACK TO PODUNK People who have not time to pronounce California names do not really belong in California. Those who have been here long enough to wear out a few pairs of shoes, and to think a little, are getting together, seriously, for

the preservation of historic titles which add so much to the romance—and therefore to the business assets—of the State.

The War Department has established a fine precedent in this matter; the Postoffice Department has already undone some of the ignorant mutilations perpetrated by its unconsidered clerks; even the Southern Pacific Railroad has begun to sit up and take notice, and has now circulated a sensible little pamphlet pleading for the retention of the historic California place-names.

San Francisco has long set an excellent example in this regard. Only tenderfeet say "Frisco"—and a beautiful public sentiment has grown up in the metropolis against this barbarism. There is probably no one word which will so affront a San Franciscan as this stupid and lazy nickname.

The like intelligent public spirit is now active in San Buenaventura. There are good people there who have not happened to think about it, who think the present bob-tailed name inflicted by an economical clerk in Washington is good enough. There is little doubt, however, that San Buenaventura has enough citizens of the more thoughtful sort. The following petition is now being circulated there and speaks for itself:

To the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, President of the
United States::

Your petitioners, residents of the city of San Buenaventura, California, respectfully represent:

That so early as 1769 this spot was selected by the first inland expedition to California as the location for the third European settlement of the Pacific Coast of what is now the United States:

That in 1782 it was formally dedicated and colonized under the originally selected name of San Buenaventura, in honor of "the Seraphic Doctor," famed in Franciscan annals:

That for 123 years the locality has borne this name and that this is now its legal title:

That a few years ago the Postoffice Department docked this historic name to Ventura, which is Spanish for "luck" or "fortune," and carries no historic association.

Wherefore, knowing your interest in the preservation of historic names—as evidenced for instance, in the restoration of the proper title of Wilkes-Barré, in Pennsylvania—your petitioners respectfully request that you direct the official restoration by the Postoffice Department of the proper name this city has borne since before Washington's "Farewell Address." We beg also to cite

you to the joint resolutions of the State legislature urging the preservation of old names in California as far as possible.

It probably is not necessary to argue such a case. The destinies of California, we may feel sure, are in the hands of the kind of people that need no such argument. It is a matter of both taste and patriotism. When the old Bay State is willing to call her most famous battle field "Bunk," instead of Bunker Hill; when Los Angeles is mostly infested with people who think that "Angie" would be a more "progressive" name; when Santa Barbara is ready to renounce her sainthood and her history for laziness' sake—in a word, when Americans in general are "too tired" to use respectable speech—why then probably we will all be reconciled to the impudent curtailing of California names by \$75 ignoramuses in Washington bureaus. But not until then..

SAINTS

WHILE YOU

WAIT

Speaking of place-names, however, there may be sometimes even too much of a good thing—and an overcrowding of the Spanish hagiology. Up in Lake county there is someone more respectful than the Postoffice Department, but not much better informed. Everything considered, perhaps the funniest place-name in California is San Hedrin, on the California Northern. To find the ancient superior court of the Chosen People subdivided and capitalized to masquerade as a Spanish saint is one of the few redeeming experiences of those whose ordinary touch is with the opposite stupidity of killing off saints where they belong.

HAVING EYES

THEY

SEE NOT

Another "California pioneer" declares that the Camino Real was a "myth." In 1850 he "visited every pueblo and mission from San Diego to San Francisco, and there was no such thing as the King's Highway." Scholars soon learn not to be astonished at the capacity of certain people to spend their lives in a country without finding out anything about it. There are many estimable persons who have the claim of almost immemorial residence, but who have never learned any one of the scores of languages which preceded them in California. And not only languages, but the historic record.

Junípero Serra, the pioneer and founder; Father Palou, the first historian of California; and many another authority of the days when the Camino Real was a fact, may be presumed to know what they were talking about. They knew and recorded the Camino Real. Anyone who has come since and failed to learn this matter of the archives is not to be blamed for anything more serious than lack of investigation.

There was a Camino Real, as every competent student knows.

The romantic old highway will be rehabilitated and made a modern utility whenever the enterprise is undertaken in the right spirit. The right spirit means an understanding of what was and of what needs to be, and a sincere attempt to re-create for present use this historic route. This is something more than a job and salary, or an automobile speedway.

While thoughtful people all over California are agitating the restoration and the preservation of historic place-names; and while the Landmarks Club and other good Californians have induced the Secretary of War to restore the historic name of the Presidio of Monterey, and the Postoffice Department to replace sixteen or seventeen of the proper town-names (with prospect of restoring the rest) that ignorant clerks in Washington have boggled; while the Southern Pacific Railroad has awakened to the business sense of such procedure; and while the local conscience of the towns whose baptismal names have been made ridiculous by unentitled and pettifogging routine clerks is aroused—it looks to be time for a concerted movement to push still further this same obvious principle.

Even our mountains deserve some consideration—a peak named 200 years ago for a great historical character should not be allowed in this day of education to be nick-named after some cheap nonentity or by vulgar slang. It does not make much difference to the mountain—which, being porphyry or granite or other enduring material, can stand it—but it makes a lot of difference to the community which accustoms itself to the name, whether that name be a dignified and historic one or an impertinent tag of bad taste. It cannot be possible that an educated community, when it realizes that the noblest mountains in Southern California were christened—long before any English-speaking persons ever saw the state—San Antonio for St. Anthony, and San Bernardino for St. Bernard, and so on, should permanently be content to call them “Old Baldy” and “Grey-back”—the latter being the army euphemism for a louse. The highest peak in the United States is properly named Whitney for the great geologist, whose name—despite his serious official blunders concerning California—is honorably and historically interwoven with the record of the State. The great range which is a continuation of the New World Alps. properly retains its first historic name, and there is no danger that it will ever be called by any other title than the Sierra Nevada. The “Coast Range” has as good warrant of dignity and of history. And so on, in general. But there are some howling exceptions.

Probably the worst is that noble peak in Washington, second

OTHER
HISTORIC
NAMES

in height of all the elevations in the United States, whose proper name is Mt. Tacoma, and whose god-child is one of the typical progressive cities of the Pacific Coast. This peak has found its way into the government maps as Mt. Rainier; and it is lamentable to see how many good people fall in with this bad precedent.

The first record of the name of the mountain is Tacoma—an Indian word, as are thousands of the most familiar place-names and peak-names in America. In May, 1782, the British explorer Vancouver (exploring this coast for the purpose of securing it for English dominion) sighted a noble snow-peak and named it Mt. Baker in honor of his third lieutenant. A few days later he came in sight of a taller and more kingly peak and named it "after my friend Rear-Admiral Rainier." Vancouver was an illustrious explorer, though neither this coast nor this country is in his debt. He is to be honored for his friendship to his third lieutenant, and to his friend in the British navy. But there is no reason in this why he should saddle the American dictionary with an undeserved word.

Rear-Admiral Rainier was doubtless a worthy man, or Vancouver would not have liked him. But he was not an important man even in the British navy—and he was not so much as a scratch on the world's history. You will look in vain for his name in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, in the *Century Dictionary of Names*, in the *Standard Dictionary*, in *Bancroft*, in *Hittell*, or in any other encyclopedia or history familiar to our day. His name has vanished from off the records of his own country. It survives in history only by its accidental application to a mountain which is worthy a taller god-father.

The Sierra Club, which is doing such noble work in making known the glorious Pacific peaks, ought to frown upon this historic impertinence and ought to stand for the restoration of the historic name. The Landmarks Club will be glad to assist—or will take up the fight alone. The mountain used to be Tacoma; and still is, with those who more thoughtfully use the local nomenclature. The city is, and will be Tacoma. There is a very good beer known as Rainier beer. Let us honor the unidentified British rear-admiral by leaving him to be its trade-mark, and it to be his monument.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

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*By their consent, and subscribed by the Southwest Society.

THE First Arizona expedition of the Southwest Society is now in the field hard at work, and securing extraordinary results. It is under the direction of Dr. F. M. Palmer, curator of the Society. Permission to conduct these scientific explorations upon the public domain has been secured rather in despite of Red Tape. Every important museum in the United States already has valuable collections from this region. It is high time that the only museum in the world devoted to the Southwest particularly should have an adequate exhibit from its home field.

The Site Committee for the Southwest Museum is actively at work, viewing and seeking proper locations for the building which it is proposed shall be the noblest piece of architecture in California. Several important proffers have been received. This winter the active work of founding the Southwest Museum will be prosecuted aggressively.

The preparation of a volume of California and Southwestern folk-songs goes on steadily and rapidly and in expert hands. The Southwest Museum continues to attract important historic dona-

tions and pledges. Among recent acquisitions may be mentioned the Libby Prison flag, from the son of the man who hauled it down; a series of intimate relics of the Ku Klux Klan from the son of the man in whose house that curious political organization was founded, and so on.

Since the last issue of this magazine the Southwest Society has had the misfortune to lose by death one of its vice-presidents, Mr. Frederick H. Rindge. Appropriate resolutions were adopted by the Executive Committee and transmitted to the family. Mr. Rindge was by nature interested in the very work the Southwest Society is organized to pursue; and had he lived would doubtless have done his large share toward enabling this public utility.

Mr. W. D. Campbell, whose name is associated with the invaluable collection of Southern California archaeology, known as the Palmer-Campbell collection, and who materially added to it after its first making by Dr. Palmer, has subscribed \$25 to fill the deficit on its purchase price.

The growth of the Society still continues; and there is no question that it will maintain the enormous lead it has already gained over its elders in this scientific affiliation. Since the last month's issue of this magazine the following new members have been enrolled:

Joseph Scott, Esq.
N. W. Stowell.

Joseph G. Butler, Jr., Youngtown, O.
J. Loew, Prest. Capitol Milling Co.
Eugene Germain, Prest. Germain
Fruit Co.

Hon. Reamer Ling, St. Johns, Ariz.
W. B. Cline, Prest. L. A. Gas &
Electric Co.

Geo. A. Dorsey, Curator Field Col-
umbian Museum, Chicago, Ill.

Geo. E. Bittinger, Cashier Los An-
geles Nat'l Bank.

All of Los Angeles except as other-
wise stated.

Under a recent amendment of the constitution the Executive Committee has been enlarged. It now consists of Major E. W. Jones, Miss Mary E. Foy, Prof. J. A. Foshay, Mrs. W. H. Housh, Joseph Scott, Esq., Dr. F. M. Palmer, Prof. Theo. B. Comstock, Dr. J. H. Martindale, Wm. B. Burnham (Orange), Chas. F. Lummis.



A MAN AND HIS HAIR



QUA HIS, a native-born American of Yuma, did something that John S. Spear did not like. His happened to be an Indian; Spear happened to be Indian Agent. Spear had probably never read the Constitution of the United States, but he was strong on "Alice in Wonderland"—

"I'll be judge, I'll be jury,
Said cunning old Fury—
I'll try the whole cause
And condemn you to death."

He didn't bother to try Aqua His. As blithely as a Czar he had his hirelings fall upon his ward and cut off his hair violently and convict fashion.

Of course Mr. Spear wouldn't have dared try this with a white man. If he had, the white man would either have killed him or made his face a long and careful study for Mr. Spear's mother to realize. The Indian was more lawful. He sought redress by due process of American law.

The Superior Court of Riverside county gave him exemplary damages. The decision of Judge Noyes is so full of law, equity and good horse sense that the following condensation of it is filed as part of the printed record:

It is readily discernible from the pleadings and evidence that defendant justifies his action on the ground of his being an Indian Agent, with full authority to thus punish a reservation Indian for an infraction of the rules. Assuming without argument or admission that plaintiff committed an offense under the rules of the Department, * * * the real question of the case is, did the defendant, in thus cutting off the hair of the plaintiff, act within the accepted rules of the law, and also within his rights as such Indian Agent, and if he did so act, whether he is exculpated from all blame? To answer this proposition, a general review of the law questions pertinent to the issue is necessary. The Revised Statutes of the United States, Section 2058, state that "it is the duty of an Indian Agent to manage and superintend the intercourse of the Indians of his agency agreeable to law, and to perform such duties not inconsistent with law as may be prescribed by the President, Secretary of the Interior, or Commissioner of Indian Affairs." * * * It is obvious * * * that all regulations of the President and his subordinate officers must be not "inconsistent with law." It is further to be observed that the agent is to manage and superintend the intercourse with the Indians of his agency, "agreeable to law." Among the rules adopted by the Interior Department for the regulation of the agent and Indian police I find the following: "Disturbances or tumults should be quelled if possible by quiet dispersion of the crowd, but if moderate measures fail of success the offenders must be dispersed by force, and the principals arrested. Before making an arrest it needs only to be ascertained that the offense charged constitutes a *crime or misdemeanor*, for which a person can be *lawfully detained*, and that the ground for the charge is reasonable. The party arrested must be taken before the agent and disposed of as he may direct." It becomes doubly apparent from these statutory and departmental regulations that the agent can not be empowered with authority except it be "agreeable to law," and not "inconsistent" therewith, and that before making an arrest the party apprehended must be guilty or accused of an offense which is a "*crime or misdemeanor*," and that it was only for the commission of such offenses that he may be "lawfully detained." These provisions are eminently plain and explicit. They invest the legally constituted Government

agent, from the President down to the Indian Agent himself, with authority to manage and control the reservation Indians *only* in a manner "agreeable to law," and not contrary to the Constitution or the Statutes of the Federal Government. Should such regulations require the agent to violate law, they would become in their inception and purpose wholly illegal and void. This proposition does not admit of a doubt, and likewise any act of the agent, if predicated upon this assumed but illegal investiture of authority, would likewise be wholly illegal and void.

Assuming therefore, these statements to be correct, the only question remaining is this: Has the defendant, as agent of the Yuma Indian Reservation, the right as a matter of law or under the regulations of the Department to thus cut the hair from the head of the plaintiff without his consent as a penalty for the alleged offense plaintiff was accused of?

To my mind there can be but one answer to this proposition. The American Indian is a human being, and when not maintaining their tribal relations, they may become independent citizens of the United States. As wards, that is when maintaining tribal relations and under reservation regulations, they are still human beings, and possess all the rights incident to and inseparable from native and free-born citizens. The President, Secretary of the Interior and Commissioner of Indian Affairs possess no right under the law to punish him for crime prior to or without a preceding conviction for a crime or misdemeanor in a court recognized as such by the law. The law relegates that right to the courts exclusively. It is only in the courts of the Federal Government that an Indian as well as a white man can be tried for a violation of a penal statute, and it is only after such conviction in such court that he can be legally punished for crimes or misdemeanors. I find no provision of the Constitution or the laws that invests the President or any of the Government Departments with authority to try or punish offenders for legally recognized offenses except it be through judicial instrumentality, such as are provided by law. The agent may regulate the conduct of the Indian in so far as it is necessary to carry out the purposes and objects of the laws governing Indian reservations. He may arrest him for crime and hold him—but only to the extent and for the purpose of delivering him to the properly constituted authorities for trial and punishment. I find no law whereby the *agent* may hold and punish plaintiff for assisting and aiding in the delivery of a brother Indian from the reservation police, any more than he could for murder, arson or any other felony. The Indian, though a ward, has the right when accused of crime or misdemeanor to be represented by an attorney, to be confronted in court by witnesses, and to enjoy the right of a trial by jury, etc. He is safe-guarded in all these fundamental rights by the Constitution itself, and laws enacted in pursuance thereto. He could not, even if he would, when accused and on trial for crime or misdemeanors, alienate or stipulate away any of these rights. So zealous is the Government under its constitutional authority in maintaining the absolute inviolability of personal rights and the liberty of the people, that it will not even permit a voluntary forfeiture or alienation of these rights on examination or trial. If plaintiff can be deprived of these rights under the charge made against him in this case, it will be equally in the power of the authorities to deprive him of the same rights for murder or arson or any other felony, and it follows therefore, as night the day, that if he cannot be thus tried for "crimes and misdemeanors" by any tribunal except the courts, he certainly cannot be punished by any other power or authority. The regulations of the President and his subordinate officers are not in themselves a law. They are regulations made under and in pursuance to law as enacted by Congress. This law must in the first instance be in conformity to the Constitution of the United States. The rules and regulations, if legal, must be in conformity with the law, and the act of the Indian Agent must be in conformity to the the rules and regulations, and as the Constitution and the laws do not invest the President and subordinate officers with the right to determine what are "crime or misdemeanors" or to prescribe the punishment therefor, every effort to so do is wholly futile and beyond their power and authority. To a human being, the right of personal safety and personal inviolability, when not forfeited by the commission and conviction of "crime or misdemeanors," is absolute. It is fundamental and is engrained in the warp and woof and very fabric of the Constitution itself. The fact of being a ward of the Government does not change the rule as it does when a person is convicted of crime. To hold thus would be to practically place every reserva-

tion Indian on the level and standing of a criminal and one convicted of crime. Penal servitude alone changes the rule, and under no other possible conditions can a person be incarcerated and punished for crime. It is the courts alone of the United States that have jurisdiction to try persons for crimes and misdemeanors against the laws of the United States. These courts have the exclusive right to punish for crime when the party is legally convicted and the laws of the United States fix the extent and nature of this punishment when conviction is had. As a regulation of the reservation no punishment, such as plaintiff suffered, is allowed, because such a regulation must not be "inconsistent with law." It is not the law to cut an Indian's hair any more than it is to cut the hair of any other human being. This right accrues only after conviction for crime, and the prisoner is in custody of the properly constituted authorities. Then it is unquestionably the right, as a prison regulation, to shave heads, change costumes and enforce other personal habits, but up to that time, while the prisoner is on trial or before, in fact any time before legal conviction, and before he is made to suffer the penalty for his offense, he cannot be subjected, even though in custody, to the privations and servitudes of a convicted criminal. The law deprives the prisoner of his liberty when not on bail, only that he may be compelled to appear for trial. This incarceration is not a punishment any more than would be the imposition of bail, and aside from these two restrictions or conditions the prisoner possesses every right inalienable to the unaccused or unconvicted citizen.

From a review of the authorities it is apparent that the rule is exactly the antithesis of that contended for by the defendant. The Constitution of the United States, in determining the rights of persons, throws these barriers between the citizen, however humble, and the public authority. Article V, amendment Constitution United States: "No person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law." Article VI, Amendments Constitution United States: "In all criminal proceedings the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury * * * to be confronted by the witnesses against him, to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defence." Article XIV, Amendment Constitution United States: "All persons born in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction are citizens, and no State shall deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law nor deny to any person the equal protection of the law." The President, the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in the first instance or the Indian Agent in the exercise of his own authority, have no right to violate the Constitution or the laws, be it statutory or common law, by prescribing a punishment to be inflicted on the Indians of the reservation. Their power may and undoubtedly does extend to this point, to maintain order, to require attendance of pupils at the schools and to formulate and enforce such rules as are aimed to govern the reservation in civil affairs, and also in the police and sanitary matters that become expedient and inevitable for the safety and the lives of the Indians, but it is right here where the law draws the line of demarcation between mere regulations that are non-violative of personal rights and personal liberty and the illegal assumption of power, which in its very essence and purpose deprives the Indian of every right vouchsafed to every other citizen and inhabitant of the land.

To epitomize what is here said I will state the rule as follows: That while the President, Secretary of the Interior and Commissioner of Indian Affairs may make rules for the "management of all Indian affairs and all matters arising out of Indian relations," that these rules are but "mere educational and disciplinary instrumentalities," and they thereby cannot assume the power to determine what shall be crime against the statutes of the United States nor prescribe a punishment therefor; and when an Indian who is a ward of the Government commits a crime against the laws of the United States, he must be tried therefor in the courts of the United States and not by or before or under the assumed jurisdiction of an Indian Agent. If a person commits a crime against the Federal law he can be tried only in a constitutional court which Congress has the power to "ordain and establish." The defendant's attempt to punish plaintiff for rescuing a prisoner accused of crime was without authority of law, and all proceedings as were had to the attainment of that end were futile and wholly void.



FOUNDED 1895

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THE picturesque mission at Pala (the present home of the Warner Ranch Indians) was extensively repaired by the Landmarks Club. The old graveyard adjacent was surrounded with a high adobe wall which is now largely fallen to decay. Public-spirited citizens of the little valley have subscribed to restore this wall. There was a philistine suggestion that a barbed wire fence would do, but in the valley itself there were not lacking enough people with the artistic sense to feel what a laughing stock this would be. The wall is to be replaced in adobe, with a cement cap to preserve it from the weather. The following subscriptions for this work have been made:

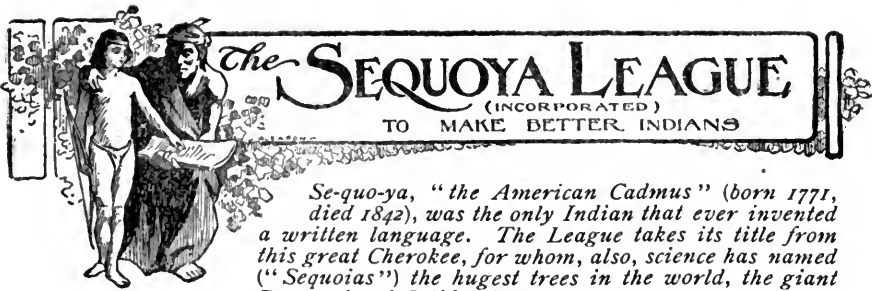
Rt. Rev. T. J. Conaty.....	\$50.00	Francisco Ardilla	\$ 1.00
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Ramon Soberano	3.00	Ignacio Valenzuela	1.50
Frank Calac	1.00	Estanislao Lazo	1.50
Belisário Duro	1.00		

The Landmarks Club undertakes to make up the balance remaining.

MONEYS FOR THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, \$8038.25.

New contributions (see also above list of subscriptions for wall at Pala)—\$1.00 each (annual membership)—Hon. Alfredo Chavero, Mexico; Benham Trading Co., J. J. Bodkin, E. H. Winans, Los Angeles; Mrs. Jacob Loew, Santa Monica; Dr. J. H. McBride, Pasadena; Mrs. Ida M. Walker, San Buenaventura; E. A. Burbank, Mrs. Lydia Avery Coonley Ward, Chicago.



The SEQUOYA LEAGUE

(INCORPORATED)
TO MAKE BETTER INDIANS

Se-quo-ya, "the American Cadmus" (born 1771, died 1842), was the only Indian that ever invented a written language. The League takes its title from this great Cherokee, for whom, also, science has named ("Sequoias") the hugest trees in the world, the giant Redwoods of California.

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DURING the month just past, inspection has been made by U. S. Senator Flint, and representatives of the Sequoia League, of the Campo reservations, whose distress so aroused this community last winter that liberal provision by private subscription was made for these neglected wards of the government.

If those who have contributed to this cause could see the visible physical results of their philanthropy, they would need no other recompense. These Indians who were, at this time last year, literally starving, are now full of new heart and hope, and physically 500 per cent. better. "Old Mike," whose haggard face was pictured in these pages at that time, is so rejuvenated by having had something to eat during the last ten months, that he was mistaken for his son; and a somewhat similar change has taken place with most of his people. This has been the best season that the San Diego "back-country" has known in many years; the liberal provision of seed grain by San Diego, in conjunction with this meteorology, gave these Indians, this summer, the best crop they have ever raised; and the expenditure of a large sum in rations, clothing, bedding, and protection from the weather, has done the rest. The Campo Indians are today so much better off than they were one year ago that it is hard to recognize them.

But this is only a temporary alleviation. Even this winter they will require further assistance from a generous public. The only

permanent and sane relief will be when the government supplies lands on which, by hard work, economy and self-denial, they can make a regular livelihood.

Senator Flint had heard and read much of the conditions there, but was unprepared for the conditions he found on personal inspection. He was impressed by the worthlessness of the "reservations," by the industry of the Indians despite their handicap, and by the obvious fact that their perennial privation—a matter of record in the government reports for more than a generation—is due not to their fault but to that of those who have failed to provide them with adequate lands. He has given intelligent and careful inspection to the matter; and his personal knowledge will, no doubt, have a serious effect in securing permanent relief.

Besides the Campo reservations he has also inspected Pala, one of the best, and Pachanga, one of the worst, reservations.

The influence of the Sequoya League in preserving the art of basketry among these Indians—an art which commands the respect of scholars and scientists the world over—is visible in many important ways. These people are returning to the old weaves, and abandoning the innovations which spoiled the value of their craft. Not only that, but a work which had been left to the few old women is now being taught to and taken up by the young women of these reservations. The League has purchased, for spot cash, a large number of these baskets, and has engaged to take all that the Campo reservations produce. Thus science, art, and the material needs of the Indians are served at one and the same time.

The Campo Indians will need again this winter assistance from the generous public of Southern California, though their straits are not so extreme as last year. Their crops will put off the hungry days by two or three months. But there is more reason than ever to insist upon a permanent remedy—namely the purchase by the government of a tract of good land with water, upon which these farmers can make a livelihood. If these scattered reservations, now high up in desert corners of the mountains, could be congregated upon one adequate ranch, the Indians could not only make a living by agriculture but they could have a school with industrial training, medical care, and the hygienic instruction which the three matrons are now provided to give and cannot give adequately because out of reach of the people for whom they work. The Sequoya League is now urging a temporary provision of a few tents at Campo, so that families from the distant reservations can camp there and have their children in the school.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORK.

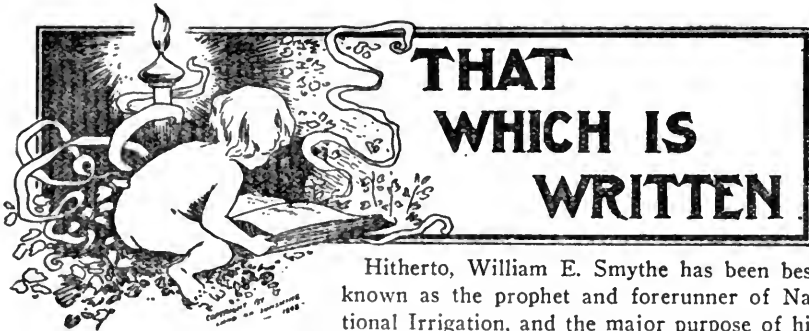
Previously acknowledged, \$1397.00.

New contributions—\$2 each (membership)—Mrs. Louisa C. Bacon, Mattapoisett, Mass.; Tracy R. Kelley, Lowell High School, San Francisco.

INDIAN RELIEF FUND.

Previously acknowledged, \$1318.00.

New contributions—Louisa C. Bacon, Mattapoisett, Mass., \$8.



Hitherto, William E. Smythe has been best known as the prophet and forerunner of National Irrigation, and the major purpose of his public activity may be well described in a favorite phrase of his own—"to make the desert blossom with the homes of men." His *Constructive Democracy*, just published, removes any suspicion that he is a "man of one idea," no matter how large the idea may be, and reveals him as a factor to be seriously reckoned with in the economic thought of the world. More than that, it would not be surprising if this book and its author were to be of importance in shaping the course of national legislation and action in the near future. For Mr. Smythe belongs neither to that class of investigators which is satisfied with taking up economic facts, analyzing, classifying and explaining them—and then laying them back on the shelf again; nor to that which, moved to wrath by the faults of existing systems, would straightway proceed to tear them up root and branch and stand the world generally on its head; nor yet to that which would "treat the symptoms" without attempting to discover and remove the underlying causes. On the other hand, this book gives evidence that, to a far-sighted vision of the real meaning and ultimate goal of present tendencies, he adds an acute perception of the right step to take next. Join to these two qualities executive ability, and you have practical statesmanship.

The sub-title of *Constructive Democracy*—"The Economics of a Square Deal"—at once arrests attention; and in his introductory chapter Mr. Smythe makes it clear that his purpose is not to conduct an academic discussion, but to propose and discuss practical politics, which, adopted and pressed either by one of the present political parties or by a new one, will, when crystallized into law, go a long way toward solving the world-old question which George Eliot stated as "how to give every man a man's share in what goes on in life—not a pig's share nor a dog's share," and which President Roosevelt sums up as "a square deal for every man." After a brief study of the evolution of existing conditions, of the menace to the Republic from plutocracy, and of the revolutionary remedy proposed by Socialists—"The Unripe Fruit of Socialism" he calls one of his chapters, and this sufficiently indicates his position—he proceeds to state "the points of greatest pressure arising from the present economic system" as follows:

Monopolies already highly developed and actually or potentially capable of robbing producer and consumer.

The colossal evil of political corruption which is the outgrowth and accompaniment of plutocracy.

The dangerous tension of relations between capital and labor.

The large and growing element of men and women who find themselves "surplus" in an economic sense in consequence of the rapid transition in the conditions of our commercial and industrial life.

In attacking these problems, Mr. Smythe begins with the overshadowing railroad monopoly, because it is the most widely extended, as well as the

chief support of the rest of the monopolies, and therefore "offers the best field for the study of plans which, beginning with scientific regulation, look frankly to government ownership as the condition which will be ultimately desirable." He early makes it clear that he does not regard monopoly as in itself a thing to be dreaded, but rather as the desirable and inevitable result of industrial progress. The problem, then, is not to destroy monopoly, but to tame it and then to make it complete. After examining and rejecting various other propositions, he finds in the plan for railway control submitted to the last Congress by another Western statesman, Senator Newlands of Nevada, not only the correct way to regulate our railroads, but the "germ of a scientific solution of the larger problem of industrial monopoly." There is no space here to follow his informing discussion of the Newlands Plan of railway legislation, but I may quote the author's condensed application of it to the regulation of industrial monopoly: He proposes:

National control of corporations engaged in interstate business; fixed taxes, preferably on gross receipts; fixed dividends, on present valuation; the retention by society of the increased earnings and values to arise in the future, such increase to be applied to better service, higher wages, lower prices—in a word, to the elevation of the common standard of living.

The objections to these propositions and the obstacles in the way of putting them into effect are so obvious that it is hardly fair to the author to present them thus baldly without outlining the arguments by which they are supported. That is impossible here, however, and I can only recommend to every thoughtful reader that he acquaint himself with Mr. Smythe's full, candid and eloquent consideration of the subject in all its bearings. He cheerfully admits that the adoption of such a plan would set speculators, promoters, reorganizers and their kind to "hunting another job;" but he maintains with much force and ingenuity that it will come nearer to the ideal of a square deal for every man than any other plan now feasible.

There remains the problem of the "surplus man"—that necessary by-product of social and industrial progress—the man in every profession and occupation who, caught between the forces of combination and concentration on the one hand and the pressure of competition from others bred to a lower scale of living, on the other, finds himself unable to satisfy his reasonable wants, according to his accustomed standard of living. To this subject Mr. Smythe addresses nearly half his book—and a most satisfying and illuminative book it would make by itself. After a brilliant exposition of the "who," the "how" and the "why" of the surplus man, Mr. Smythe proceeds to point out the remedies—the surplus place which exists for every surplus man and the proper methods of bringing surplus man and surplus place together and fitting them one to the other. "Fascinating" may seem a strange word to apply to an economic treatise, but to my mind it precisely describes this part of the book—which is besides overwhelmingly convincing.

On the whole I regard *Constructive Democracy* as the most important economic study since *Progress and Poverty*—and much more likely to bear the fruit of early accomplishment than was Henry George's work. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50 net.

WHAT

"BUSINESS"

REALLY IS

While Mr. Smythe is not without analytic and critical ability, synthetic and constructive thought interests him much more, and in that line lies his greater usefulness. He prefers to be architect and builder rather than investigator and recorder. To search out new and broader channels along which the tide of human progress shall flow, seems to him far better worth doing than to retrace and map out those through

which they have come. If one is an epicure in contrasting methods and purposes, he can do no better than to turn from the book just considered to *The Theory of Business Enterprise*, by Thorstein Veblen, Assistant Professor of Political Economy in the University of Chicago. This is the most complete and penetrating investigation into the principles which underlie and control modern business which has yet appeared—and it is purely scientific. It deals with the existing status, explaining it, accounting for it and pointing out both the forces now at play in it and those which tend to subvert it. Moral values, emotional preferences, any yearning for the uplift of humanity, even any strife toward justice between man and man—these are wholly outside the avowed content of this book. Quite properly so, for this is pure science; and just as (to quote Prof. Veblen) “profits is a business proposition, livelihood is not,” so knowledge is a scientific proposition, morality and justice are not. I do not intend this as a slighting comment on either the book or its author. The dissecting table is not the place for the display of emotion or sympathy, and it is with the anatomy of business that Prof. Veblen is largely concerning himself. Moreover, it seems clear enough that the apparent air of cynical indifference to questions of right and wrong is no more than a platform attitude, and that beneath the lecturer’s academic gown the man’s heart is filled with biting contempt for much of that which he is describing. This, I think, will appear in the quotations presently to be made.

“Business,” in Prof. Veblen’s vocabulary, is carefully differentiated from commerce, industrial activity or even banking, but rather describes the financial strategy connected with these processes. The merchant deals in the products of industry as they pass from producer to consumer; the “business man” in the processes of industry. The purpose of shrewd business men, having control of an industrial enterprise, is

to manage the affairs of the concern with a view to the advantageous purchase and sale of its capital rather than with a view to the future prosperity of the concern, or to the continued advantageous sale of the output of goods or services produced by the industrial use of this capital.

That is to say, the interest of the managers of the modern corporation need not coincide with the permanent interest of the corporation as a going concern; neither does it coincide with the interest which the community at large has in the efficient management of the concern as an industrial enterprise. It is to the interest of the community at large that the enterprise should be so managed as to give the best and largest possible output of goods or services; whereas the interest of the corporation as a going concern is that it be managed with a view to maintaining its efficiency and selling as large an output as may be, at the best prices obtainable in the long run; but the interest of the managers, and of the owners for the time being, is to so manage the enterprise as to enable them to buy it up or to sell out as expeditiously and as advantageously as may be.

Prof. Veblen does not agree with the common opinion that this kind of business involves material speculative risk to the manipulators.

Indeed, so secure and lucrative is this class of business that it is chiefly out of gains accruing, directly and indirectly, from such traffic in vendible capital that the great modern fortunes are being accumulated; and both the rate and the magnitude of these accumulations, whether taken absolutely or relatively to the total increase of wealth, surpass all recorded phenomena of their kind. Nothing so effective for the accumulation of private wealth is known to the history of human culture.

One of the most caustic and striking chapters is that on “The Theory of Modern Welfare.” Here are the opening sentences:

Before business principles came to dominate everyday life the com-

mon welfare, when it was not a question of peace and war, turned on the ease and certainty with which enough of the means of life could be supplied. Since business has become the central and controlling interest, the question of welfare has become a question of price. Under the old régime of handicraft and petty trade, dearth (high prices) meant privation and might mean famine and pestilence; under the new régime low prices commonly mean privation and may on occasion mean famine. Under the old régime the question was whether the community's work was adequate to supply the community's needs; under the new régime that question is not seriously entertained. But the common welfare is in no less precarious a case. The productive efficiency of modern industry has not done away with the recurrence of hard times, or of privation for those classes whose assured pecuniary position does not place them above the chances of hard times.

The "full dinner pail," in the author's view, is generally an illusion and always a merely transient condition under the rule of modern business.

An era of prosperity does not commonly bring an increase of wages until the era is about to close. The advance of wages in such a case is not only a symptom indicating that the season of prosperity is passing, but it is a factor which must by its own proper effect close the season of prosperity as soon as the advance in wages becomes somewhat general. Increasing wages cut away the securest ground of that differential price advantage on which an era of prosperity runs.

After examining at length the conditions leading to business depression—which he defines as "primarily a malady of the affections of business men"—Prof. Veblen comes to a conclusion which might well enough have served for one of the foundation stones of Mr. Smythe's argument.

Barring providential intervention, then, the only refuge from chronic depression, according to the view here set forth, is thorough-going coalition in those lines of business in which coalition is practicable. But since this would include the greater part of those lines of industry which are dominated by the machine process, it seems reasonable to expect that the remedy should be efficacious. The higher development of the machine process makes competitive business impracticable, but it carries a remedy for its own evils in that it makes coalition practicable. * * * These great coalitions, therefore, seem to carry the seed of this malady of competition, and this evil consequence can accordingly be avoided only on the basis of so comprehensive and rigorous a coalition of business concerns as shall wholly exclude competition, even in the face of any conceivable amount of new capital seeking investment.

Perhaps the best specimen of the grim sardonic humor which lurks behind these stately periods is found in Prof. Veblen's rebuke to the charges of corruption or bias in the higher courts, arising from "the untrained sympathies of the vulgar."

It should, in fact, be nearly a matter of indifference to the "popular" side of this class of litigation [between employers and workmen] whether the courts are corrupt or not. The question has little else than a speculative interest. In the nature of the case the owner alone has, ordinarily, any standing in court. All of which argues that there are probably very few courts that are in any degree corrupt or biased, so far as touches litigation of this class. Efforts to corrupt them would be a work of supererogation, besides being immoral.

"Constitutional government," our author declares, "has, in the main, become a department of the business organization and is guided by the advice of business men." It has "much else to do besides administering the general affairs of the business community; but in most of its work, even in what is not ostensibly directed to business ends, it is under the surveillance of the business interests." This, of course, includes international relations, and here "the maintenance of business interests requires the backing of arms."

Armaments serve trade not only in the making of general terms of purchase and sale between the business men of civilized countries, but they are similarly useful in extending and maintaining business enterprise and privileges in the outlying regions of the earth. The advanced nations of Christendom are proselyters, and there are certain valuable perquisites that come to the business men of those proselyting nations who advance the frontiers of the pecuniary culture among the backward populations. There is commonly a handsome margin of profit in doing business with these pecuniarily unregenerate populations, particularly when the traffic is adequately backed with force. But, also commonly, these peoples do not enter willingly into lasting business relations with civilized mankind. It is therefore necessary, for the purposes of trade and culture, that they be firmly held up to such civilized rules of conduct as will make trade easy and lucrative. To this end armament is indispensable. * * * Barring accidents and untoward cultural agencies from outside of politics, business or religion, there is nothing in the logic of the modern situation that should stop the cumulative war expenditures short of industrial collapse and consequent national bankruptcy, such as terminated the carnival of war and politics that ran its course on the Continent in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

With this, my nibblings at this book must end, though its consideration of the influence of business enterprise on our literary output tempts me sorely. But I hope to have made it clear that the book will repay reading, re-reading and then reading once more. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50 net.

Another recent economic study of some importance is Robert Hunter's *Poverty*, and with this I must perforce deal more briefly than it deserves. Adapting a passage from Carlyle, Mr. Hunter describes poverty as follows: "To live miserable we know not why, to have the dread of hunger, to work sore and yet gain nothing—this is the essence of poverty." He includes among those who are in poverty, not only paupers, but those who "may be able to get a bare sustenance, but [they] are not able to obtain those necessaries which will permit them to maintain a state of physical efficiency. They are the large class in any industrial nation who are on the verge of distress." His investigations of the question from every available point of view convince him that not less than ten million persons in the United States are in poverty, and he regards this as unquestionably a conservative estimate. I am obliged to pass entirely over his earnest and instructive discussion and quote only his conclusions as to reforms which would tend to prevent poverty.

SOME
RESULTS OF
"BUSINESS"

They contemplate mainly such legislative action as may enforce upon the entire country certain minimum standards of working and of living conditions. They would make all tenements and factories sanitary; they would regulate the hours of work, especially for women and children; they would regulate and thoroughly supervise dangerous trades; they would institute all necessary measures to stamp out unnecessary disease and to prevent unnecessary death; they would prohibit entirely child labor; they would institute all necessary educational and recreational institutions to replace the social and educational losses of the home and the domestic workshop; they would perfect, as far as possible, legislation and institutions to make industry pay the necessary and legitimate cost of producing and maintaining efficient laborers; they would institute, on the lines of foreign experience, measures to compensate labor for enforced seasons of idleness, due to sickness, old age, lack of work, or other causes beyond the control of the workman; they would prevent parasitism on the part of either the consumer or the producer and charge up the full costs of labor in production to the beneficiary, instead of compelling the worker at certain times to enforce his demand for maintenance

through the tax rate and by becoming a pauper; they would restrict the power of employer and of ship-owner to stimulate for purely selfish ends an excessive immigration, and in this way to beat down wages and to increase unemployment.

All of which seems a tolerably large order; yet it is an order which Christian civilization will one day have to fill or confess its failure. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50 net.

THE
SIMPLE

LIFE Henry Van Dyke's *The School of Life* is quotable at every page. But perhaps the words concerning the Simple life with which the essay closes will give the best measure of the little book.

A certain openness of mind to learn the daily lessons of the school of life; a certain willingness of heart to give and to receive that extra service, that gift beyond the strict measure of debt which makes friendship possible; a certain clearness of spirit to perceive the best in things and people, to love it without fear and to cleave to it without mistrust; a peaceful sureness of affection and taste; a gentle straightforwardness of action; a kind sincerity of speech—these are the marks of the simple life, which cometh not with observation, for it is within you.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 50 cents net.

Kindly Light, described in a sub-title as "A Little Book of Yearning," is a series of meditations, in prose and verse, which "began in a soul's effort to commune with the Soul of the soul, to speak in secret with the Father of Lights about the problems of being, the sorrows and joys, the sins and sanctities, the emptiness and fullness, the shames and glories, the deaths and lives of the human experience." They have proved themselves helpful to some, and the author, John Milton Scott, very properly concludes that "there may be others whose thoughts of things might brighten by a sharing of this heart." Upland Farms Alliance, Oscawana-on-Hudson, N. Y.

In Sidney McCall's *The Breath of the Gods*, the curtain rises in Washington, but the scene is soon changed to Japan. The central figures are a young Japanese girl, educated in the United States, and a great Prince, the "Living War God of Japan," who seeks her in marriage. She marries him, though loving an attaché of the French legation. Though pure both in heart and body, circumstances compel her husband to believe that she has been false not only to him but to Nippon. It is an interesting tale, but overwrought and "stagey." Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

Partners of the Tide, by Joseph C. Lincoln, is largely concerned with the experiences of a young sailor and an older one in the "wreckin' business." Their home is down Cape Cod way, and between a good plot and interesting characters the author has made a readable tale. A. C. Barnes & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Nut-Brown Joan, by Marion A. Taggart, is an entertaining story for girls. The young heroine is the clever "ugly duckling" of the family, but she has plenty of good times and turns out to be a beauty after all. Henry Holt & Co., New York. Fowler & Co., Los Angeles. \$1.50.

William Dana Orcutt saw romantic possibilities in the wooing of Eugénie de Montijo by Prince Louis Napoleon and has built about it his story, *The Flower of Destiny*. The book is attractively illustrated and decorated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.25.

A Maid of Japan, by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, is the love-story of a poor fisher-girl and a wealthy young Britisher. They turn out to be cousins and the story ends happily. It is delicately and sweetly told. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.25.

The big girl who has been experimenting with the recipes in *A Little Cook-Book for a Little Girl* says that it's a useful and practical little book. The results of her experimenting certainly taste like it. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 75 cents.

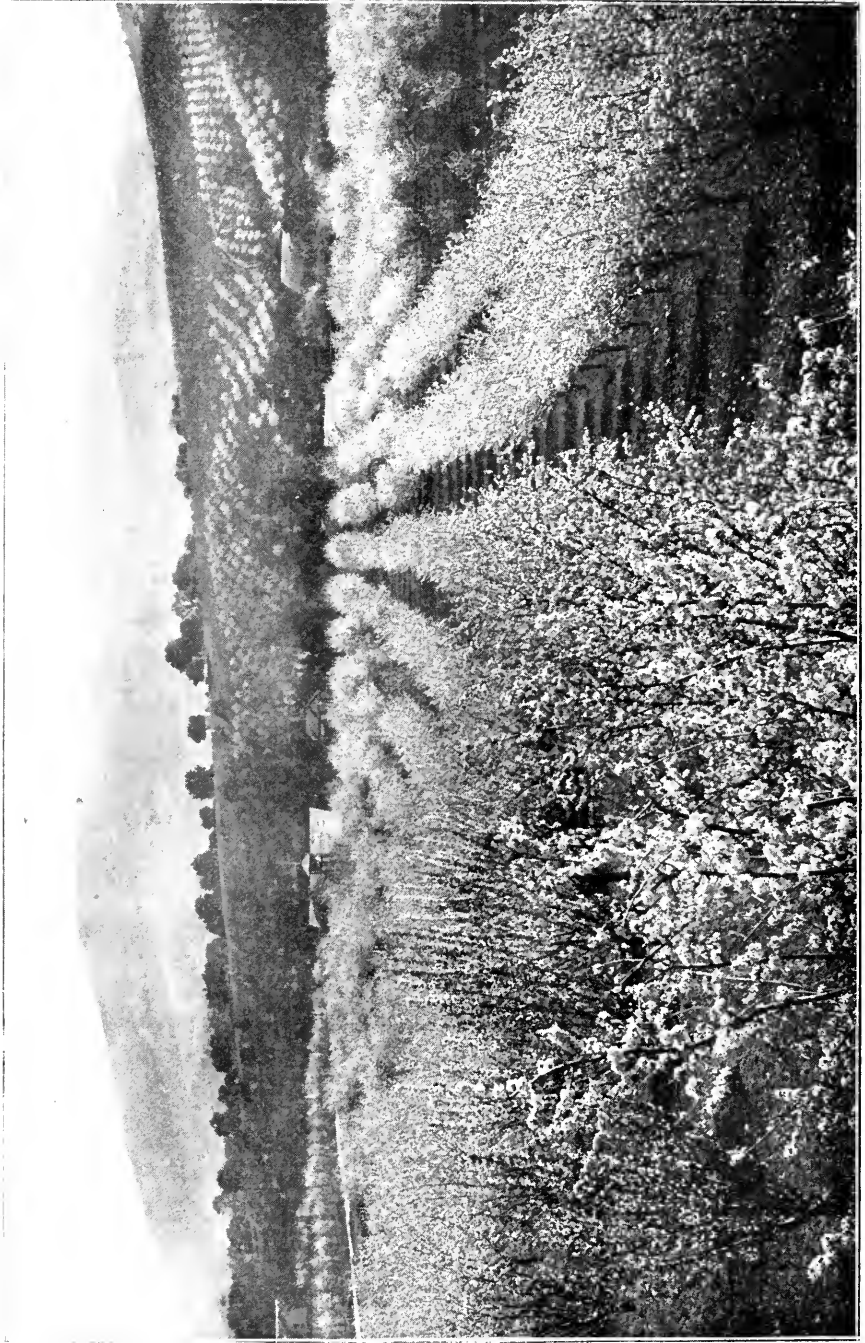
A useful little handbook on *Street Trees in California*, prepared by Prof. Jepson, of the University of California, may be had from the California Promotion Committee, San Francisco.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.



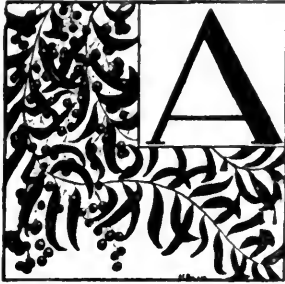
THE HOME OF THE WATER OUZEL





BLOSSOM TIME IN THE SANTA CLARA VALLEY

SAN JOSÉ AND THE SANTA CLARA VALLEY



POET, less than a month away from a land where the pine forests were standing deep in snow, looked out across the miles of blossoming orchards in the Santa Clara Valley and said: "This is the composite of all my dreams. I am not hunting lotos islands any longer—I have found something better."

And he had! This valley is "California," as it exists in the dreams of people to whom the word means a hundred different things—climate and scenery and out-door life; fruit and flowers and health; a place to rest in, a place

to work in; a place in which to enjoy the fruit of one's years of accumulation. and a place in which to gather the surety of comfort for old age; a land good to live in and to call home.

Sixty miles from end to end, lying north and south, and never more than twenty miles wide, the beautiful valley is a sheltered basin between two mountain ranges, Mt. Hamilton and Santa Cruz, shut by the one from the sea and fog, and by the other from the inland winds and heat.

It is the best-watered valley of like size in the State; crossed by small streams, with cañons in which springs, "plain" and medicinal, have rise; and underlaid by an unfailling artesian basin, tapped by wells of steady volume

Nearly all the photographs from which the article on San José is illustrated are from the studio of Andrew P. Hill, of that city.



ST. JAMES PARK, SAN JOSÉ

and increasing number. The output of its orchards—six million trees, bearing the past year half a billion pounds of prunes, peaches, apricots and other fruits—does not hang upon the chance of a “wet winter,” or upon the carefully-distributed flow of some distant stream. Under the very land in which they are rooted lies the water to keep the trees growing and mature their load of fruit.

Consequently the Santa Clara Valley offers alike to the large farmer and fruit grower and to the home-seeker who desires a few well-selected acres special inducements not to be duplicated elsewhere.

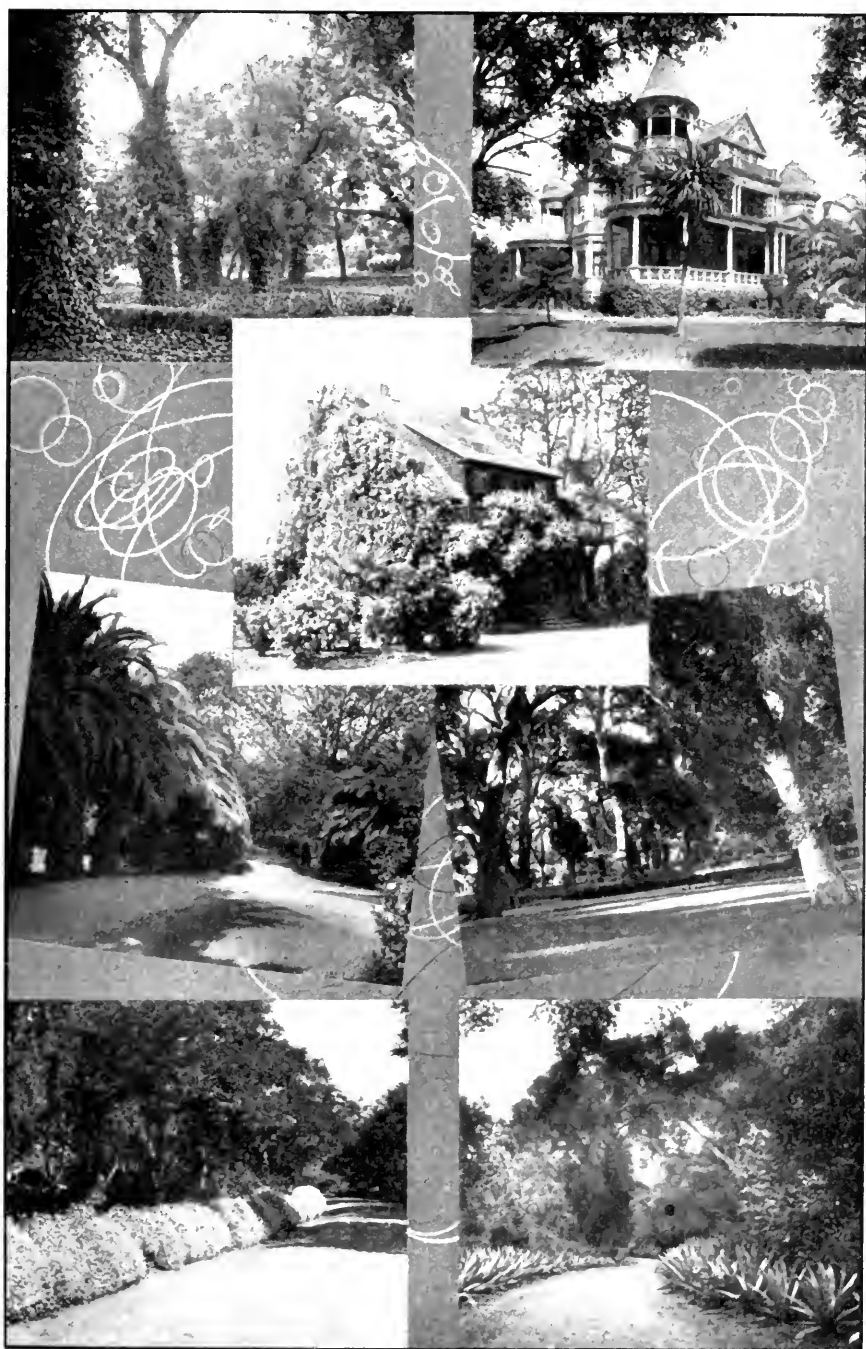
Beyond these—water, rich soil, beauty of location—the wonderful climate would yet have made the valley a land of homes. It is every day in the year what the average stranger means when he thinks of California; never hot, never cold, seldom windy or foggy; with something like three hundred



A SAN JOSÉ HOME

sunny days in the year, and yet an average annual rainfall of fifteen inches—enough to discourage dust and keep vegetation fresh and thrifty.

Fifty miles south of San Francisco, the fourth largest city in the State and the largest in the Santa Clara Valley, the city of San José has grown up on the site selected in November, 1877, by the nine soldiers and five settlers sent out by the Spanish Governor of California to establish a pueblo “on the margin of the river Guadalupe.” This modest beginning was known as the Pueblo de San José de Guadalupe; since 1850 the incorporated city of San José. In 1904 it was a city twenty square miles in extent and with 37,500 inhabitants; a city of broad, beautiful avenues, tree-shaded and set with semi-tropic shrubs and flowers in profusion. “The rose garden of the earth” it has been called; the “Garden City,” the “Park City,” and more recently “the City of Schools.”



SOME SAN JOSÉ HOMES AND THEIR SURROUNDINGS



HOTEL VENDOME

The schools of San José may well be mentioned before even its beautiful homes, its many churches, and its fine business buildings. The public school buildings of the city are valued at half a million dollars, and include the first and largest Normal School in the State. Here, too, the first Catholic and the first Protestant college in the State were established more than fifty years ago, and through succeeding years San José came easily and naturally to be the educational center of California and the Southwest. In San José the United States Government has placed the finest postoffice building which it owns, and the business blocks of the city, built of brick and stone, are in keeping—the handsomest and most impressive business buildings to be found in any of the smaller cities of the West.

The hotels are such as befit a city which is fast becoming the first resort and pleasure ground of the State; a summer home for thousands of San Franciscans and other Californians, and the winter Mecca of tourists and pleasure seekers from the East, who come yearly in increasing numbers and



THE NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY, SAN JOSÉ



stay longer and longer in the wonderful climate and beautiful scenes which the city and surrounding county has to offer.

The pride of the city, a pleasure ground unique, with beauty and character peculiarly its own, Alum Rock Cañon lies seven miles east of San José in the Coast Mountains. An electric railway connects this playground of a thousand acres with the city; and it is only a short ride from the city streets to the cañon with its wild beauty supplemented but unspoiled.

A living stream flows through the cañon and there are sixteen mineral springs in the park. In one place a stream of hot water flows out of the living rock only a few feet away from a large cold spring. Here the forest trees mingle with rare tropic shrubs and flowers, and near the spring the city has fine plunge and tub-baths, restaurant and other attractions for comfort and pleasure. Among them may be named a deer paddock, and an aviary, and numberless beautiful walks and drives.

Within the city is the Vendome Park, in which is the Vendome Hotel



COURT HOUSE AND HALL OF RECORDS



COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME, SAN JOSÉ

and one of the finest bathing pavilions on the coast; St. James Park, overlooked by the St. James Hotel; the City Hall Park, and other beautiful parks surrounding the Normal and High schools and other buildings. The residence areas of the city are themselves like one great and well-kept park, rich with rare shrubs, flowers and trees in endless variety. One hundred and sixty-five varieties of roses are said to be growing within the city limits.

Agricultural Park is a spot of special interest—the gathering place for horsemen and horse lovers, resident and visiting; for here are the stables where many famous racers are kept through the winter, and where they may be seen exercising along the fine stretches of roadway. Here, too, for the delight of small boys, a circus has its winter home.



SAN JOSÉ HIGH SCHOOL



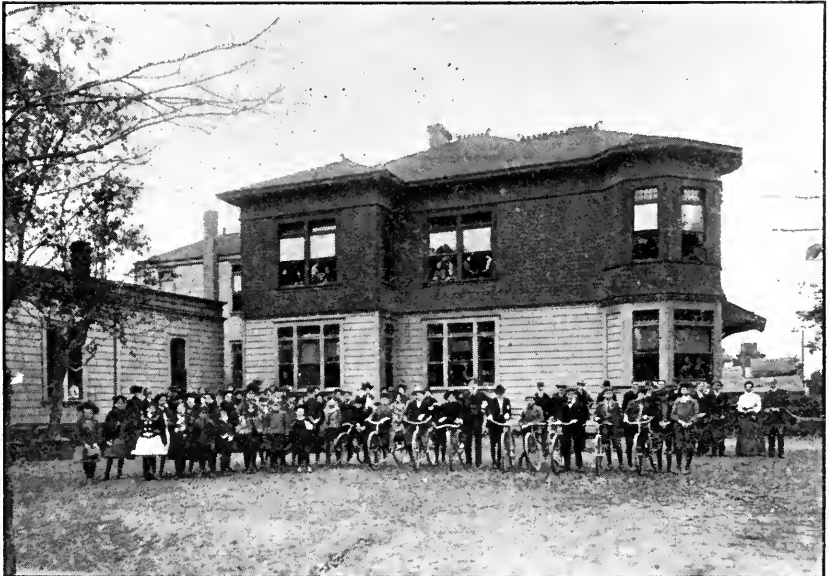
HOW ROSES GROW IN SAN JOSÉ

Among the claims made for San José by its admirers is, that of all the Pacific Coast cities, it is the one adapted to manufacture. It has cheap power, the same terminal rates possessed by San Francisco, a climate in which a man may do his best work the year round; and can offer to workmen beautiful homes at reasonable rent and living expenses, and, to any man who wishes, the chance to earn and own his home.

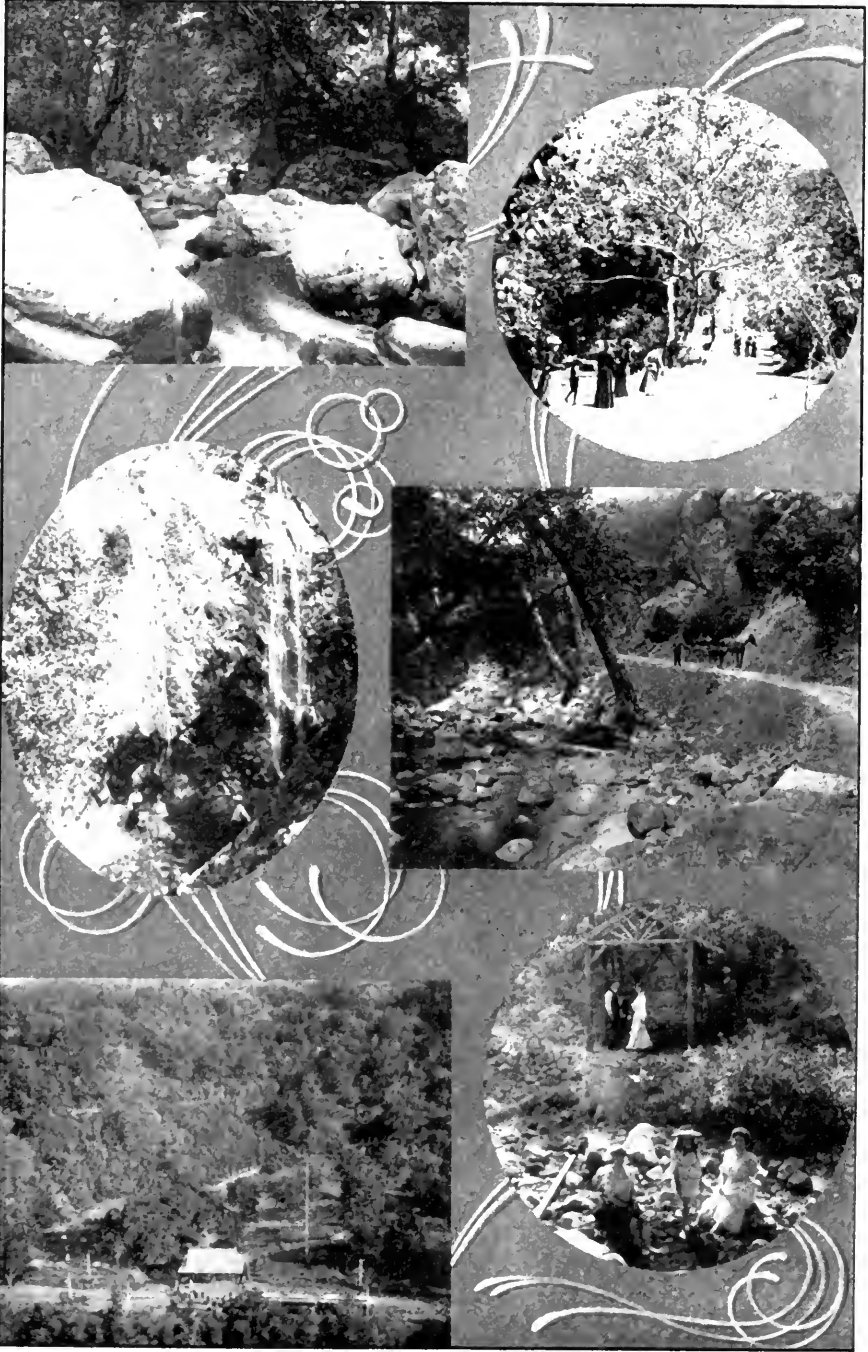
The city's industries include a large woolen mill in which are made the



CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC



WASHBURN SCHOOL, SAN JOSÉ



GLIMPSES OF ALUM ROCK PARK

finest blankets sold in eastern cities, and woolens that have been for twenty-five years famous in California and elsewhere. Miners in Alaska wear "San José shirts," as they wore them in the "diggings" of the home State a quarter of a century ago.

Horticultural machinery from San José goes out to Australia and to South Africa, and much agricultural machinery, as well as carriages and wagons, finds local and general market. Beside these the city has a tannery; planing mills where doors, windows, sashes, trays and boxes are turned out by the thousand; two of the largest brick plants in the State; the largest fruit-cannery in the world; and twenty packing houses where the dried fruits of the valley are prepared for distribution throughout the markets of the world.



GARDEN CITY BANK AND TRUST CO. BUILDING, SAN JOSÉ

Manufacturing is still in its infancy in California, but each year sees more and more keen judgment turning from climates in which a man is hampered half the year by heat and the other half by cold—and factories should be built as much with reference to the weather which the workmen will have to endure as to the work to be done in them—to a land where every day is a working day so far as comfort goes, and continuous production is possible. This point is touched upon at some length in preceding pages of this magazine.

Already men are leaving great factories in the East to build others of broader scope in California, and in the future San José is certain to attract distinct attention in this line.

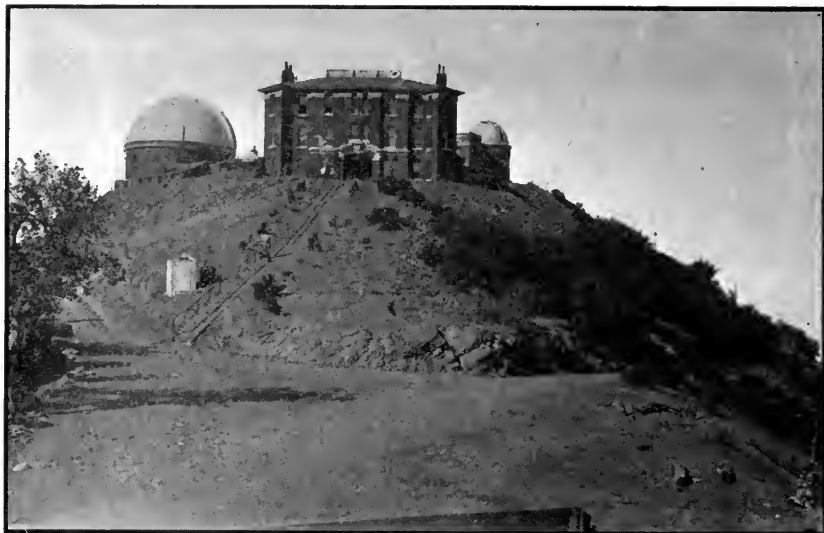


IN THE SAN JOSÉ OSTRICH FARM

Socially San José is what such a city must be—the meeting place of the best from all States and sections. In this it has a charm and atmosphere peculiarly its own, flavored by the nearness of the greatest university in the West.



GARDEN CITY SANITARIUM, SAN JOSÉ



LICK OBSERVATORY, ON THE SUMMIT OF MT. HAMILTON

For the culture of the people of San José, its beautiful homes, its many churches, its many and excellent schools of all grades may well speak. A Carnegie library has been opened recently, a dignified and harmonious building, housing a fine collection of books. The Normal and High schools have also excellent libraries which are open to the public, with certain restrictions.

The Sainte Claire Club, an organization of business and professional men, owns the most beautiful club house in the State, a fine type of Mission architecture.

The Linda Vista Golf Club and the Athletic Club offer attractions to lovers of sport, and the former owns large links and a pleasant club house open to members and their friends.

One of the interesting trips which can be made from San José is to the great Lick Observatory on the summit of Mt. Hamilton. This greatest astronomical observatory in the world was the princely gift of James Lick, the California millionaire, whose body lies entombed beneath the great telescope. Unlike most observatories, this one is open daily to visitors, and the interesting instruments and appliances are freely shown and their uses explained.

The trip is made by stage, starting from the Hotel Vendome, and with two changes of horses on the way. The stages, the horses and the drivers are all keenly interesting to the visitor, and the road is the best oiled road in the State; twenty-eight miles of dustless highway winding through beautiful scenery from the valley eighty feet above sea level up through cañons and over grades to the summit and the observatory four thousand feet and more above.



SANTA CLARA

Adjoining San José on the northwest, with less than four miles between their business centers, and no break in their residence sections, is the city of Santa Clara, one with its larger neighbor in all but municipal government. An electric line and two railroad lines unite the twin cities, the smaller of which has the proud distinction of owning its own light, power and water plants, and of having the lowest tax rate of any city in the United States—a rate which, by the setting aside of a special fund, is to be lowered in the future, rather than increased.

Santa Clara is an increasingly important business and manufacturing center. The Pacific Manufacturing Company, dealing in prepared lumber, has great mills and lumber yards covering twenty-one acres and requiring the services of 400 men, with a monthly pay roll of \$24,000.

The Eberhard tannery is the largest on the Coast and one of the largest in the United States. Its works cover six acres of ground, with an employment list of one hundred men and a pay roll of \$5,000.00 monthly. It makes the finest grades of leather, and sends great quantities to eastern leather workers who have learned to depend upon the superior quality of the Eberhard leathers for their choicest work.

The California Fruit Association has here the largest packing house in the United States, and many lesser firms are engaged in packing and distributing dried fruits.

A cannery employing 300 men and having a floor space of 150x350 feet is in operation, with a pay roll of \$6,000 a month.

The Morse Seed Company employs 200 men and is the packing place for the largest seed-farms in the world; the seeds of the Santa Clara Valley being as famous as its fruits, and used by market and private gardeners in all parts of the world. It is an interesting fact that where Germany a few years



STREET SCENE IN SANTA CLARA

Photo by Mrs. Hare



SANTA CLARA FRUIT PACKING HOUSE

Photo by Mrs. Hare

ago sent quantities of seeds to the California market gardeners, the California seed-farms now return a good share of the seeds planted in Germany. The leading seed dealers of the United States have their farms in the Santa Clara valley, and the products are shipped by the car, and sometimes by the train-load, from Santa Clara.

In proportion to its population, Santa Clara has a large number of its people engaged in manufacturing than has any other town in the State.



PACIFIC MILLS, SANTA CLARA

Photo by Mrs. Hare



THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL AT SANTA CLARA

Photo by Nelson's Studio

New enterprises are recognizing its unusual advantages and seeking foothold, and there is yet room for all that are sure to come as the manufacturing interest of the coast develops.

Santa Clara has unusual social and educational advantages. Its High School and other schools are of the finest character, and the Santa Clara College, founded in 1851 by the Jesuit Order, is a large institution with university powers, giving a classical education equal to the best in Europe and America, and having the best physical and chemical laboratories in the State.

In point of age, Santa Clara outranks her sister city by six years, being one of the early Missions of California, established in 1771. The old adobe church, built and decorated by the Indian converts, is still in use, and the



SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

(Founded 1851. The oldest Catholic institution for higher education in California.)



HARVESTING ONION SEED

Photo by Mrs. Hare

old bells given by the kings of Spain still sound the call to prayer at morning and night. The city retains another memory of the old days of Spanish occupation in the beautiful plaza, once the general meeting place of residents and visitors.



CARROTS FOR SEED ON ONE OF SANTA CLARA'S SEED FARMS

MOUNTAIN VIEW

Ten miles northwest from San José, on the double track, is the beautiful town of Mountain View, a favorite residence place for business men of San Francisco. It is only two miles from the southern arm of San Francisco bay and three miles from the foothills of the Santa Cruz mountains, situated in the center of one of the richest and most beautiful farming regions of California.

Mountain View has its own water system, electric lighting, and a telephone



A MOUNTAIN VIEW HOME



MOUNTAIN VIEW BUSINESS STREET



MOUNTAIN VIEW SCHOOL

service which extends all over the surrounding country, connecting every rancher and orchardist with the business centers in a few moments. It has fine business blocks, a bank, two newspapers, and the largest printing and publishing establishment west of Chicago, the Pacific Press Publishing Company. The great plant of this firm is housed in a magnificent brick building covering an acre of ground and standing in the middle of a beautiful five-acre park four blocks from the business center of the town. It employs about 200 people, and has a monthly pay roll running into many thousands of dollars.

In locating this great business at Mountain View special attention was given to the ideal climate, to its railroad facilities, and to the unsurpassed home possibilities for its employees, and the rare social and educational opportunities presented to their families. No more perfect location could be found for an ideal colony of working people, or for a large business plant of any sort.



[PALO ALTO

A great redwood tree lifting its noble crown above the lesser company of live oaks and other forest folk is the most ancient and best known landmark in the Santa Clara valley. "Palo Alto" the name-wise Spaniards called the section surrounding the kingly guide post, and Palo Alto it is today—the seat of the largest endowed university in the world.

When the parents of Leland Stanford Jr. decided that they could offer no more lasting memorial to their dead son than to build and endow a great educational institution for the sons and daughters of other parents, it seemed most natural that the site should be chosen from the lands owned by Senator Stanford in the Santa Clara Valley.

Here was the ideal location, a beautiful, fertile, secluded valley with a climate all the year round scarcely to be matched anywhere else in the world. Easy of access, near to the ocean and to the largest city of the coast,

not far from many towns and from the great agricultural areas of the State, it would seem that no wiser choice could have been made.

Not often, perhaps never before, was a seat of learning surrounded by so much natural beauty. The live oaks that sheltered the Tejon Indians who roved through the valley when the Spaniards found it, and under which the Spanish soldiers camped, have been left untouched in street and garden. The near hills and cañons, full of wild beauty, are a playground such as no university ever before had, and the architecture of the great pile is in finest harmony with the spirit and tradition of the land in which it is set. The cost of the entire group of buildings has not been made public, but it is estimated that the stone work alone has taken \$8,000,000.

The buildings constitute a college group not to be surpassed anywhere in the world. The rarely beautiful Memorial Church is the most remarkable structure of its kind in the United States, and the massive Memorial Arch is the largest in America and the second largest in the world. It is built of San José sandstone, a hundred feet high, eighty-five feet wide, and thirty-six feet in depth. Around the top passes a great allegorical frieze with sculptured figures twelve feet high carved from solid stone.

Since the doors of the great university were opened fourteen years ago, over four thousand students have entered from all parts of the world; the benefits offered by Senator Stanford not being confined to California or to the United States. Stanford graduates are found filling respon-



THE TALL TREE, PALO ALTO



ENTRANCE TO STANFORD UNIVERSITY

Photo by Cal. College of Photography

sible positions the world over, 1500 degrees having been granted—and earned, since no “honorary degrees” are conferred—during the existence of the university. The groups of buildings, all in soft yellow sandstone with red tile roofs, have grown steadily to accommodate more pupils and a larger faculty, and the place must grow in beauty and importance as the years pass.

The twelve-year-old city of Palo Alto, grown up around the great university, could not be otherwise than exceptional in its general characteristics. It has the best that such a town might be expected to offer, with still other charms and advantages peculiarly its own. It began with fifteen inhabitants and has now five thousand—five thousand people of culture and intelligence, bent upon handling the problems which confront a growing city in a manner quite different from the customary.

Palo Alto needed a water system, but it did not want one under private control. The city bored artesian wells, got a flow of pure water, and distributed the same to its citizens at rates below the average private supply.

The city outgrew the water plant, and a larger one was installed on the same basis.

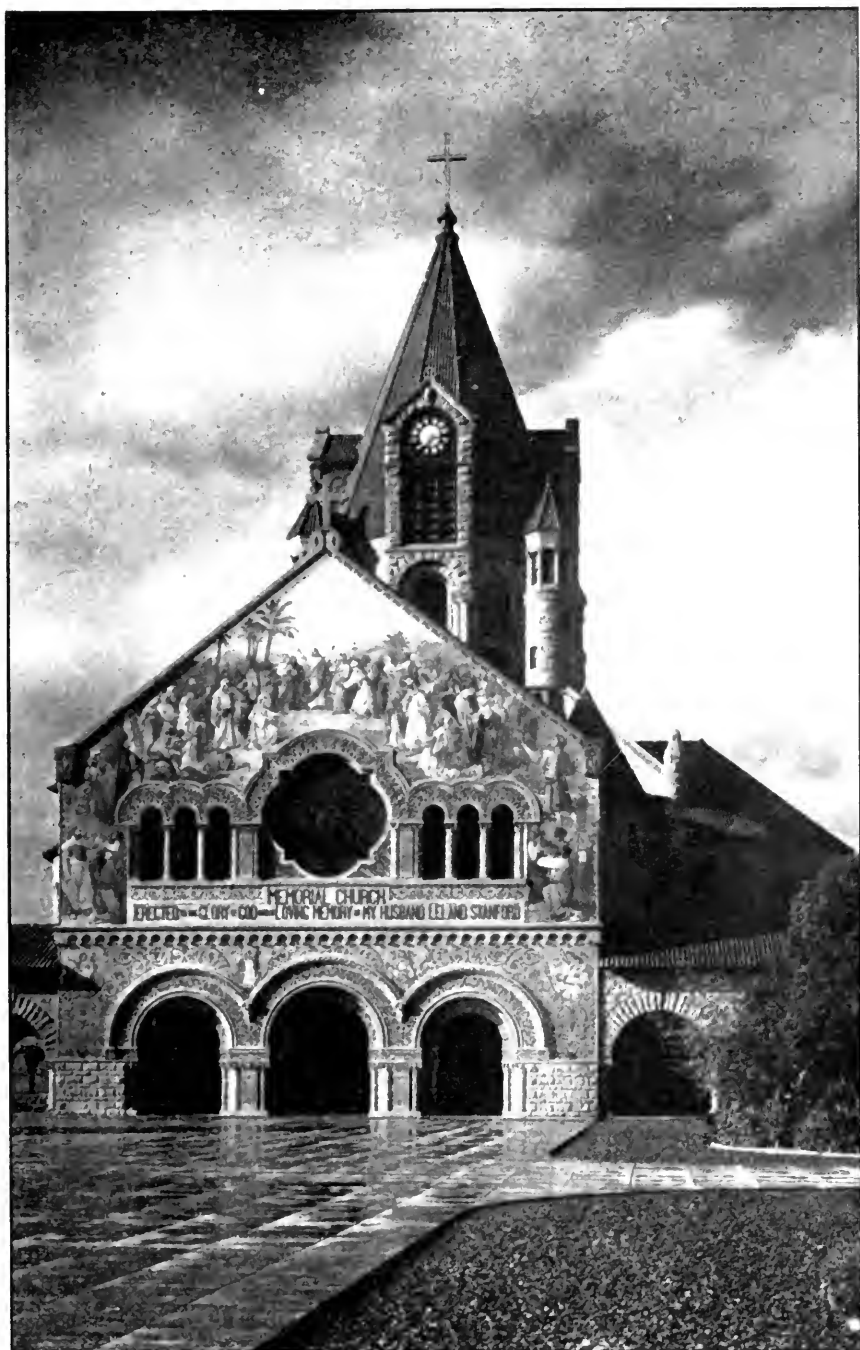
The city needed electric lighting and this too was supplied and controlled by the municipality, the prices being little above half the private rate.

In 1898 the town constructed a perfect sewer system with an outlet into the bay.



MAIN BUILDINGS, STANFORD UNIVERSITY

Photo by Cal. College of Photography



MEMORIAL CHURCH, STANFORD UNIVERSITY



ARBORETUM, STANFORD UNIVERSITY

Photo by Cal. College of Photography



ENTRANCE TO STANFORD UNIVERSITY

Photo by Cal. College of Photography



STANFORD UNIVERSITY

Street improvement is now under way, though the streets, sidewalks and roadways of Palo Alto are already the cleanest in the State.

The matter of saloons was early and firmly settled; any land on which intoxicating liquors were made or sold would revert to the original owner. There are many churches, and ample and excellent schools apart from the University. A Carnegie library is just completed and there are other fine collections of books open to the public.

Palo Alto is primarily a place of homes. Many San Francisco business men choose to have their families in the more quiet and attractive university town. Many people are drawn by the educational advantages, not to be found elsewhere on the coast; and many find in its atmosphere the culture and simplicity lacking in more hurried centers.

Many beautiful tracts of land have recently been opened for homes at



A PALO ALTO STREET



A PALO ALTO STREET

prices so reasonable as to offer special inducement to families seeking a permanent location, with moderate means. Comfort rather than display is the prevailing tone of the city, and of one hundred and twenty-five homes built in the past year the average cost was \$3000.

It is a place in which a man of average means can build a home and educate his children without mortgaging his whole future to drudgery. The time will probably come when Palo Alto will be a city of many thousand inhabitants and of large and larger business importance; but it will never be less a city of homes and of living fine and simple beyond the ordinary.

To sum up a few of the features of the Santa Clara Valley as a whole, it has:

The largest fruit cannery in the world.

The largest fruit packing house in the world.

The largest fruit drying ground in the world.



PALO ALTO'S BUSINESS CENTER



A PALO ALTO STREET



A PALO ALTO RESIDENCE



A CORNER IN PALO ALTO

The largest seed farms in the world.
The largest quicksilver mines in the world.
The largest brick plants in the West.
The largest woolen mill in California.
Six million bearing fruit trees.
Six thousand acres of grape vines.
Public school buildings worth a million dollars.
The most largely endowed university in the world.
One of the best all-the-year-round climates in the world.
Thousands of homes owned by the men who live in them—and room for thousands more.



LOS GATOS

Close in the shadow of the Santa Cruz mountains, Los Gatos, "the gem city of the foothills," overlooks the Santa Clara valley from an elevation of four hundred feet. It is far enough above the sea so that fogs rarely reach it, far enough above the valley and near enough to the shelter of the hills so that frosts are almost unknown, and the richness of soil and abundance of pure mountain water have made it famous in this garden-like valley, where every little area seems to have its own peculiar charm and advantage, while sharing the beauty of the whole.

Los Gatos is ten miles southwest of San José and connected with that city by railroad and electric railway. So thorough is its transportation system that hundreds of students and business men prefer to live in Los Gatos and go back and forth to San José or Palo Alto daily. It is the home city of many men of wealth who have found it the ideal spot in which to enjoy life after the press of business carried on elsewhere.

The city is especially beautiful, built in wandering fashion over the foothill terraces and around little hills with wooded ravines and little cañons between. Almost every home in the city commands a beautiful and far-sweeping view of the valley and the enclosing mountain ranges. A well-known author who for some years had his home at Los Gatos said that the place had the old-world charm of the lovely English town of Clovelly or of some of the villages in southern France.

But Los Gatos has more than beauty; it has good streets, fine and artistic business blocks; schools, including a high school; a public library, and the Novitiate of the Sacred Heart, the large buildings of which have a commanding location. The fruit industry supports a large cannery, a dried fruit packing house, and two wineries.

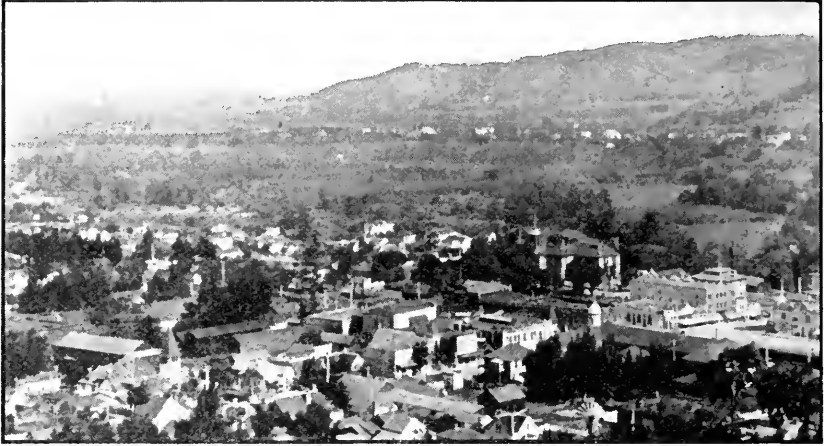
One charm of the city is Los Gatos Creek, which divides it into two sections, united by a broad bridge.

It is both a summer and a winter resort and has two good hotels and



LOOKING UP LOS GATOS CREEK

Photo by Wagner



LOS GATOS

many comfortable cottages for rent at reasonable rates. The smallest places are made beautiful by the fine old trees, and the people of the city are friendly, intelligent, and wide awake to all advancement. The population is 3000, and growing so rapidly that land values have risen considerably within the year.

Los Gatos has one unique distinction—it has as yet no school or city bonds or debt. A small yearly tax-levy has met all expenses of education and government, and it is to be hoped that the wisdom and public spirit of its citizens may continue this pleasant condition.



IN THE SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS, NEAR LOS GATOS



LOS GATOS PUBLIC LIBRARY

Photo by Wagner

In the outskirts of Los Gatos and in the surrounding foothills are many mineral springs of medicinal value and much popularity as places of resort. The Pacific Congress is by analysis almost an exact duplicate of the famous Congress Springs in New York.

Some of the springs contain iron and magnesia, other various combinations of minerals, and one of the springs from which Los Gatos draws its water supply has been found by analysis to be as pure as the ordinary distilled water of commerce. These many springs form delightful camping and



A BUSINESS CORNER IN LOS GATOS



HOTEL LYNDON, LOS GATOS

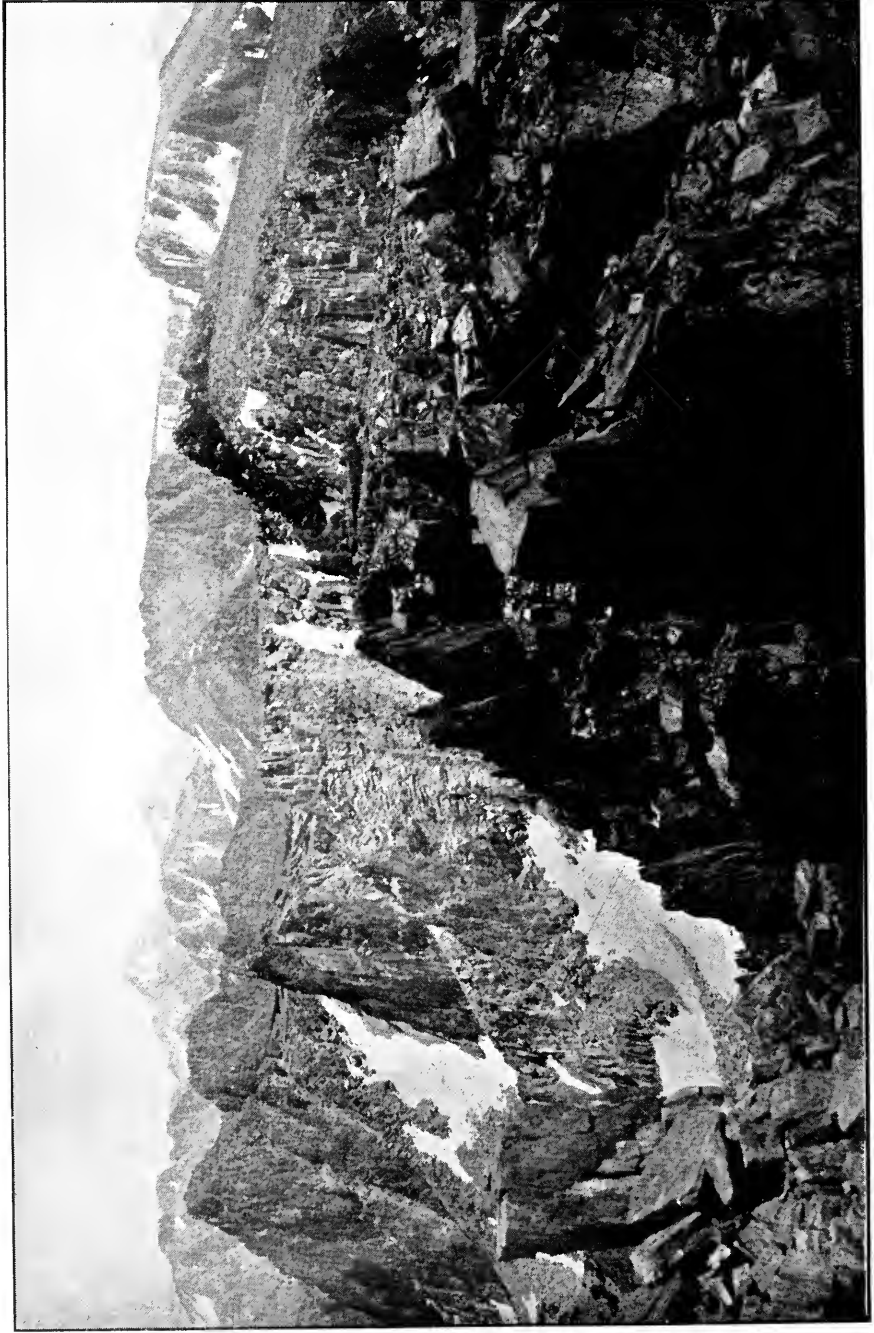
picnic places and some of them are the center of summer colonies drawing their supplies from the town. In the future there will be summer hotels and cottages at many of these springs and at points of beauty in the near hills and cañons.



THE NOVITIATE

Photo by Wagner





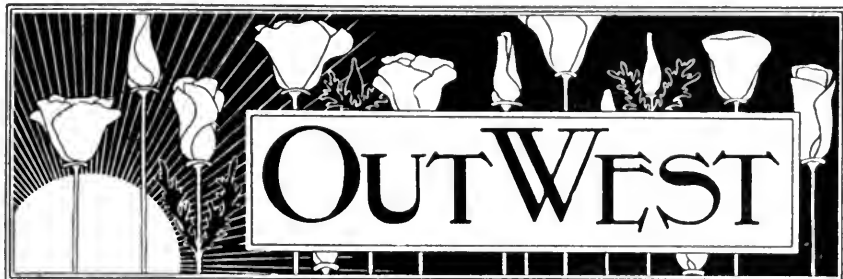
THE CREST OF THE SIERRAS
(From which part of the Los Angeles water supply will soon be drawn)

Formerly

The Land of Sunshine



THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT.



Vol. XXIII, No. 4.

OCTOBER, 1905.

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LOS ANGELES AND THE OWENS RIVER

By CHARLES AMADON MOODY



PERHAPS not one of the countless thousands who have come to Los Angeles, in these later years, to wonder, admire, enjoy and pass on, has failed to cast more than one look of contemptuous pity at the tiny thread of a stream, almost lost in its broad, sandy bed, which we call the Los Angeles River; and few are the dwellers in this chosen city who have not at some time felt it incumbent upon them to apologize for its inefficient trickle by tales of the imposing torrent which sometimes pours down that dry bed in a rainy season. Ignorant and unnecessary have been both sneer and apology—as indeed, both sneer and apology are apt to prove when all the facts are known. For that same ridiculous little rivulet has been, literally and exactly, the life-blood of this community. Without it, not one of the material developments of which we who live here are proud—the sky-scraping business blocks, the far-reaching net-work of electric roads, the acres of emerald lawns, the miles of shade trees, the shimmering mesh of fragrant greenery with which the city drapes itself, remaining fresh and fragrant still after half a dozen rainless months—not one of these could even have entered into the imagination of man. And if some convulsion of nature were to cut off wholly the flow of the river for a single month, the city would be empty, silent, deserted. The river has given itself for service—given itself more and more fully as the need has grown greater, until today we

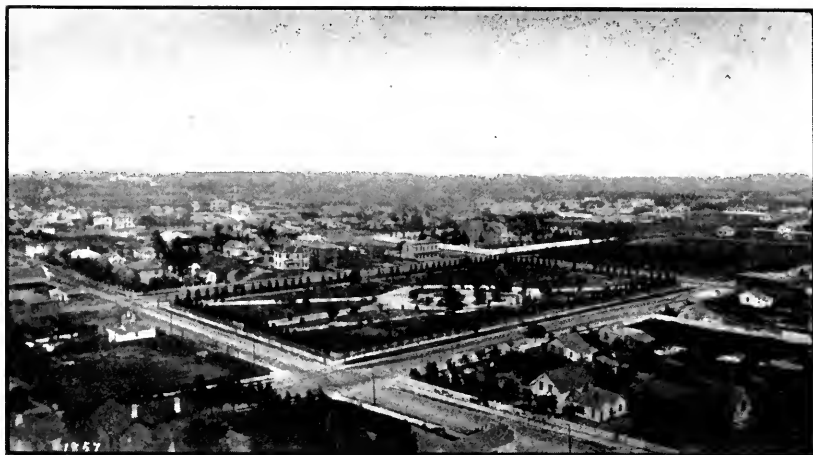


THE SAN FERNANDO WATERSHED

can see not far ahead the utmost possible limit of its daily giving—and can see beyond that the certain and peremptory need for more. It is well, indeed, for Los Angeles that a few of her citizens foresaw long ago the need that was certain to arise, have been searching patiently and eagerly for a method by which that necessary more could be supplied in time—and have found it.

Before considering the future water-supply of Los Angeles—a supply which can be made ample for the utmost conceivable needs of the city and surrounding country for a hundred years to come, and more—it will be well to state briefly the facts (for which I am largely indebted to the annual reports of the Board of Water Commissioners) concerning its present water system, its administration, and the sources upon which it depends.

Lying just northwest of Los Angeles, the San Fernando Valley stretches for some twenty miles westerly, between the Sierra Madre and the Santa Monica mountains, to the Santa Susana mountains, its greatest width being some ten miles. In this valley the Los Angeles river rises, being fed from nearly 500 miles of watershed. During the heavy rains of our "rainy season," every mountain cañon carries a roaring torrent, which discharges tremendous volumes of water into the valley. Now, if the valley were other than it is, this fact would be of little consequence so far as a regular supply of water throughout the year, and year after year, is concerned. The torrents would simply race to the sea, and be lost. But the San Fernando is a valley not of erosion, but of construction. That is, it was not formed by the slow grind of the river through thousands of years, but came into existence as a sort of deep pocket while Mother Earth was still writhing in the pangs of continent-making; and through thousands of years, and tens of thousands, it has been filling up with granitic detritus from the surrounding mountains. The result has been that when the winter torrents have poured out into the valley, these deep beds of gravel and coarse sand have absorbed the flood-waters with almost incredible greed, to give them out again only slowly, slowly, through year after year. The result is that the San Fernando Valley is in effect a gigantic storage reservoir, huger, more perfect and more efficient than human brain could devise or human strength and ingenuity construct. Some years ago, at a meeting of the National Forestry Association held in Los Angeles, an expert authority (my recollection is that it was W. C. Mendenhall, of the U. S. Geological Survey) declared that if no rain fell for seven years the San Fernando gravel beds would continue to furnish the water necessary for the city, on the scale of its requirements at that time. But Los Angeles has more than doubled in population since then, and



LOOKING SOUTHERLY ACROSS CENTRAL PARK, LOS ANGELES, IN 1887 *Photo by C. C. Pierce & Co.*

we have succeeded in making heavy drafts on even that mighty natural reservoir.

The Los Angeles River then, so fed and so maintained, has been almost the sole source of water-supply to the city it made possible, from the founding of the "Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de los Angeles," in 1781, to this day. Through all that



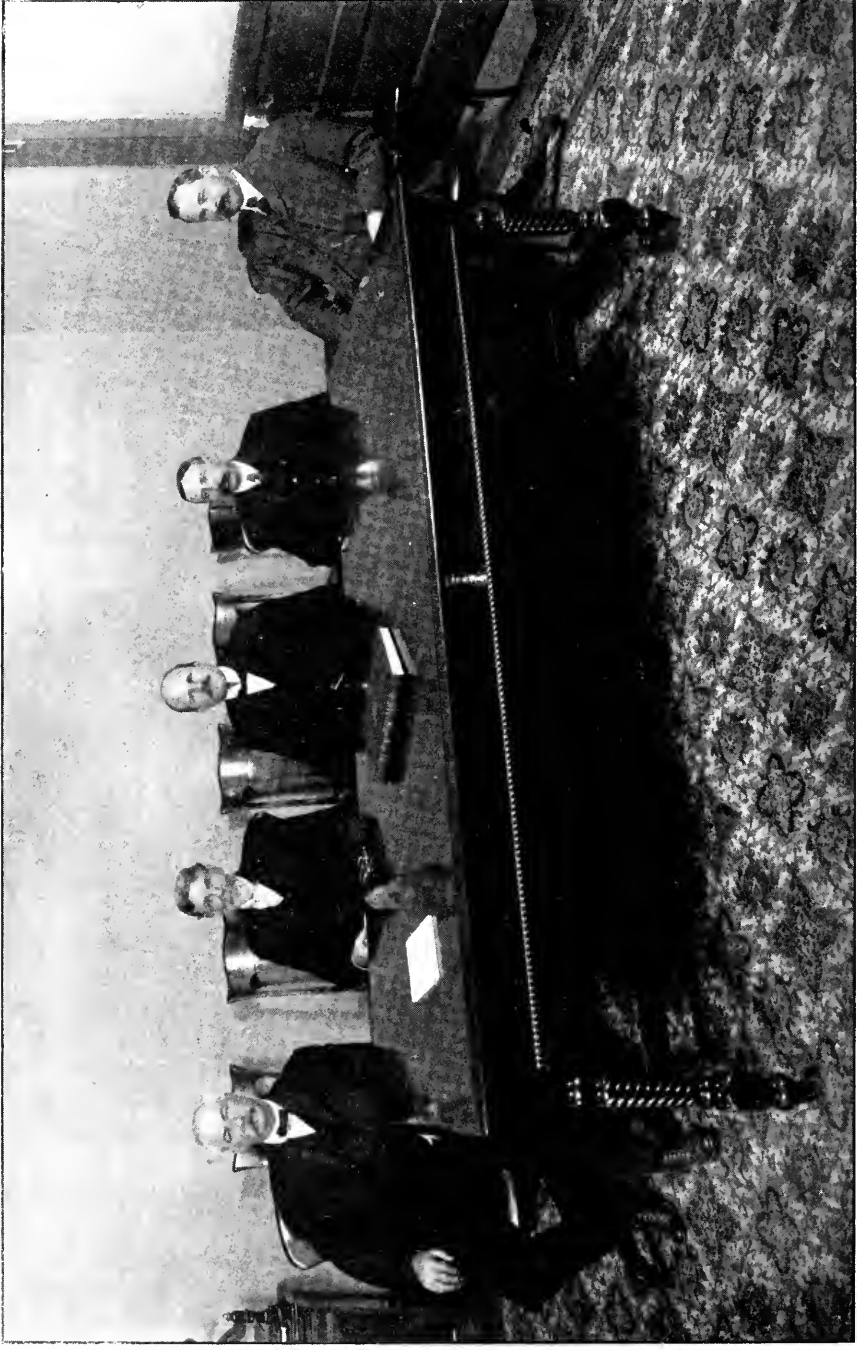
LOOKING SOUTHERLY ACROSS

time, the city has had a paramount right to so much of the stream as it needed, both surface and underground flow, and to all its feeders, above ground or below. "The earlier use of the waters," I quote from the Water Commissioners' report for 1902, "was naturally chiefly for irrigation, and the domestic supply was largely obtained from the zanjas or irrigating ditches. Gradually a crude system of wooden and iron pipes for domestic supply was evolved, in which condition, in the year 1868, the water works, such as they were, were taken over by the predecessors of the Los Angeles City Water Company under the thirty-year contract, whose term expired on the 24th day of July, 1898. When this contract went into effect, the population of the city was about 5000, and for the first year the gross earnings of the company did not exceed \$20,000; when the contract expired, the population of the city was over 100,000, and the gross earnings of the company about \$425,000 per annum. The water company took over a primitive system consisting of about two miles of wooden pipe, about one mile of iron pipe, and an antiquated water wheel for the raising of the water from the river; it turned over to the city finally a system composed of over 325 miles of iron pipe, ranging in size from forty-eight inches to two inches,



CENTRAL PARK IN 1905

Photo by C. C. Pierce & Co.



BOARD OF WATER COMMISSIONERS
Beginning at the left, the members are John J. Fay, Jr., Prest., J. M. Elliott, Gen. M. H. Sherman, William Mead and Fred L. Baker

with many miles of ditches, tunnels, infiltration galleries, reservoirs and pumping plants."

As the end of the contract in 1898 drew near, argument as to what to do next sprung up, and soon rose to a veritable whirlwind. The question of the water-supply touched everyone living in the city, and pretty much everyone had an opinion—often several entirely irreconcilable opinions—and expressed them freely. There were those (besides the owners of the Water Company) who believed that thirty years' usage had given some sort of vested right to a few individuals to administer the water-supply of a great city, steadily growing greater, and to collect handsomely for it. There were more who honestly believed that the only way to get competent, effective and economical administration of the water-system was to leave it in the hands of capable business men whose enlightened selfishness would warrant a better result to the city at large than could be had from the city's own servants, who would not have the stimulus of personal profit to urge them on. Some thought that the system was worn out and practically worthless, and that the city should simply take possession of its water rights, paying only a nominal price for the property of the Water Company. The owners of the company, on the other hand, valued their property far up in the millions, and besides read a different meaning into the contract from that generally accepted. There followed lawsuits which settled nothing, and arbitrations which did not arbitrate, and it was only in 1901, three years after the contract expired, that a compromise was reached, the city voted five to one for a bond issue of \$2,000,000 to buy out the owners of the system, did buy them out, and took possession of its own again.

The result of the four years that have passed is an overwhelming triumph for the principle of municipal ownership of public utilities, and a putting to shame of those who doubted that natural monopolies upon which the entire community was dependent could be safely left to the community to handle. It is true that the conditions have been as favorable as possible. The Board of Water Commissioners, serving without pay, has been made up from among the city's most honored and successful business men, beyond suspicion of graft or "doing politics" to the injury of the public service. And the Superintendent, William Mulholland, who had spent most of his mature manhood in the employ of the Water Company, has been a veritable tower of strength, giving to his duty without doubt far more freely from his energy of mind and body than he could possibly have done if he had owned the whole plant with the profits flowing into his own pockets. It is not only on the financial side that the wisdom

of the city in regaining its water system and the fidelity of her citizens in administering it are shown, though the financial results are satisfactory beyond expectation. One of the early steps taken by the Board was to reduce the price of water to the consumers, ten per cent on "flat" rates and fifty per cent where meters were used. Nevertheless, in four years, the Water Department, after paying all operating expenses, interest on all water-bonds and the pro rata of sinking fund to retire the bonds in forty years, has earned a net profit of nearly \$1,500,000, which has been used in construction and for permanent betterments to the plant. It is not likely that \$20,000,000 would today be any temptation



EASTLAKE PARK

One of the purposes for which Los Angeles needs water

Photo by C. C. Pierce & Co.

to the people of Los Angeles to surrender again to private enterprise the rights which they resumed four years ago at the cost of \$2,000,000.

But more important than any financial consideration has been the economy (comparative) in the use of water which the present management has brought about. During the last year of private operation of the water system, the per capita consumption of water reached a maximum of over 300 gallons a day—the highest rate in the United States. Within two years, partly by persuasion but mainly by the rapid introduction of water-meters, whose gentle ticking warned careless consumers that water



WILLIAM MULHOLLAND
Supt. of Los Angeles Water Department

Photo by Steckel

wasted must be paid for, every drop, the consumption was reduced below 200 gallons per capita. If the higher rate had been allowed to persist, Los Angeles would have had to face a serious water famine in each of the three summers last past. And what that would have meant to her prosperity, anyone can guess.

Obviously one of the first tasks to which the Board of Water Commissioners addressed themselves was the assurance of a sufficient supply of water for a long term of years. The popula-



LOOKING ACROSS LOS ANGELES FROM THE

tion of Los Angeles was shown by the census of 1900 to be just in excess of 100,000. It had doubled during the ten years from 1880 to 1890, and doubled again from 1890 to 1900. To assume that this astonishing rate of growth would be continued for the next ten years seemed to be quite a sufficient allowance. It ap-



THE SAME VIEW



THIRD STREET HILL, ABOUT 1886

Photo by C. C. Pierce & Co.

peared clear that by full development of the existing supplies and prevention of wasteful consumption, ample water could be counted on for a population of more than a quarter of a million. This meant that the necessity for a large additional supply would not arise till well into the second decade of the century. The



1904

Photo by R. S. Crandall

first year's experience seemed to carry out this reasoning, as the increase in "services" amounted to about ten per cent. But in 1903, about 75 per cent more new services were required than the year before, and the new connections in 1904 exceeded by 25 per cent those of 1905. In fact, Los Angeles was again doubling its population—but this time in five years instead of ten. The margin of safety which had looked ample for a dozen or fifteen years had been almost eliminated in less than four. Meantime the most careful investigation had been made of every near-by source from which relief might possibly be expected, with the result of disclosing some costly palliatives but no permanent remedy. (The most complete statement of the facts in that respect may be found in the report prepared for the city last spring by J. B. Lippincott, Supervising Engineer of the U. S. Reclamation Service for this district, whose personal and professional character command the entire respect of both his fellow citizens and his professional associates). Where else to look?

And then a fantastic dream which had haunted Fred Eaton, engineer, ranchman and sometimes Mayor of Los Angeles, for more than a decade, began to put on the garb of sober fact. Thirteen years ago he saw, or thought he saw, that the day would come when Los Angeles would turn to the Owens Valley for a water supply. The hard-headed associates to whom he confided the vision scoffed at it. A city of not much more than 50,000, with water enough in sight for five times as many? And then to bring a river across two hundred and fifty miles of desert and mountains? Not in this generation! Yet of the years which we count as spanning the life of a generation, hardly a third had passed before the vision was proved truly prophetic. Today the urgent need for a moiety of the waters of the Owens River is at the door of Los Angeles; contracts have been made for the purchase of lands and water-rights sufficient for her requirements, and considerable sums of money paid to bind them; her citizens have voted (14 to 1) for a bond issue of \$1,500,000 to complete these purchases, make such additional ones as may be expedient, and commence the work of construction; and the city stands committed, if present plans be carried out, to the expenditure of at least \$20,000,000 within the next four years on "the Owens River Project."

For most of the facts which follow I am indebted to Superintendent Mulholland, who, by the way, could have written this article much more effectively than I, and who would have done so had he been able to spare time from the pressure of his public duties, always exacting but just now unusually so. It has not been possible for me to visit Owens Valley at this time, and if it

had been possible, I should still (being "nobbut a layman") have been obliged to rely principally upon the expert statements of those who have given the matter their professional attention.

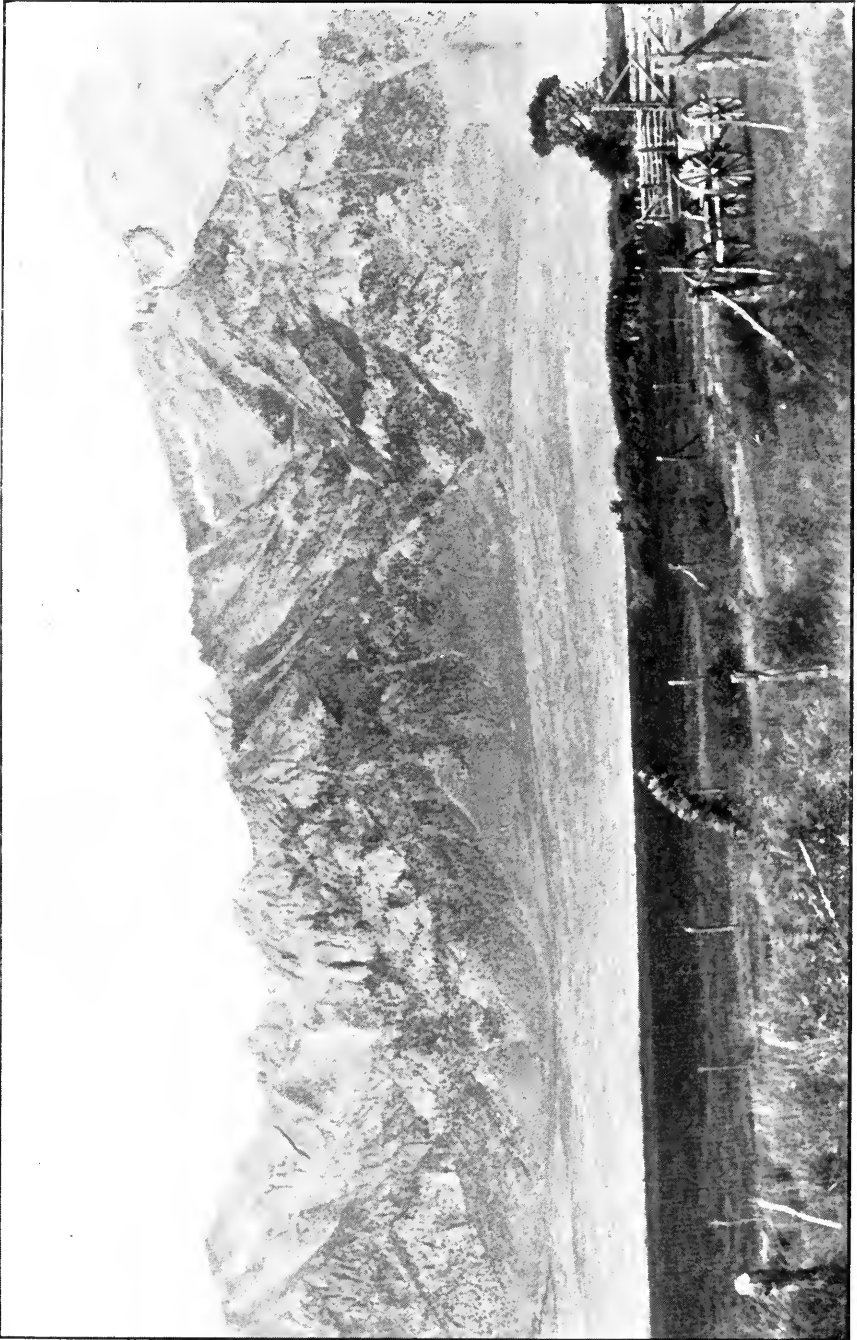
Owens Valley lies some two hundred miles northeast of Los Angeles, being a small but important part of Inyo County. It is bounded on the west and north by the Sierras, on the east by the lower range known at different points as the Inyo, White and Coso mountains; on the south it opens out into the Mojave Des-



FRED EATON, C. E.

Photo by Schumacher

ert. Roughly speaking, it is 110 miles long by ten miles wide. Its average elevation above sea-level is about 4,000 feet. The total population of the county in 1900 was 4,377 and the last assessed value of the entire county was \$2,505,000—Owens Valley containing much the greater part of both population and assessed value. Stock raising and agriculture are the chief industries of the valley, alfalfa being the most important crop. A branch of the Southern Pacific gives a roundabout railroad connection with



OWENS VALLEY

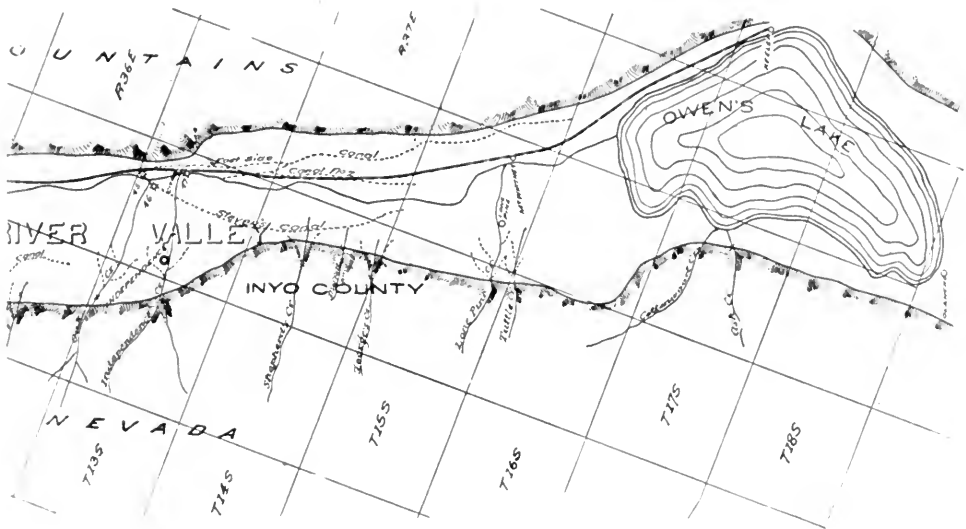
the rest of the State, by way of Nevada, the other means of communication being by way of Mojave and a thirty-six-hour stage ride across the desert. The isolation of the valley has interfered with the marketing of its crops, but the recent important mining developments in adjacent parts of Nevada have provided a good market for hay and other produce. The largest town in the valley is Independence, with about 500 inhabitants. Bishop, the county seat, has about 350.

Since the annual rainfall in the valley is exceedingly small, the existence of these communities and of practically the entire population of the valley depends absolutely upon the Owens River. This fine stream, whose average flow during the year probably



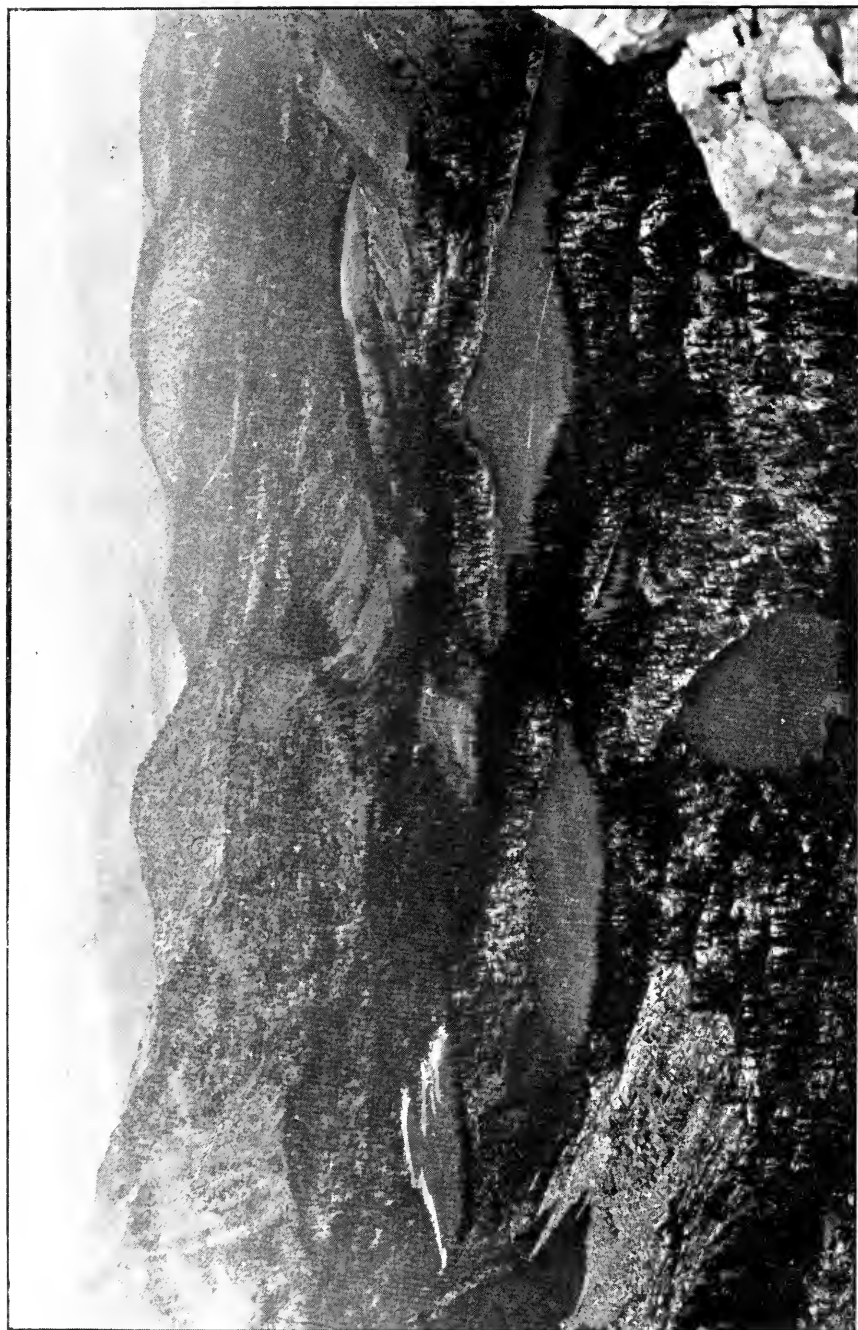
OWENS VALLEY

exceeds 30,000 miners' inches (equivalent to a daily supply of nearly 400,000,000 gallons) is fed by nearly forty creeks, which in turn head among the hundreds of sparkling lakes high up on the flanks of the Sierra Nevada or trace to living springs gushing out from the lava and granite. The greatest flow of the river is from May to early August. Its lowest stage is in early Spring and in late August and September. All the water not used by irrigators, or which, having been used, seeps back into the stream—at the lowest stages of the river a quantity greatly in excess of the entire present water-supply of Los Angeles—empties into Owens Lake, which has no outlet, is more highly alkaline than the Great Salt Lake, and, in spite of the floods which pour into it, is slowly shrinking under the desert sun.



tonwood Creek and Black Rock Springs, with other important water-rights; sites for impounding reservoirs convenient to the point at which it is proposed to divert the stream; and a large reservoir site in Long Valley, above the upper end of Owens Valley. With a dam 100 feet high and costing approximately \$200,000, the last-named reservoir will hold water to supply 7,500 miners' inches for a year—a daily flow of more than 95,000,000 gallons. It is not proposed to utilize this site at present, as the lower impounding reservoirs can be counted on for a steady supply of 4,500 miners' inches.

The point at which the water will be taken from the river is Charley's Butte, about thirty-seven miles above Owens Lake. (It is worth while to record here the fact that during the second week in October of this year, according to Mr. Eaton, who was there at the time, 15,000 miners' inches of water were flowing past that point.) The elevation above sea-level is 3,820 feet, and it would be entirely possible to carry the water into Los Angeles from there without a single tunnel and without a foot of pumping, in spite of the intervening mountain ranges. A most careful survey of all the "difficult territory" has proved that conclusively. In fact, however, it will be better engineering and more economical to drive about seventeen miles of tunnels. The longest of these will be about five miles, through the solid granite, and it is this which will determine the time required to complete the whole work. The tunnels will be fourteen feet wide and eleven feet high, with an arched roof. This will permit three drill-crews to work steadily in the face, and as the work will be



MAMMOTH LAKES, FED FROM THE CREST OF THE SIERRAS



MAMMOTH CREST



TWIN LAKE

pushed from each end, twenty feet a day is a fair estimate of the progress of the work. This fixes the time required to complete it at a little under four years. Forty miles of the rest of the work will be along sidehills, while the other hundred and fifty miles will require only excavating a ditch with the steam-shovel, building in the conduit and covering it over again. The conduit will be a monolithic concrete construction, fortified with steel, and will have the capacity for carrying 30,000 miners' inches of water, the average speed of flow being four miles an hour. At a few places inverted steel siphons will be necessary to provide



BOATING ON TWIN LAKE

against danger from cloudbursts. The minimum thickness of the conduit walls will be six and a half inches, and the 792,000 feet of conduit will require 320,000 tons of cement. Although the most modern devices will be employed to economize hand labor, the services of about 5,000 men will be steadily employed on the work, and a considerable part of the estimated cost of \$21,000,000 will therefore be expended directly for labor.

The present plan is to deliver that part of the water required to supplement the city's domestic supply into the Little Tejuña cañon, from which it will be rapidly absorbed by the mighty natural storage reservoir of the San Fernando, to filter slowly through the sand and gravel and enter the receiving galleries

of the city's water-plant only after five or six years. This does not mean, of course, that the city will have to wait for years after the work is completed before being able to use the water, if it is required, as it would be easy to carry it directly to the point of intake, instead of waiting for the deliberate process of percolation. The water not needed for domestic supply will pass into conduits at the foot of Little Tejunga cañon and be delivered directly to such irrigable tracts as may arrange for it.

Superintendent Mulholland's estimate of the cost of the entire enterprise as it has been outlined, including all purchases



LONG VALLEY DAM SITE, LOOKING UP STREAM

of land and water, is \$22,494,000. This has been worked out to the minutest detail, with a view to finding in every case the maximum reasonable cost instead of the minimum, and allowing a generous margin for error. The calculations have been checked over by both contractors and engineers, and all agree that they are sufficiently liberal. Mr. Mulholland has made estimates for work of the same general character costing, in the aggregate, many millions of dollars, and the actual expenditure has always been less than his figures called for. In fact, he expects in this case to keep several million dollars inside of his estimates. If so, so much the better. However that may turn out, at least one disinterested, conservative and competent engineer has

placed himself on record as willing to recommend the project to private capitalists, as a sound investment, even though the cost were \$45,000,000 instead of less than half that amount.

The condensed statement of facts through which I have just hastened may seem dry enough reading, but the results to which they converge should be sufficient to fire the practical imagination of the coldest brain. What the bringing of this noble stream across the desert and through the mountains will signify to Los Angeles and the surrounding country is eloquently set forth by Mr. Smythe in following pages, and I need not dwell



LONG VALLEY DAM SITE, LOOKING DOWN STREAM

upon it. Yet I cannot forbear from quoting a couple of sentences from the testimony of a thoughtful witness before the joint investigating committee of the commercial bodies of Los Angeles a few weeks ago: "We can put under cultivation all the lands from Duarte to Santa Monica, and practically all the lands in the San Fernando Valley. We can make half a dozen Riversides in this country that is surrounding us."

And this means—it is worth a paragraph to itself—that within a radius of thirty miles from the City Hall of Los Angeles there may be living, before this generation has passed, under conditions more nearly ideal than now exist in any community of



SILVER LAKE CLIFFS

similar size in the world, more people than are now in all California.

I have not as yet touched upon a feature of the Owens River Project, subsidiary, to be sure, to the vital need for the water itself, but of sufficient consequence to warrant the entire expenditure planned for—the opportunities for the development of power existing where a million tons of water pours daily for year after year out of a channel fourteen feet wide to a vertical fall of more than a quarter of a mile. This is a rough approximation (but within the truth) to an equivalent of what will



AUGUST SNOWBANKS ON A SIERRA CREST

actually happen in bringing a continuous flow of 20,000 miners' inches from the diversion point on Owens River to the San Fernando, according to the present plans. Mr. Mulholland estimates the total power development reasonably practicable along the entire distance at 85,000 to 90,000 horse-power. More than half of this will be available within a short distance from the point where the stream emerges from the longest tunnel into the Little Tejunga—a scant twenty-five miles from Los Angeles. Estimating the development at this point alone at 50,000 horse-power and assuming that private corporations would be very glad to take it all at an annual rental of \$15 per horse-power for the "head," constructing their own plant, it is clear that the

interest on the whole bond issue would be almost covered by this income alone.

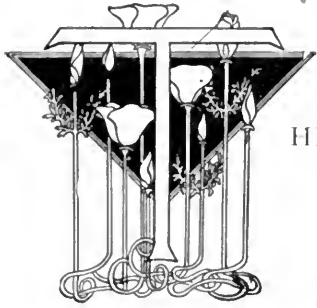
Yet, for myself, I do not think the interest will ever be provided in just that way. One of the first things to be done in carrying out the Owens River Project is to install a 1,000-horse-power plant on Cottonwood Creek, at a cost of \$250,000, from which will be furnished the power to drive the drills in the tunnels, to run the ventilators, to remove the debris, to excavate the ditches, to mix the concrete and convey it from the mixer to the point where it is used—in a word, to do whatever can be done to advantage about such construction by electrically-driven machinery. During the four years which must elapse before the water can be brought to the Little Tejunga, Los Angeles will have become quite accustomed to owning and operating its own power plant. And with the object lesson which we have already had of the wisdom of controlling our own water plant it would be strange indeed if we should consent to farming out another public utility once in our possession.

There is a dream of today which may seem to most even more fantastic than Fred Eaton's dream of thirteen years ago. It is of a Greater Los Angeles, reaching from the mountains to the sea, and from the San Gabriel to Simi Pass; a Los Angeles which shall contain within its bounds well towards two million men, women and children, more prosperous, happy and contented than a like number have ever been since history began to run; a Los Angeles whose citizens shall ride through broad and beautiful streets owned by the city, in cars belonging to the city, driven by power from the city's plant, to homes lighted by the city; a Los Angeles in which every private owner of public utilities shall have surrendered his power to tax his fellow citizens, having been paid a just—a generous—compensation for all that he had owned.

Fantastic the dream may be, but there are many who dare to dream it, and to believe that men already of middle age will live to see it "come true."

Los Angeles





THE SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE OWENS RIVER PROJECT

By WILLIAM E. SMYTHE

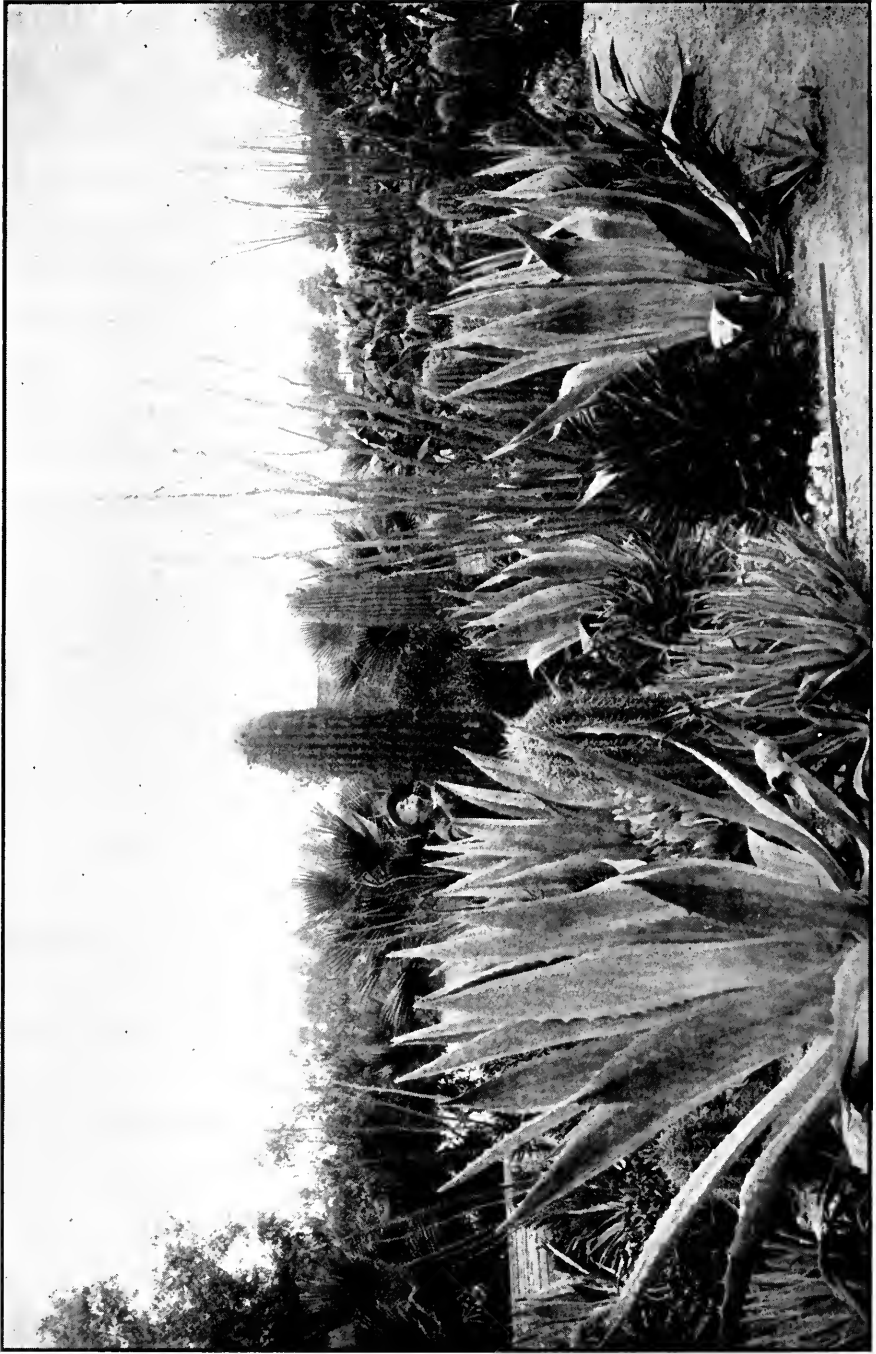
THE overshadowing fact about the Owens River development is its social significance—the fact that it will lay a secure foundation for a permanent, self-employed population to live prosperously within easy distance of what is destined to be one of the most remarkable cities in the world.

It is, of course, a great thing to solve the question of domestic water supply for an urban community which has grown so constantly and rapidly that few people now smile when its enthusiastic prophets predict a population of a million or more, but it is an infinitely greater thing to make it possible for such a population to become reasonably self-sustaining and measurably remove itself from the influence of outside vicissitudes.

A city which depends almost exclusively upon ulterior conditions for its own prosperity is never quite safe. This is particularly true of a city which relies to some extent on the favor of the tourist public, since travel for pleasure is one of the first luxuries to be curtailed in seasons of depression. The really solid town is the one whose banks, stores, factories, and transportation facilities are chiefly employed in serving a public drawing its sustenance from natural wealth in its immediate neighborhood. The difference is precisely that between a pyramid balanced upon its apex and a pyramid resting firmly upon its own foundation. In a certain degree, Los Angeles has been the former; with the assurance of a living stream from the high Sierras, it becomes the latter.

And so I repeat that while it is a great thing to make sure that Los Angeles is always to have plenty of water to drink and to apply for other domestic uses, and while it is a great thing to steady and even to strengthen the prices of its real estate, it is a far greater thing to make it possible for hundreds of thousands of people to dwell within its suburbs on land of their own, and to work for themselves in the midst of the most satisfying social conditions.

A distinguished United States engineer tells me that he can make a good living for himself and his family on a single acre of irrigated land at Hollywood. Superintendent Mulholland tells me that not less than a hundred thousand acres of such land will be irrigated by the new public system. Put these two authoritative statements together, while remembering that the average



CACTUS GARDEN IN WESTLAKE PARK

Photo by C. C. Pierce & Co.

rural family consists of five persons, and what is the picture which rises before your mind? Assuredly, it is the picture of half a million people living within a radius of twenty-five miles from the City Hall at Los Angeles, the majority of them within five to fifteen miles. Consider what this means, even from the material point of view.

Within the present limits of Los Angeles there lives a population of not far from two hundred thousand souls. Statistics are not at hand to indicate what proportion of these are actively engaged in regular employments, such as business, the professions, transportation, skilled and common labor, and what proportion



IN ECHO PARK, LOS ANGELES

Photo by C. C. Pierce & Co

represents the leisure class. While the latter element is doubtless unusually large, a vast majority are included among the workers in various lines. Among this majority, there is not one individual who will not be directly affected by the growth of a rural population in surrounding neighborhoods now sparsely peopled, notably the San Fernando Valley on the north and the great areas of fertile soil between the city and the sea.

To begin with, an army of labor will be needed to provide means for the distribution of water to thousands of little homesteads which are to be. This work will be carried on over a series of years and the expenditure for labor and material will amount to many millions, all of which is in addition to the city's great outlay on the major project. Doubtless the most approved



NATURAL OAK GROVE IN GRIFFITH PARK, LOS ANGELES

Photo by J. B. Lippincott

methods will be used in distributing water for irrigation. Every safeguard will be provided against the loss of the precious supply by seepage and evaporation. This will be costly, but so much the better for the community. It means a wider distribution of money in all channels while the work is going on, and it means a higher degree of prosperity for those who are to live on the land to the latest generation. In a locality densely settled, where land values are high, the best drainage facilities must also be provided—more money, more labor, more prosperity for all, now and hereafter. But this is merely the foundation.

There must be a constant extension of highways, equipped



WESTLAKE PARK

Photo by C. C. Pierce & Co.

with electric railroads. There must be thousands of private houses and many public buildings, such as schools, churches, libraries, postoffices, and auditoriums. And all these buildings must be furnished and prepared for habitation down to the last detail. When this has been accomplished, it is only the beginning of the permanent prosperity which will flow to the commercial and industrial establishments of the great town. For the thousands who come to live upon the reclaimed lands will be both producers and consumers. They will cater to the wants of the present population, as the present population will cater to them. Many millions of new wealth will be annually produced from



GRIFFITH PARK — A THicket IN THE BOTTOMS

Photo by J. B. Lippincott

soil now only useful in yielding light crops of grain, and these millions will be almost exclusively applied to the sustenance and expansion of the city and its immediately surrounding country.

The effect of this development on the manifold activities of Los Angeles is so palpable that it need not be dwelt upon. In a word, it means that the City of the Angels will maintain its present position and enhance it enormously without very much regard to what may happen north of Tehachepi or east of San Gorgonio. In an economic sense, it will be sufficient unto itself, and this in a degree which would be utterly impossible without the blessing of Owens River.

One could dwell upon this thought indefinitely—could call the roll of the rich but vacant neighborhoods surrounding scores of towns and villages in Los Angeles county, where severe limitations are set upon growth and the common prosperity by lack of water. But for the present purpose it is enough merely to suggest the possibilities which even the most painstaking study could hardly set forth in all their amplitude. The great fact is that Los Angeles has found a way to put a substantial foundation beneath the somewhat intangible superstructure which it has erected upon scenery, climate, and social advantages arising from the presence of great numbers of enterprising and cultivated people drawn from all parts of the United States. The prospect is wonderful indeed, but—by how narrow a margin was disaster escaped! Never did a city turn defeat into victory by a more daring and dramatic stroke than does Los Angeles in bringing Owens River to its doors. Literally, it plucks the flower Safety from the nettle Danger.

Not only had the city and its surrounding country exhausted all the surface streams, but it had begun to draw upon the gravel beds and had the gravest reason to fear the gradual failing of that source of supply. This condition was not merely local, but general throughout Southern California. At Pomona the water plane has fallen over one hundred feet. At San Bernardino, wells that were flowing two years ago now show a depth of fifty feet or more to water. The greatest body of underground water in Southern California is between Santa Ana and Compton; and even there the water plane has fallen over thirty feet in some places within four years. Other localities could be named where conditions are even more startling.

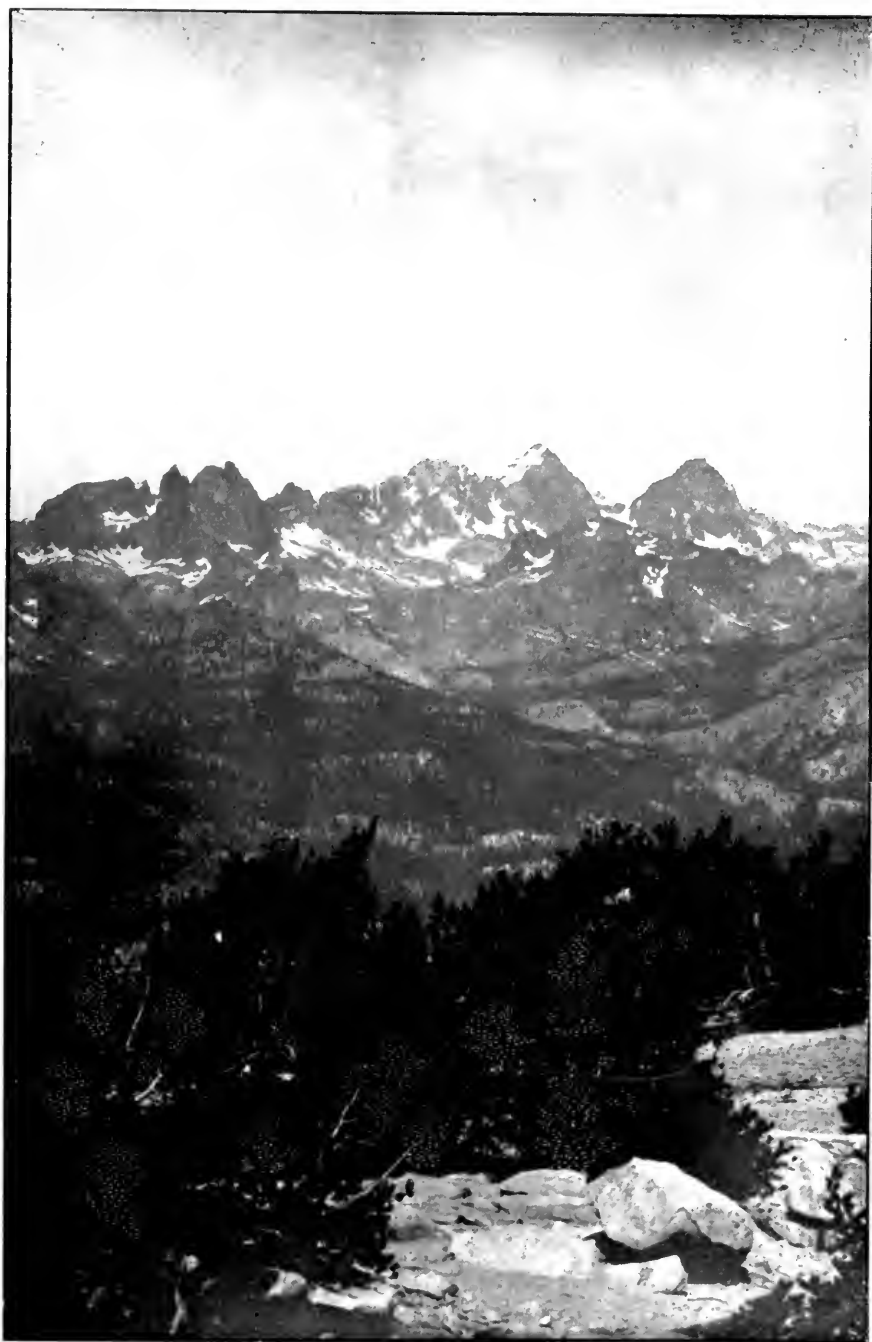
To the comparatively few who knew and understood the full significance of the situation, not only did progress seem impossible, but actual retrogression, with consequences that it would be difficult and certainly painful to imagine, appeared to obscure the prospect. Such was the alarming situation which Los Angeles

reversed, both for itself and its surrounding territory, when it turned to the high Sierras to obtain a great water supply. If it were not a case of life or death, it was at least a case of boundless growth or certain stagnation. No one who knows the people of Los Angeles could doubt the choice they would make under such circumstances.

Now, let us briefly consider the more purely social significance of this bold undertaking. The engineers tell us that they will not only have water for a city of a million people, but water sufficient to bring surrounding areas of fertile soil to the highest stage of production. Mr. Mulholland's estimate of one hundred thousand acres is considered conservative.

It is safe to assume that the irrigated lands will be divided, a few years hence, into very small units. This will be so, because the land must inevitably have extraordinary value, arising from the adequacy of the water supply, the proximity of a great city, the favorable climatic conditions, and the high social advantages which will be realized. The history of Southern California furnishes abundant proof of the fact that climate and society have commercial value which is promptly reflected in the price of real estate. And the history of every country shows that the proximity of productive land to a great market also enhances values. Does anyone doubt that many an acre of irrigated soil thus situated will earn five hundred dollars net every year upon the average? That is good interest on ten thousand dollars. It is at least certain that land will be valuable enough to compel the choice of a small farm unit on the part of many who occupy it.

What will they do with it? How would the distinguished engineer already quoted make a living for himself and family on one acre at Hollywood? Certainly not by raising grass or grain. That branch of agriculture must be left to those employing cheaper land and water and cultivating broad acres. Nor would he dare to stake the fortunes of his family upon a single acre devoted to fruit, even of the citrus varieties. The strong tendency on the smallest irrigated areas is to engage in the most intense forms of cultivation, so that each square foot may be made to yield its tribute in the form of food, or cash, or both. The man who lived for thirty years on a single acre in the Sacramento Valley died famous and well-to-do. He raised a wide variety of vegetables and small fruit, together with many carefully selected fruit trees, and kept considerable poultry. He made money every year and loaned it to neighbors who were having a losing fight on ten thousand-acre ranches. There is a man in Pasadena who realizes twelve hundred dollars a year from an acre of strawberries which he sells at the local fruit stands.



THE SNOWS OF THE SIERRAS



SUMMIT OF MAMMOTH CREST

It is conceivable that there might be an overproduction of small fruits and vegetables, but will there ever be an overproduction of three square meals a day? And is there really any doubt that industrious families who want to collect their living straight from the soil can do so where all conditions conspire to favor their effort as they will in the immediate neighborhood of Los Angeles when the melted snows of the Sierras shall moisten the land? There can be no reasonable doubt concerning that proposition. Families can reap a generous living from very small irrigated areas and have something to sell for cash. It is entirely possible that a higher organization of industry will be required to permit them to realize the best standard of living, and it is possible that some of the agencies which now compel the farmer to divide the profits of his labor will have to be readjusted or abolished. But there can be no doubt that mother earth will do her part to sustain a mass of people in a condition of enduring prosperity.

These people will live in the midst of the most ideal social conditions which the world has seen. From the mountains to the sea, the land will be like one great garden, filled with beautiful homes. The fortunate inhabitants will be of the country, yet of the town. They will enjoy the independence of the one, the neighborly association of the other. A few minutes' ride on the electric car will take them to the great school, the great church, the great theater, the great advantages of every sort, yet in the immediate neighborhood of their own dwelling they will find the material for the quieter forms of social enjoyment which come closer to the heart.

No one could pursue this fascinating aspect of the subject



MAMMOTH LAKE

without exposing himself to criticism as a painter of rosy pictures. Those who lack imagination to behold the picture with their own eyes will scarcely credit it when seen through the vision of another, while those possessing imagination will require no assistance in comprehending the true social significance of the Owens River development. In the writer's opinion, it is this feature of the vast enterprise which will challenge the world's attention most surely and fix it most intensely and enduringly. For material prosperity changes or passes, but social good survives. And there is reason to believe that the neighborhood of Los Angeles will supply the highest refinement which has ever come to the life of the common man.

THE RECLAMATION SERVICE AND THE OWENS VALLEY

By F. H. NEWELL, CHIEF ENGINEER



UNDER the Reclamation Act of June 17, 1905, surveys and examinations were begun in California to discover feasible opportunities for reclamation projects. There was already at the disposal of the Reclamation Service the knowledge and experience of Mr. J. B. Lippincott, supervising engineer for California. He had for many years previously been the hydrographer for the U. S. Geological Survey and had acquired a large amount of detailed and general information concerning the water resources of the State.

One of the localities to which attention was given was the Owens Valley. This, being remote from ordinary lines of travel, was a country concerning which there was very little definite information. It was impossible to form any accurate conception of the water supply, or to consider the relative merits of this locality as against other and better known parts of the State. As soon as it appeared that some other and apparently



CLAUSEN OF THE RECLAMATION SERVICE "AT HOME," IN THE OWENS VALLEY

more promising localities were too much involved by legal complications, work was begun in Owens Valley. Systematic river measurements were initiated and surveys made of reservoir sites and of irrigable lands. When it was known that the Reclamation Service had under consideration a project in this valley, there followed, as a matter of course, a rapid development of speculative interest, and attention was drawn to opportunities which might exist for investment by private capital. This invariably follows any survey made by the Reclamation Service, and although at all times the public and individuals are warned that these examinations are merely preliminary and may result in



OWENS RIVER GAGING STATION

condemning the project, yet the optimism of the promoter leads him to hope for the best and make corresponding recommendations to his principals. It is almost impossible to convince such a man that it is necessary to find out all of the unfavorable conditions as well as the favorable.

At the same time that investigations were being made in Owens Valley similar surveys were being conducted in other parts of the State, with the hope of taking up for construction as soon as possible the work which seemed to offer the least difficulty and the greatest benefit. In June, 1905, it became apparent that choice must soon be made between various projects, and a



TWIN LAKES

board of engineers, as is usual in such cases, was instructed to go over the engineering data and make recommendations. This board considered the situation in California, called attention to the vested rights already existing in the Owens Valley, also the proposed power developments and the purchases made by the city of Los Angeles with the intent of developing, if possible, a source of water supply. A recommendation was therefore made to the effect that no further expenditure be incurred on surveys until the legal status of various rights could be determined and the plans of various conflicting interests, particularly those of the city of Los Angeles, could be ascertained. In short, the project, though presenting many favorable features, was not such as to justify continuing to spend money, especially in view of the fact that the funds immediately available may be needed for other projects more favorably situated in the State.

The status, therefore, is that the Owens Valley project, as far



LAKE MARY

as surveys are concerned, is being held in abeyance for further consideration. Inquiries are being directed toward the legal aspect of the case and the Government is holding its present rights. It is impossible to predict what action will be taken until a more complete knowledge is had of the complications of land ownership and of existing claims to water. These are matters which in their finality must be dealt with by other branches of the Government than the Reclamation Service, and which must finally be passed upon by the Secretary of the Interior. In such matters the Reclamation Service is simply the organization by which the Secretary gathers a knowledge of engineering or physical facts.

Washington, D. C.

As might be inferred from the above statement, it is within the power of the Secretary of the Interior to block the City of Los Angeles by refusing to consent to right of way across forest reserves and other government land. Some of the reasons which should be considered against such action are given below.

In 1880 the population of the County of Los Angeles was 33,381 souls. In 1905 it is approximately 375,000, with reduced boundaries. This rapid development is due to the energy of its

people, coupled with remarkable climatic and topographical conditions. During this period of time the City of Los Angeles has been transformed from a remote agricultural district, using the waters of the Los Angeles River for irrigation purposes, into a prosperous town of 200,000, now consuming the entire flow of the river for domestic purposes. Where else can such rapid development be shown?

During the year 1904, 5,145 new water connections were made by the Water Works, representing a growth during that year of probably 25,000 people. The assessed valuation of the country



GRAIN IN THE OWENS VALLEY

is now approximately \$235,000,000, and the revenue derived from the sale of an inch of water for domestic purposes amount to fully \$500 per annum. It is assumed that a municipal domestic consumption of water is the highest use to which that water can be put. This is so recognized by the courts, and the law of eminent domain can be applied for this purpose.

For horticultural purposes in this neighborhood, the selling price of an inch of water is fully \$2,000. A miners' inch of water is equal to one-fiftieth of a cubic foot per second, or 13,000 gallons per day. At Corona, near Los Angeles, 600 miners' inches

of water this season served 4,000 acres of citrus trees, a large portion of which were not matured trees, and produced a crop worth \$1,500,000 on the Eastern market, or at the rate of \$2,500 per miners' inch for the season. The yield will largely increase with the age of the trees. Similar results are produced in other neighboring places. This amount of money is distributed between the growers, the pickers, the packers, box-makers, commission merchants and railroad companies.

Owens Valley is situated in Inyo County, California, and is a small but important portion of that county. The total population of the county in 1880 was 2,928. In 1900 it was 4,377. The



A SPECIMEN OF WASTE OF WATER IN THE OWENS VALLEY

assessed valuation of the entire county at the last assessment was \$2,600,000. An inch of water is worth, in Owens Valley, approximately \$20 when sold outright.

The Valley is bounded on the west by the lofty range of the Sierra Nevada, which is practically impassable, and on the east by a desert. The water supply is derived from the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada, flowing through the Owens River into the Owens Lake, which is a salt lake without outlet, where the waters not used for irrigation are evaporated.

The Valley is at an elevation of over 4,000 feet; it is cold and the growing season lasts from the first of May to the end of

September. It is impossible to grow citrus fruits in this region, and little else is produced than forage crops.

The depth of water, as applied annually for the growth of a crop of alfalfa, is from seven to nine feet. One and one-half miners' inches of water are used to the acre. Three crops of alfalfa are cut each year, amounting to about six tons to the acre, or four tons to the miners' inch. At the high price of \$10.00 this represents a value of \$40.00, as the result of the use of an inch of water one year in that section. This hay is used mostly in feeding live stock in the Valley itself. Because of the remote position of the county, very little produce is shipped out.

The total irrigated area in the Owens Valley is probably from 30,000 to 40,000 acres. By the regulation of the stream flow through storage reservoirs, by an adjustment of the rival claims of a dozen canals, and by the limitation of the present wasteful methods of using water, this irrigated area could possibly be extended from 60,000 to 80,000 acres additional to that now served.

In and around the City of Los Angeles the condition, with reference to the water supply, is distressing. The Los Angeles River is flowing about 2,000 miners' inches or 40 cubic feet per second. The summer consumption of the city is about 80 cubic feet per second. The additional amount required is obtained by pumping from underground water supplies. These water supplies are failing. The records of the Hydrographic Branch of the Geological Survey clearly and officially show this condition of affairs. It has been a subject of investigation and study for some four or five years, and confirmation of these statements is easily obtained.

The City of Pasadena, which immediately adjoins Los Angeles, is in a worse condition than the City of Los Angeles. Only by sinking wells deeper each year and running tunnels further into the gravel beds is the domestic water supply sustained. Orchards in this vicinity, which previously have been thrifty, are frequently abandoned.

The town of Hollywood, adjoining the City of Los Angeles on the west, is in still worse condition. It is only by suffrance on the part of the City of Los Angeles that Hollywood is obtaining water for domestic purposes.

If the Secretary of the Interior desires to prevent the City of Los Angeles from bringing any water to this locality he can do so by refusing to grant right of way applications over the public lands and through the forest reserves. It will, however, be well to consider carefully the fact that such an action would probably result, not only in checking a prosperous and rapid

growth of Southern California communities, but would possibly lead to their absolute retrogression.

The people of Los Angeles, by a vote of 14 to 1, supported by every commercial organization, have decided to undertake the construction of this monumental piece of work, at an estimated cost almost as great as the entire reclamation fund, doing the work as a public work and creating greater benefits than could be accomplished by the utilization of that water in Owens Valley.

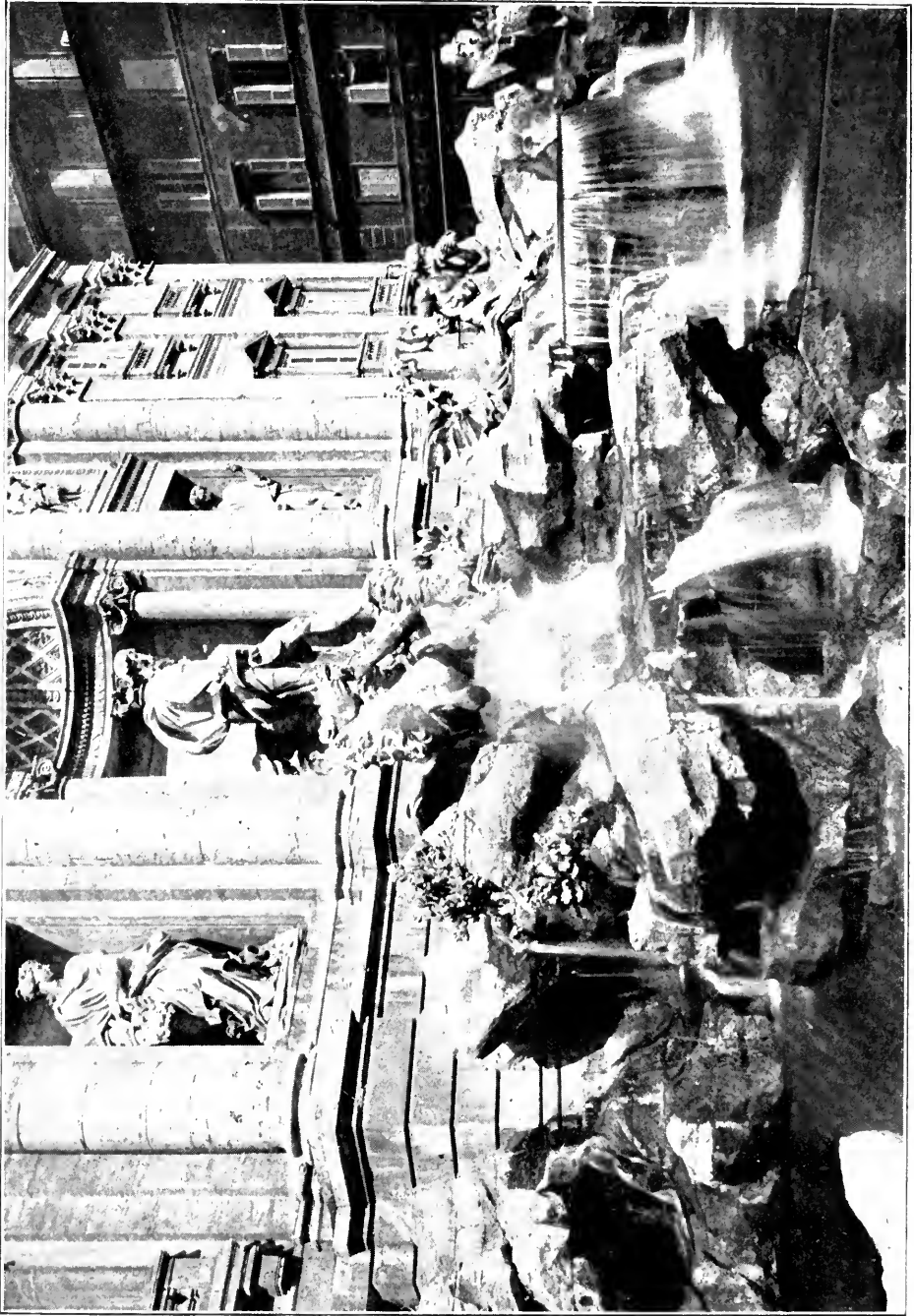
The City of Los Angeles is willing to pay fairly and even



AN OWENS VALLEY SCENE

generously for all that it obtains in the Owens Valley, but it is not willing to purchase dry and unproductive lands that are apparently being held for speculative purposes by those who were hoping for the construction of a Government Project in the Owens Valley. The City must go to Inyo County courts and juries in any condemnation it attempts, consequently the rights of that locality will be amply protected.

Los Angeles



"THE TORRENT OF THE TREVI"

"WATER OUT OF THE ROCK"

By GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

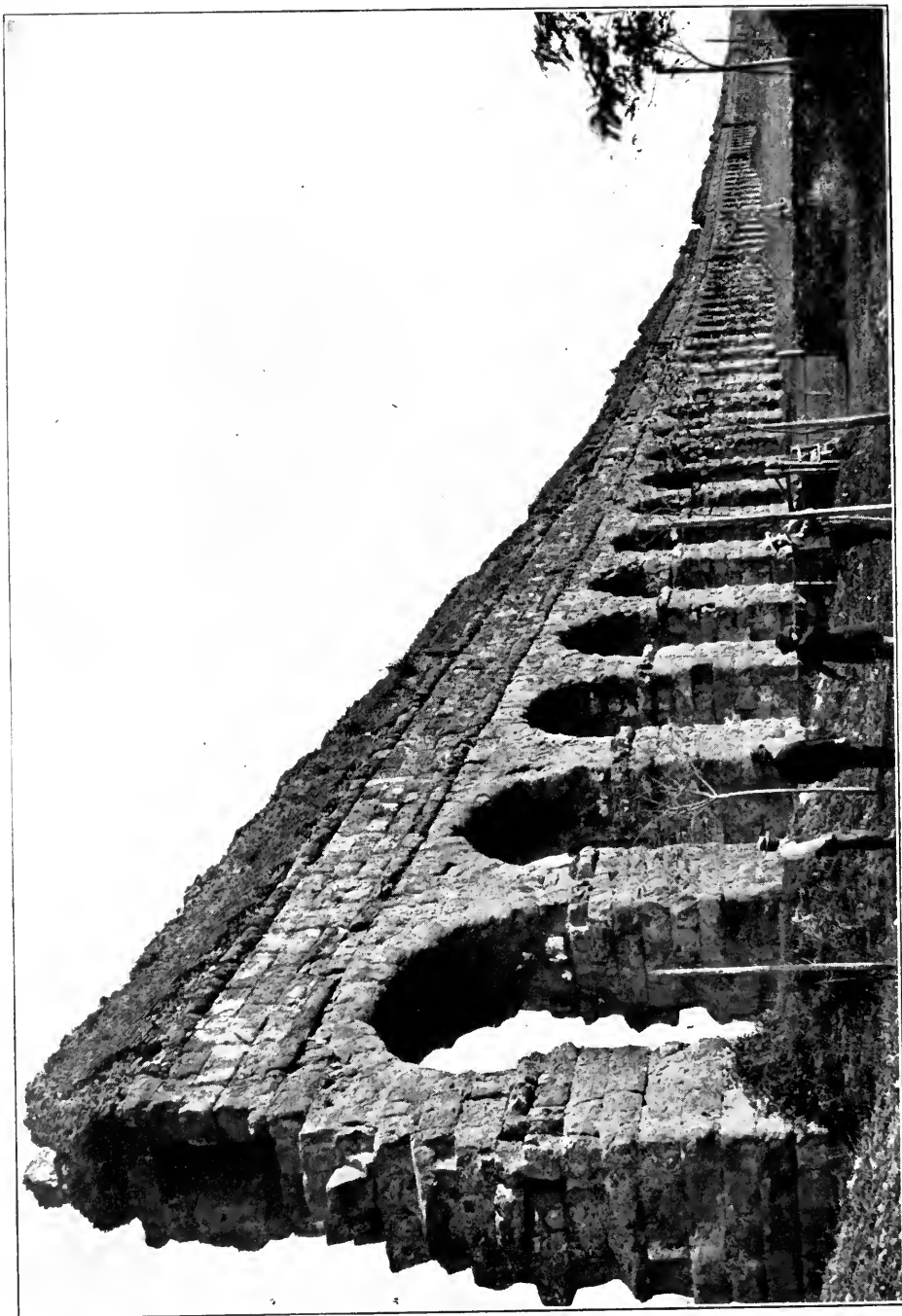
"**R**UNNING water," said Swedenborg, "is the symbol of living Truth." "Water," says a modern writer, "is the living joy of Rome."

No other city in the world boasts such a water supply; and who thinks of Rome thinks at once of two things binding together her Past and Present—the fountains which are her present charm and the aqueducts which were the glory of her Past.

Rome was not born a water-city ready-made. It has been truly said, the three things which prove the greatness of the early Romans are their paved roads, their aqueducts and their great sewers. Rome was an almost arid city to begin with, relying upon the Tiber, that "mud-puddle in strenuous motion," as Hawthorne justly describes it, for her water-supply, and upon certain cisterns, probably of rain-water, and such venerated springs as that of the Muses in the grove outside the Porta Capena beneath the Coelian hill. Such as it was, her very insufficient water-supply rose at periods and flooded her, precisely as if it had been a Western torrent, so that you may still see the records high up on the façades of ancient churches. For 400 years after the founding of the city she got along in this uncomfortable fashion, never having enough water, but frequently having too much.

Four hundred years later, nine great bodies of water were pouring into Rome through nine great aqueducts. Still later, this number rose to nineteen. The total length of the channels of the original nine was upwards of 285 Roman miles, of which 242 were cut beneath the surface, and forty-three carried on substructure above the ground. The height of level (with one solitary and relatively insignificant exception) increased with each new aqueduct. In other words, the equivalent of a stream twenty feet wide by six feet deep, with a fall six times as rapid as the river Thames, poured daily into Rome, between the times of Trajan and Aurelian, a supply estimated at 332,306,624 gallons—332 gallons per diem for every soul in a city of 1,000,000. In our days, we are told, forty gallons is esteemed "sufficient or excessive," "including the use of waters in manufactures, etc." This abundance of water, together with her excellent drainage, rendered Rome, in spite of her crowded population and an unhealthy neighborhood, one of the cities freest from the scourge of epidemic diseases of her times.

This article appeared in *OUR WEST* for October, 1903, as part of the series "What We Can Learn from Rome." It is reprinted for its peculiar appropriateness in connection with a treatment of the plan for bringing to Los Angeles as much water as Rome ever had, and from much further away.—Eds.



"THE GREATNESS OF THE EARLY ROMANS"



"MILES OF SILENT ARCHES"

Not merely was water abundant, but they went a long way to get it. The Aqua Marcia, famous to this day for its purity and coolness, bubbling up from a beautiful spring in the mountains, not far from Subiaco, rushes sixty-five miles through channel and aqueduct into the heart of Rome; and today—brought again into the city by an Anglo-Roman Company in 1872—this famous water supplies cisterns at the tops of houses on the high hills. Classical writers dilated upon its qualities; Shakespeare himself makes Brutus mention it in "Coriolanus," notwithstanding the small anachronism involved, seeing that the aqueduct was not constructed until 300 years after Brutus's death. It is still accounted the purest water in Rome. At its source it is said to be so cool that a glass of water plunged into it on a warm day shivers into fragments, as a glass will do in winter if boiling water be poured into it. It is sold on the street in bottles during the summer, and even when Rome is sweltering in heat, water run from the Aqua Marcia pipes, notwithstanding the heated metal in which it completes its passage, fills a goblet with a draught which it is difficult to believe has come uncooled to the lips across sixty miles of blazing Campagna. The utmost care was taken to protect the water in its passage that it might not be heated on the long journey; so also the greatest pains were taken to preserve the purest water for drinking solely, while the less sweet and delicate streams served for watering the great gardens, and supplying the 107 gratuitous baths of Rome, the

Emperor's palace and the Pretorian camps. At the time of Trajan and Hadrian a great deal of work was done to perfect the water-system of Rome, and the amazement of the people is recorded at seeing copious streams pouring over the arid heights of the Aventine. Centuries later, Pope Paul brought the same miracle to pass on the Janiculum, in the floods of the "Aqua Paolo," which to this day supply all Trastevere. Much such an amazement would seize the inhabitants of Los Angeles if limitless fountains suddenly burst forth on her highest and driest hills.

Having gotten their water, they took care of it. It had not



A MODERN AQUEDUCT

the benefit of belonging to a "Water Company." Today the Aqua Marcia is more or less in trouble on that very account, to judge from paragraphs in the papers, taking the mind back to California with a very homesick feeling.

Seven hundred men under Frontinus (from whom we derive all our information, and who acted as "Superintendent of Water-works" in his day) were employed to keep the filtering places and channels in proper repair. It is interesting—and suggestive—to know that of the 700 employes the Emperor paid for 460, the State for 240.

Everyone knows how marvelously these water-ways were built; how in channels, five Roman feet high, and two and a half feet broad, with walls a foot thick and roofs thicker still, the

water was carried over rough bottoms—to agitate and aerate, round bends at every half-mile—to break the force of the current, through filtering chambers ingeniously simple, by ventilating shafts, into reservoirs (whence branches bore it all over the thirsty Campagna, then a garden, now a desert) to burst at last into garden, home and fountain, in the torrents of the Trevi or the gentle splash of the Barchetta, so that at all times the air of Rome is "quite full of the sound of falling water." A blest boon, this, indeed, for an inland city. Nothing, when all is said, atones for the lack of water in a landscape save its artificial presence.



"ACROSS THE CAMPAGNA"

No one knows the true value of "water—the greatest thing in the world"—who has not lived in and loved an arid land. To one whose home is in our Southwest, where a "dry season" really means what it calls itself, and the very river is named "Seco"—who has known the jealous treasuring of little pools for thirsty roses, where every drop of water takes on something the value of a lesser gem, and watched impatient for that niggard "two hours" bath-time of the lawns and bushes every day, there is something intoxicating in the incessant, opulent, imperial abundance of water in Rome, to which the shallow Tiber has nothing to say. "Surely they will cut off the fountains," we say, as rainless month succeeds to rainless month—"surely the supply will be exhausted—the Zanjero will be upon us with his warnings;" but the children splash in it, the piazzas



"THE ONE COPIOUS BLESSING OF THE WRETCHED FLEB"

are wet with it, and the supply never fails. I have not envied Victor Emmanuel III nor the Pope, but I have mightily envied all summer long the man whose mission it is twice a day to lift up all the little square doors in the pavement, fasten his wheeled hose thereto, and make a significance of rain all over the hot stones, using his liberal discretion as to pools for the cab-horses to stand in and temporary ponds for the barefoot brown toes of children to riot in.

Nor could a Californian but be made thoughtful by all this. We have already the climate of Rome and her natural beauty—an improved edition of both; we have her trees and flowers, her kindly sea-breeze and her bracing mountain airs; we have even an insufficient river of our own, which yet I have seen rise, Tiber-like, and sweep away house, tree and bridge—nay, the very stream called "Dry" ran off with a postoffice in a time



"TO FILL BRONZE JAR OR FIASCO"

that is hardly past history; and have we not in our Sierras, to which the Sabines are but foothills, our glacial lakes, our rocky springs?—above all, have we not our engineers? Cannot a free people do what an enslaved one did? Is a Republic less omnipotent for good than an Empire? Have we not already made our far-away water into near-at-hand electricity, and cannot we compel the water itself? With water, Southern California would be unapproachable—the noblest southern country given to man.

This makes the poetry of Rome, this gives life and charm to every bare piazza and narrow alley, for as if this loveliest element must work itself out in beauty, it flowers here in a thousand beautiful forms, not only in the broad squares where sculptured figures pour it forth into great basins, or throw it high into the air, but from every street-corner where some quaint headthrusts forth from a gray wall. Here it is a faun who

fills a barrel, and there a mischievous sprite blows it out from his puffed cheeks, and in every court-yard, as you pass the wide portone, some basin or cascade greets the eye and ear, cooling, refreshing and delighting all together. None can doubt how much water has to do with the health and moral health of Rome; the children play, the elders loiter, everyone comes to fill his bronze jar or glass fiasco, and undergoes, all unawares, the subtle influence. In the time of Agrippa there were 700 reservoirs, large and mall, down to the household basin or cistern; there were 105 fountains and 170 gratuitous baths in Rome. Today the Thermae are represented by bathing houses on the Tiber, but the fountains seem to have multiplied themselves endlessly. Under Frontinus it was strictly forbidden to dip a dirty bucket into one of these street fountains, which



"FLOWERING INTO BEAUTIFUL FORMS"

then as now made glad the heart of Rome, and the hearts of her poorer population. An equal care was bestowed in distributing the overflow and in separating the surface water from the drainage in the great Cloaca, another glory of the ancient time from which we still may learn.

Second only, perhaps not even second in the long analysis, to this fundamental fact of water in any shape, is the subtle influence of these beautiful shapes, culminating in the majestic and august beauty of the Roman aqueduct. Here one's heart fails; we have invented the iron pipe, capable of sustaining torrents. I suppose, if we brought water from our glacial lakes and snow-fed streams, it would be in iron pipes across bare bridges. Yet I take heart again; only a small proportion of the Roman water-way is overground. Even if we piped and tunneled our Sierras, might there not be some sublime approach by bridge and noble arch within our city limits at the least?

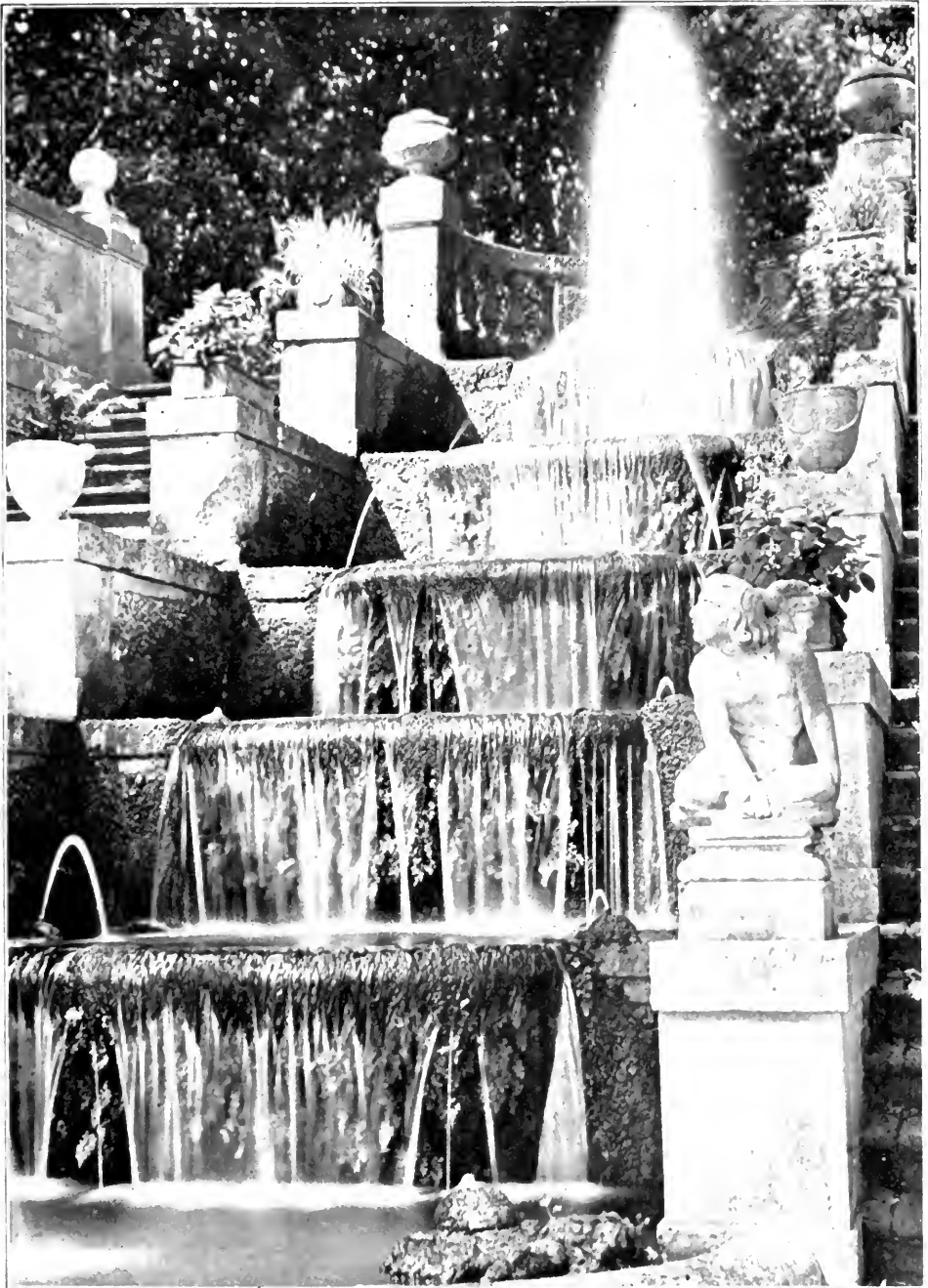


"OLD TRITON"

The chief approach to Rome lay between the magnificent arcades of the Marcian and Claudian aqueducts, not more than a hundred yards apart, and through their arches, thirty feet high on the one hand and fifty on the other, the wide Campagna stretched away to purple distances, to shadowy Monte Cavo and white Soracte. Not less than the power was the beauty. And here is a fact on which the education of the future will more and more have to rest. We shall never be really a great people until we have learned to take account of beauty as of religion. Beauty is in itself a religious influence; they who systematically leave it out of the account remain barbarians, and nothing is truly well done which is not beautifully done as well. The time will come when every work of utility will be a work of beauty, like the Roman aqueducts. This it is which makes the enduring charm, which causes something to spring to the eye and touch the heart at sight of those silent miles of arches, as no other Roman ruin, temple, or holy place can do. You cannot look upon them without realizing the giant streams of life and strength and joy they bore to ancient Rome. The palaces were for the Caesars, the Churches were for the purple Hierarchy, the temples were for the gods and the trophies of the conquerors, the water was for all, the one copious blessing of the wretched pleb. And with a right significance the arches of the aqueducts dominated all Rome, "among the grandest and most conspicuous objects," the most beautiful amid that world of beautiful structures, and the most enduring also.

When one thinks what equal splendor might be wrought for another Southland with the blessing of water, one sighs for a brief, beneficent Caesar. Next to water, the West lacks architecture. If only much water might be combined with a little architecture and the useful, honorable iron pipe flower into arch and bridge and fountain (not of the old forms but new and as noble), what an achievement were this! Who can call that uneconomical which rears at a certain present cost an object lesson of beauty to last two thousand years—which plants an influence of work silently upon a race throughout the generations of men? And who can justly declare that any work is economical which permanently neglects this element of the enduring beautiful?

If there is one development of art left for America it must be in the line of the beauty of the useful—in the ennobling of all which serves the noble common uses of life and humanity. This is art and work worthy a great democracy. Not palaces for any Emperor, but fair homes for a free people; not cathedrals for any hierarchial priesthood, but schools, colleges, libraries for the new religion of humanity, built and adorned as the temples and the churches of an elder day; not great gardens for any prince, noble, cardinal or millionaire, but great parks for a whole people; and among all the thousand forms in which the democracy will work out this religion of beauty, what can be worthier its best endeavors, better deserve its lavish care, than that which bears witness to the presence of the life-giving element, to flowing health, prosperity and happiness, in short to "water in a thirsty land."



SUCH THINGS AS THIS LOS ANGELES MAY LEARN FROM ROME

SONS OF THE SOIL

By EUGENE M. RHODES



THE train-load of cattle had been duly delivered to the consignees at the Kansas City stockyards, and Dallas was foot-loose. Followed the purchase of a ready-made suit of clothes, a bath and a shave, dinner and a twenty-hours' sleep.

He arose refreshed the next morning at ten, all fatigue from his wearisome trip with the cattle cast aside and forgotten. After dinner he sallied forth and boarded a street car.

Up Grand avenue they went, Dallas wholly intent on viewing the new town, and merely shaking his head at the conductor's invitation to take a transfer. The car became less crowded as the long run to Westport was done, and at length it stopped and the few remaining passengers got out.

The conductor approached the cowboy and said gruffly:

"Well, you'll have to get out."

Dallas put on his most verdant air. "Why?" he queried, innocently.

"Why?" Because we don't go any further, that's why," explosively.

"O-h-h!" said Dallas, seemingly much enlightened. Then, as one who is grasping at a new idea, "But—but, don't you go back?"

The irate conductor glared at him. "Go back! Of course, we go back! Do you think—" Here he choked and an eloquent pause ensued, Dallas looking in his face with an air of pleased expectation and interest, evidently awaiting further information.

"But, you'll have to pay again," he spluttered at last.

"Oh-h!" said Dallas again. He fished up his fare, and the conductor beat a retreat to the front platform, where he held a consultation with the motorman, with many suspicious glances at the solitary inmate of the car.

Dallas's features relaxed into a confidential grin.

Ten minutes later, as the conductor was hurriedly taking fares, Dallas touched him on the arm. The conductor turned sharply on him.

"Well—what is it now?" he snapped.

"I think," ventured Dallas, timidly, "I'll take one of them things."

"One of them what?"

"One of them there," and he pointed to the gaudy transfer-slips. The car was all attention now, the passengers nudging and giggling.

"Where to?"

"Huh?" responded Dallas, blankly.

The unfortunate conductor began to exhibit symptoms of strangulation.

"Where—do—you—want a transfer—to?"

"O-h! where to? Why, just anywheres."

A transfer slip was thrust hurriedly into his hand.

"Next street," said the conductor, red in the face with vexation.

The other passengers were boiling over, but Dallas was blandly unconscious.

When he was off, Dallas let his face relax again. "This Kansas City is sure a real nice town," he said softly to himself.

But one other passenger got off with him—a well set-up and well groomed young fellow with frank and pleasing features.

"Going to the ball-game?" he inquired.

Dallas looked at the smooth, clear, fresh young face, aglow with youth and health, and liked it—albeit mentally contrasting it with his own weather-beaten countenance. "No. I wasn't going anywhere in particular."

"Just taking a rise out of *him*?" suggested the other, jerking his thumb over his shoulder at the receding car.

Dallas nodded, and this time they both grinned.

"Better come on," continued the youth. "Great game—Kansas City and Buffalo."

"I'd just as lief," said Dallas. "That is, if you'll let me foot the bills while you explain the fine points to me. I used to play town ball oncet—in Dallas—but I ain't onto this baseball much."

"Just as you say," said the other. "I would 'Alphonse and Gaston' with you about it, but the fact is, money is low with me. Got laid off the other day, and haven't caught on to a new place yet. I really ought not to permit myself this indulgence." And he smiled ingratiatingly.

"Eaton is my name," he went on. "Jack Eaton."

Dallas extended his hand. "McComas is my name—call me Dallas."

They went to the park together, where Eaton was much engrossed with the ball game, and Dallas with a study of Eaton. Kansas City was getting the worst of the game, and as usual the "fans" were grossly abusive of the visiting team, and their best plays were met with a stony silence, while any rally by the home team was greeted with a storm of applause. But Dallas noted that Eaton, with a very few others, cheered a good hit or a difficult catch without reference to which side had made it; and he nodded his head in approval. "He'll do," he said to himself. After the game he put his hand on the other man's shoulder. "Let's walk down aways," he said. "I've a business proposition to make you."

When they were clear of the crowd, Dallas began. "D'ye want

a situation as private tutor? 'Cause if you do, here's the lay for you. I want a little course of manners-while-you-wait. Something neat, but not gaudy. Just enough so's they won't charge admission to see me eat, as I work my way further into the East. About clothes—and hats—and tan shoes—and bald-faced shirts—and ties. And introductions—and what to say when you put your foot through a lady's dress—when to drink out of finger-bowls—and all the really important things." He waved his hand in a comprehensive gesture.

"It isn't polish I'm looking for—just varnish. Life is too short to teach me all I don't know. I just want you to outline lightly how much I don't know—so I'll know *when* I don't know. As I figure it out, your not knowing a thing doesn't do you so much harm, so long as you know you don't know it. It's when you don't know *that*, that you grieve yourself and other friends. I want you to expose my ignorance as much as you can in a month, or, say six weeks, if you haven't rustled another job by that time. Then I want to pervade the effete East somewhat. Meantime I pay the freight regardless. Does it go?"

"It goes," said the younger man. "Only I'm not any gilded social success myself—only a clerk at twenty dollars per."

"A clerk at twenty dollars per can give me cards and spades and beat me out at this game," said Dallas. "I reckon you can tell me a heap more than I can learn anyhow."

It need not be said that a frontiersman would not take so radical a step as this without an adequate reason. In this case the reason was otherwise known as Miss Elizabeth Calvert of Detroit.

In due course of time Dallas presented himself at the Calverts' pleasant suburban home, announcing cheerfully that he had come East to grow up with the country. Mrs. Calvert was frankly delighted. Frank John received him with exuberant joy, and Mr. Calvert—whose knowledge of Dallas was derived from post-vacation reports from his wife, son and daughter—with marked warmth and cordiality. Miss Elizabeth was surprised. She consistently maintained this attitude long after she had had time for the novelty to have ceased to startle her. She was, moreover, elusive, capricious, changeable, arbitrary and unexpected. By which you will perceive that Miss Elizabeth was a thoroughly normal girl.

A dashing lieutenant, too, there was, loathed of Dallas's heart, who frequented the Calvert home, and to whom Miss Bessie was noticeably kind.

These things disturbed Dallas, but more than all else he was troubled by the sharp contrast between the life in the city and the bleak, desolate and lonely land he had come from, with its countless privations—accepted there without comment or regret: as much a matter of course there as were the thousand little comforts, refine-

ments and luxuries in the life Bessie had been accustomed to. Conditions which he had never thought of taking exception to, or even deeming undesirable, seemed monstrous now, when thought of as part of her future.

Frank John devoted most of his leisure to entertaining Dallas—dragging him to a great many places where he did not want to go, initiating him into the charms of automobiles, and steam launches, and giving glowing dissertations on the resources and future of Detroit—her show places, the volume of traffic through her water-ways, and, most of all, her street-car system, "the best in the world," as all good Detroit citizens inform the wayfaring man during the first fifteen minutes of their acquaintance.

"Frank John," said the visitor, about three weeks after his arrival, as they sauntered along the water front, "you folks don't seem to be going over the hills to the poor-house to any great extent. Now, I heard—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted his friend. "That was mostly young and excitable reporter. Had the Governor taking the count. 'Reports of my death greatly exaggerated,' Mark Twain once had occasion to wire a friend. That's very much the way it was with dad's financial downfall—though I believe he did get his fingers pinched a little. We'd better go home, if you're going to take in the flubdubbery at the Elton's."

"Not going," grunted the Westerner.

"I thought you were going to take Bess?"

"No—she's going with that diamond-dyed product of the Charity School on the Hudson," said Dallas, in deep disgust. "I'm done with this butterfly life, anyway—me. I'm going to get me something to do in this man's town, and after I get it, sell out my little old hook-and-ladder brand. I can see now how much smarter you fellows are than we are. You set the price on what you buy from us, and you set the price on what we buy from you. 'Now you take the crow and I'll take the turkey—or, I'll take the turkey and you take the crow,'" said the white hunter. 'Huh!' says the noble red man, 'You never say turkey to Injun oncet.' I want on the side of the table where the percentage is in my favor. Tomorrow I start out to get my bearings."

Miss Grace Van Arsdale leaned forward in her chair, her eyes sparkling with mischief. Miss Van Arsdale was visiting Miss Calvert, and had been that young lady's inseparable companion every time. Dallas had seen her for a month. Whether instigated thereunto by Miss Elizabeth or prompted by feminine free-masonry, it certainly had all the ear-marks of a conspiracy; and Dallas was growing restless and morose.

"Give an account of yourself, Mr. McComas," she said. "You have not been to call on us for a week."

"I have been looking into the leading industries of Michigan," said Dallas, eyeing his tormentor warily.

"And what do you think of our State?" pursued the catechiser. "Bessie says that in your country people are always asking one what one thinks of the West."

"*You'd* like it down there. It would just suit you. You'd be *so* interested in the cowboy's work—standing guard, and all that, you know," said Dallas pointedly. "And the sheep—and the little lam-mie-lambs. You remember Mary's little lamb, don't you? I think of that *so* often lately."

His adversary eyed him dubiously, ignoring his last remark.

"But you are already here," she said. "It will be time enough to see how I like New Mexico when I get down there."

Oh! I am sure you would like it," murmured Dallas politely.

"But you're here and have been looking about. Now give us the result of your research."

"The first thing a newcomer notices," complied Dallas, promptly, "is the immense amount of copper and—h'm—its alloys, for which your State is so justly famed. It is also the favorite haunt of the cranberry and—and other berries. But, after a month's looking into it, I should say that the great forests were the principal source of Michigan's wealth. The leading industry seems to be the production of lumber, breakfast food and pills. It is a nice question and one that will bear much study whether the pills bring on dyspepsia, thereby creating a demand for breakfast food—or t'otherwise."

Here the young ladies began to show signs of indignation. "At any rate," he artlessly prattled on, "the close association of the two great products is touching and appropriate. Pills—why, I did not know there were so many pills made in the world as there are right here in Detroit. They make enough pills here every year to make a necklace long enough to reach twenty-four times around the earth—or, was it two hundred and forty times?" he queried reflectively.

"You should admire the foresight, sagacity and acumen displayed in building up these immense industries," commented Miss Van Arsdale, severely. "I fear you are a sad scoffer, Mr. McComas. Are you not impressed with the ability and skill of our great commercial leaders?"

"Yes—some!" admitted Dallas; "but my principal impression was how easy it ought to be for me to learn French—me knowing some Spanish already."

"Carrol McComas, what are you talking about?" said Miss Elizabeth, sharply. "What on earth has French to do with our business men?"

"I was just thinking," explained Dallas, meekly, "how much similarity there is between the two languages at times. Compare our Captains of Industry with the French 'Chevaliers d'Industrie.' Almost identical, you see—the difference is not worth—"

"Oh, how *mean* you are," broke in the vivacious Miss Van Arsdale, pouting. "Do be serious, and don't poke fun at sacred subjects. Jestings aside, now, why all this searching after knowledge? Do you intend to make your home here, if you find a business worthy of your attention?"

"I—I did hope to"—hesitatingly—"but I'll have to change my plans, I guess. But I'll quit New Mexico anyhow."

"Yes?" said Miss Van Arsdale, with polite interest. "And where do you intend to go from here?"

"To—to Utah." He sighed mournfully.

Miss Van Arsdale sat up very straight, her cheeks aglow. She had thoroughly enjoyed the discomfort and embarrassment she had caused this young man for weeks, but now it seemed as if the tables were being turned. She began talking at once, to cover her confusion. This was unwise.

"You ought to marry and settle down here, Mr. McComas."

Dallas leaned toward her, a wistful look in his eye. "I—I thought—maybe," he faltered, hopefully, "that I could—persuade you and Miss Calvert—why, she's gone!"

For Miss Van Arsdale was sweeping majestically from the room, flashing a glance of withering indignation at him from the door.

"How dare you," said Miss Bessie, furiously, stamping her little foot. "You've insulted her. You insinuated that she was 'brassy' and as good as called her a gooseberry—"

"I? I did?" And Dallas opened his eyes in round amazement.

"Yes, you. You know very well you did. *Don't look at me like that.* You've driven her off."

"Now, who could have possibly expected that?" came the slow query. Innocent perplexity was in his tones, but he caught Miss Bessie's eye and both laughed in spite of themselves. "Anyhow, it is not near so lonesome since she's gone, is it?"

Miss Calvert regarded him in frigid silence.

"Well, as I was saying—"

"Not another word," said Miss Elizabeth, her face a divine crimson, "till you've made your peace with Gracie. I'm ashamed of you, sir!"

"Shall I—next time—shall I—eh?" stammered Dallas, humbly.

"Dallas, if you don't stop, I'll never speak to you again."

"Yes'm. But it did seem *so* impolite to leave her out when—Come back, Bessie—I won't—I promise—next time I—"

But Bessie was gone.

Dallas had found out one entirely unexpected thing, however—that there was no place for him in Detroit, except the commonest of unskilled labor. His previous experience was of no value to him here, and could not qualify him to assist in the utilization of by-products, or writing "ads" as to the ravages of the demon coffee. For an engineer, an architect, a chemist, an electrician, or the humbler crafts of the mechanic, printer, plumber—for blacksmiths, carpenters, painters, bricklayers—there was ample opportunity and liberal compensation, each after his degree. But Dallas was none of these, and at thirty-three it was too late to learn. He was fifteen years behind his class. Neither was he qualified for a sleek salesman, a bookkeeper, a stenographer, for life insurance, or real estate, bank cashier, or drummer, lawyer, preacher or doctor. One alternative alone remained—to sell his cattle and start a small store with his slender capital. This, to one of his habits of life, would be a mild and uninteresting form of going to the penitentiary, even if it were not almost ordained to failure.

He was a modest man, but could not help knowing that he was not lacking in ability. A life spent in getting impossible things done had taught him this; and he felt that with a little time he could have "made good" in many of the places he had tried for. No one cared for possibilities, however; something tangible and immediate was what they wanted. It never seemed to occur to them that marked success in one of the most trying and difficult callings in the world augured success in other lines. But then they didn't know there was anything difficult about the cattle business. How could they?

There always a brief inquiry as to specific experience in that particular line, followed by a briefer negative, and often by an incredulous stare at his presumption. And one piece of wisdom was bestowed upon him several hundred times by prosperous gentlemen who did not require his services. It was variously worded and stated sometimes kindly, sometimes arrogantly, but in effect it was always the same.

You will find it at the head of this story. *It is not true.*

So Dallas arrived at two conclusions, one general and one specific. The first was that it paid better to exploit, to buy and sell, to advertise, to manipulate, to adulterate, or to imitate anything than to produce it at first hand. The second was that he was, by instinct and training, a producer, a son of the soil for whom there was no place in the urban scheme of things.

He could not make a position for himself here such as he could ask Miss Bessie Calvert to accept, he would not ask her to give up her accustomed comforts, to share a pioneer's life with him—to give up the hope of winning her was out of his power. The question?

In all emergencies the first thought of the desert-bred is for his horse. To this instinct Dallas reverted in his hour of need, feeling that he could think it over more clearly if mounted. "I'll feel more like a real man on a horse again," he said. "Why, oh why didn't my folks have me taught to make pills?"

From a carload of western horses a certain livery-stable man had purchased a brown pony, liberally ornamented with generous white splotches of irregular design. A Roman nose he had with a crooked white streak running obliquely down from over one white-rimmed eye to the right side of his nose. The purchase was made in haste and repented in leisure. The spotted acquisition proved a horse of resource. He would fight, bite, kick and squeal, jump into the manger and snort in a reproachful and most disconcerting way. Many hostlers were bruised and sore because of him, even before the riding began.

Great trials and tribulations befell them when they first saddled him, and he threw off his unlucky riders day after day until it seemed that the sport palled on him and he suddenly stopped bucking in utter scorn of their horsemanship as totally unworthy of the conscientious efforts of a horse of his calibre. And then, week after week, he pined away, losing all interest in life, paying no more delicate attentions to the hostler, dull, sullen, unsociable and spiritless. It was a clear case of nostalgia. Who can doubt that he dreamed of mountain and valley, cañon and plain, the freedom of the open range, his wild comrades—and loathed the dull town and his cruel prison-house, as do all things wild and free?

He got disgracefully fat, and the fatter he got the lazier he got; the lazier he got, the fatter—and so on.

Now into this livery stable came upon a day a quiet man and small, of mild appearance, who wanted a saddle horse.

"A saddle horse, yes, sir—this way, sir—take a seat, sir, in the office till he's saddled, sir."

"But," objected Dallas, "I want to see what kind of a mount you give me."

"Oh! yes, sir—this way, sir. There's a fine horse, sir—that black—or that bay filly beyond."

But Dallas had caught a glimpse of a brown head tossing restlessly, an arching Roman nose, and a vicious white eye. Such an outline he had seen a thousand times tossing above a "milling" *remuda*.

It was the one touch of the West he had seen in months—and there was something suspiciously like a lump in his throat as he walked swiftly down the stalls. Right—right for a thousand dollars—it was a ranch horse—witness the disfiguring brand.

All the homesickness restrained so long surged up into an almost

uncontrollable longing for the Open Spaces. "I'll take this one," he said.

Yes, sir. But he's very slow, sir."

"Never mind—I'll take him." And he slapped the spotted pony jovially on the neck. "Wake up old man—you've slept too late!"

The pony eyed him hopefully for a moment, as if there was something in the hearty ringing tones that appealed to him; but observing the hat, shoes and the rest of the reasonably "correct" costume Dallas wore, he languidly closed his eyes, giving a sight of resignation as he was led from the stall.

"Oh," said Dallas hastily, a moment later, "haven't you got a *saddle*?"

The attendant looked puzzled.

"A saddle," repeated Dallas, impatiently. "A Western saddle, a double-cinch saddle—a—why—a *saddle* in fact."

"Yes, sir," said the hostler, brightening up, "there's one here somewhere, sir. But it is very heavy, sir."

After some research he produced a very creditable specimen of the "Citizen" saddle—that is to say a light and cheap imitation of the genuine cowboy saddle. Whereat Dallas smiled behind his hand.

At the unwonted and almost forgotten pressure of the hind cinch the pinto threw up his head and looked wildly around as if searching for the instigator of this outrage. And when Dallas took him by the check-piece he snorted in amazement and recollection and began to dance.

"He hasn't shown that much life before in a year," said a second hostler, pausing in amazement. "Look at that, now!"

Dallas "checked" the pony up firmly with his left hand, held the saddle-horn in his right and reached for the stirrup. The pinto reared up, whirled, tried to get into the saddle, there was a gyrating view of agitated brown-and-white spinning round like a top—and Dallas slid easily into the saddle, seemingly without effort. Three things happened at one and the same time. The first was the cowboy challenge, clear jubilant, defiant. "Lil-la—lil-la—lil-la—lye—l-e-e-hu!" The second was that Dallas had leaned forward, a rein in each hand and was raking his thumbs up and down the spotted neck, and the third was that the pony was pitching, cheerfully, joyously, whole-heartedly. And as they passed out of the door and out of sight, the two hostlers looked at each other in bewilderment. "Now, what do you think of that?" said one. "Him that would not strike a trot!"

They went on their way mutually rejoicing. Who shall say that both these strangers in a strange land did not feel comfort and comradeship, each for the other? Certainly the man felt it; as certainly the paint-horse acted as if he did, prancing, sneezing, champing at

the bit, cocking his ears, shying in affected alarm, and ever flashing back an inquiring eye at this new acquaintance who wore standing collars and knew how to ride. If they had taken the right-hand road an hour later—But—they took the left, which brought them presently to Crittenden Park.

It was Saturday afternoon and the crack suburban band was delighting the ears of society. Society was present in force. The seats were filled with brilliant groups, the walks were one slow-moving procession, and the drives crowded with all manner of vehicles.

So much Dallas saw as he approached. Then, without warning, a heavy carriage, drawn by two frantic blacks, came whirling at utmost speed around the corner in front of him. The first seat was empty, the lines dragging and a girl and two children were clinging to the back seat. And in that same instant the pinto gathered his wiry muscles together and hurled after them.

Untrained? Unready? The mad plunges down the scarred sides of Blue Mesa, the wild races through the Fornillo Bosques—that hard training came into play now. He sat back in his saddle the reins held loosely, while the pinto gleamed through the throng of running men and the crush of crowding vehicles, his ears twitching, one wicked white eye rolling back reassuringly at his master.

Who touched the brown neck lightly with the reins, and pressed the heaving sides with his knees, that he might swerve to this side or to that, where death laid in ambush.

"I guess," said Dallas, grimly, "this is one place where I fit in."

A wild uproar of shouting men and screaming women—

Nearer—nearer—the flying carriage struck the wheel of a surrey and Dallas raced through a shower of spokes.

An open lane ahead—now!

The pinto shot forward as if he had been standing still before, the wicked head low down, his fleet limbs straining in a last tremendous and desperate effort—closer—closer—ten yards—five—three—two—just room to pass between the runaways and the buggies crowding to and upon the curb.

Another yard and the cowboy swooped swiftly down, clutched at the dragging lines and was back in the saddle—all in the fraction of a second, and they thundered down the street with undiminished speed.

He guided the flying pinto with his knees, guiding the runaways firmly with the strong brown hands, content at first to ward off a collision.

Then slowly, slowly he checked them—not too suddenly lest the lines should break, playing the straining runaways as an angler plays his game.

Steady! Steady—so!

Dallas wrapped the lines around the saddle-horn, and the spotted pony laid back his ears, sat down and slid.

A dozen men were at the runaways' head—and the work was done.

A sea of faces that swelled and surged toward him, with waving of white hands and filmy kerchiefs like foam on the waves' crests—the thunder of cheering voice—over and over—again and again.

Yet he did not hear or heed, but turned the pinto's face to the west and looked steadfastly over them all—to where a thousand and a thousand miles away his own kind dwelt in his own country!

Breed of the West! whose training, if it does not make money, makes men—the day will come when our flag reels backward in a losing fight, when banded foes clutch at the Nation's throat—when the Mighty Mother shall have need of all her Sons.

His face was bleeding where he had struck the wheel as he reached down for the lines; but he did not feel it, rejoicing that he had vindicated his kind in his own eyes, and upheld his right and theirs to cumber the earth yet a little longer. Then above all the tumult he heard at his knee a pleading voice, half-timid, half-exultant—

"Carrol!" it said.

"You never saw anything like it in all your life," said Grace Van Arsdale to her next friend. "We—Bessie Calvert and I—were driving with George and Harry and we saw the whole thing.

"No race horse ever seemed to run like that absurd spotted pony.

"And that little man sat up there just as calm and unconcerned as if he was swinging in a hammock. *How* he ever got through there with buggies backing and turning without someone getting killed I can't imagine. I knew him, you know—met him at Calvert's. I'm afraid," giggling, "I tried to draw him out—and he—my dear, he has an awful sharp tongue.

"He said—never mind—I'll never try to patronize a man like him again. Where was I? Well, when he reached down and picked up the reins, I just screamed, and most all the women did, but Bessie. She was pale, but I don't believe she was frightened, and she just gripped the buggy-seat and looked—Oh, so proud! He stopped the runaways just beyond us—and what did Bessie do but jump out and go straight to him—right through the crowd of men. 'Let me pass, please—let me pass!' she kept saying—and, my dear, I distinctly saw her pushing and pulling men aside to get through. Did you ever?

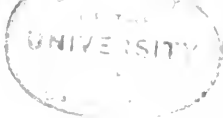
"When the men had the runaways by the head and the children and the girl were helped out, he—Mr. McComas—turned around and stood there throwing his head back with such a queer look on his face, and, my dear, that spotted horse held his head up exactly the same way, and looked proud just as if he knew he had distinguished himself. I'm sure he knew that part of the cheering was for him.

"Then Bessie came up beside Mr. McComas and spoke to him—and the blood dripped off from his face onto her beautiful gown and she never noticed it!"

"He was off in a moment, and what do you think? They went strolling off down the street, chatting confidentially.

"A thousand people were looking at them—and they did not seem to know there was anyone in the whole wide world but them.

"They cheered louder than ever then, and *they* didn't notice that, *not a bit*.



"Then everybody was quiet as a mouse—and they never noticed *that*, either, but went right on down the middle of the street and turned the corner, leading that pony.

"Oh, that ridiculous spotted pony! The darling hero, he danced and pranced and tossed his head, and kept pointing one ear forward, and the other back, and watching Bessie and Mr. McComas—turning his head first to one and then to the other, for all the world like he was listening to every word they said!

"And I'm sure they'll make a match!"

"Carrol! how proud I am of you," she said, her voice trembling.

Dallas hooked the reins over his arm, and walked around to Bessie's left, that she might not have the torn side of his face next to her. "And the pinto pony?" he suggested.

"And the pinto pony," she acquiesced, dimpling. "Why, Carrol, this is just the way we walked that first morning at Bear Den. Do you remember?"

"Yes—I remember."

A lane opened for them through the crowd, and they walked slowly on. She looked at him furtively. Then with averted eyes:

"Do you remember, Carrol, our last night—there?"

"No, I have forgotten," firmly.

"Are you sure?" queried Bessie, softly, her cheeks glowing.

"Quite sure," uncompromisingly.

"Um—m—m," said Bessie, meditatively. "When did you forget?"

"I forgot when I found there was no place here for such as me." He spoke severely. "I don't belong here. We are going back home this week."

"We?" said Bessie, with raised eyebrows.

"Pinto and me." He turned and stroked the pinto's nose.

"Oh!"

"I don't fit in here—and the Southwest is no place for—for those used to different things. Keep a memory for me, Bessie. I am going back home to my people."

"To *Our* People," said Bessie, pale but deliberate.

"Bessie!"

"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.—Carrol!"

The ranch-house stands among the pines on the western slope of the Magdalenas, looking out over the vast sunlit valley, to the mighty bulk of the San Mateos beyond.

There a sedate and knowing spotted pony, full of years and honors, comes up the cañon daily, waters at the troughs and proceeds soberly to the house-lot, where he stands with his head over the fence.

"You old scoundrel," says Dallas. "You speckled scoundrel beast."

The pony lays his ears back. "Kids, here's your mount. Bring your corn."

The patter of running feet—the sound of happy voices in chorus:

"Oh! Pinto's come! Pinto's tum!"

THE SOUTHWEST SOCIETY
Archæological Institute of America.

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*By their consent, and subscribed by the Southwest Society.

THE sober story of the Southwest Society seems almost too good to be true. It could not be true, probably, in any other community. The Society is now twenty-three months old and has twenty-five life members (at \$100 each) and 313 annual members (at \$10 per annum each)—a record doubtless never matched anywhere. This unparalleled growth is due to what it has done and is going to do—and both have been frequently outlined in these pages. Its actual accomplishment for science is probably as unique as its numerical growth—time, means and all considered.

The Society has become hardened to Success—success is what it began for. It believes that Science, Common Sense and "Business" can pull together—and is driving that team. It means to be practical as the Materialists, as scientific as the Idealists, and to make the combination a permanent advantage to the world's scholarship and to this community today, tomorrow and forever. And this community has seen the point. That is why the biggest, though youngest, scientific affiliation in America has grown up here in less than two years.

But its latest victory is best:

For many years the Department of the Interior has denied all comers permission to conduct scientific exploration on the Indian Reservations of the Southwest. For that matter, official per-

mission has probably never been granted anyone. In the careless old days, foreign and American institutions have unscientifically gophered in this wonderful treasure-house of American antiquities, and have mostly purchased (from sheep-herders and traders) unidentified objects from "somewhere in New Mexico" or Arizona. Later, a sense of its responsibilities in preserving for the benefit of the public the wealth of American archaeology (as interesting and valuable, and more numerous, than the like remains in classic lands) has grown up in the Department of the Interior, which controls the public domain of the United States; and regulations have been thrown about the most important prehistoric ruins. Within a year or so there has even arisen a recognition of the need of such protection as Greece, Italy, Mexico, Peru, and practically every other civilized country, affords its own antiquities; and various departments of the government are now in consultation with leading scientific bodies of this country to secure the passage of an adequate bill for this purpose. One or two bills have already been killed in Congress, chiefly through the instrumentality of Mr. Cannon; and while it seemed a hardship at the time, it is probably just as well that these rather undigested plans did not succeed. It gives room for a wiser bill to be passed this year.

Very naturally this policy of protection of our remains has been considerably formulated by routine clerks. The large Americans who are at the head of government departments, are too busy to know in detail all that is in their jurisdiction. They depend overwhelmingly on the recommendations of their clerks. The clerks in turn, being in the way of routine, and unfamiliar with anything of the field conditions, have naturally followed the line of least resistance; and the policy of protection of antiquities had grown to be a Chinese wall.

Harvard University, the Field Columbian Museum, the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, the Brooklyn Museum—and in fact all other prominent museums in the United States—have been denied access to government reservations in the Southwest. For obvious reasons, the most important antiquities are mostly situated on these reservations. The matter had gone so far in Red Tape that some of the most distinguished archaeologists alive have been chased off Indian Reservations by \$1500-a-year Indian agents, lest they acquire something for science. Not very long ago—in fact, within three months—President Harper, of the University of Chicago, applied for permission to conduct scientific exploration on such reservations, and was denied. After long protest, these many and influential institutions had practically thrown up their hands; and the Indian Reservations, with their incalculable riches for the world's scholarship, were a sealed book.

On the 6th of July the Southwest Society addressed to the Department of the Interior a formal request to be allowed to conduct scientific explorations in a certain part of Arizona; a portion of the area being included in an Indian Reservation. In due time and formally, the application was absolutely denied, the reasons for this general policy being set forth.

Thereupon the Southwest Society took steps to get over the

heads of the routine clerks to the larger Americans who are the responsible heads of this government. The facts in the case were presented, both as concerns science in general, and the rights of this Western community in particular. After a full correspondencé, the policy of the Interior Department has been changed in favor of the Southwest Society—which means, of course, also in favor of any other responsible scientific body. The Southwest Society has been granted official permission to conduct scientific exploration on Indian Reservations, in co-operation with the Bureau of American Ethnology. This means that the Southwest Museum can have a collection from its own field—and this museum means to have from this field the best collection in the world. Much of the correspondence must, of course, be held confidential; but the official permit is herewith appended:

October 3, 1905.

Chas. F. Lummis, Esq.,

Secretary of the Southwest Society, Archaeological Institute of America,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Sir:—You are advised that upon the recommendation of this Office the Acting Secretary of the Interior, under date of the 28th ultimo, granted conditional permission for your Society to conduct archaeological explorations on Indian reservations in the Southwest—"such work to be done in co-operation with, and under the oversight of, the Bureau of American Ethnology."

The Department, in granting this authority, instructs this Office to advise you of its action and to direct you to correspond with the Chief of the said Bureau, to the end that your Society may co-operate with that Bureau, as indicated.

For your full information, a copy of the Acting Secretary's letter of September 28 last, is enclosed.

In view of the Department's instructions, you are hereby directed to correspond with the Chief of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution, to the end that proper arrangements may be made to prosecute the proposed work, under the supervision of, and in co-operation with, the said Bureau.

Very respectfully,

C. F. LARRABEE,
Acting Commissioner.

This is the largest victory ever won by any scientific body in the United States—largest not only for its own interests, but for American science altogether. Other museums will profit by and advance the world's scholarship in proportion to their enterprise—and many of them have almost limitless means at their disposal. The Southwest Society engages that in this, its home field, it will rank second to none of them in the quality of its collections. The quantity will depend entirely on the financial support of this community for whom the Society has earned the chance to have, for the education of our own day and for our children, such a museum as does not yet exist anywhere in the United States.

It is gratifying to the Southwest Society, and probably will be to the community it serves, that its reputation among the world's scientists is already sufficient to have brought about this special consideration. The official report of the scientific bodies to which the Department of the Interior referred the petition of the Southwest Society was so flattering as to settle the question beyond cavil. It is mildly reflected in the appended letter from the Acting Secretary of the Interior to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs:

September 28, 1905.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

Sir:—I have received and considered your communication of the 23d instant, reporting upon the application of the Southwest Society of the Archaeological Institute of America, for permission to conduct archaeological explorations on Indian Reservations in the Southwest.

You refer to the esteem in which this society is held by the Smithsonian Institution and the Bureau of American Ethnology, as set forth in the letter of Professor Holmes of September 13, 1905, and concurred in by the Acting Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, under date of September 14th, and you express the opinion that no reasonable objection could be raised against permitting the said society to undertake the proposed work under the supervision of the Government; and, further, that permission to co-operate with the said Bureau in the manner indicated would meet the requirements of the law, as understood by your Office, and at the same time be of great service to the Government. You therefore recommend that permission be granted the Southwest Society of the Archaeological Institute of America, to conduct archaeological explorations, and to make excavations on Indian Reservations in the Southwest, upon the condition that such work be done in co-operation with, and under the oversight of, the Bureau of American Ethnology.

This recommendation is approved, and you will advise the Secretary of the Southwest Society of this action, and direct him to correspond with the Chief of said Bureau to the end that his society may co-operate with that Bureau as indicated. You will also notify the Bureau of Ethnology of this conditional authority, and request that your Office be advised of any arrangements made for the work in question, in order that Agents or Superintendents in charge of reservation to be visited may be given proper instructions, etc.

The enclosures of your said letter are herewith returned.

Very respectfully

THOS. RYAN,
Acting Secretary.

The Society's First Arizona Expedition returned from the field last month, after a six weeks' campaign which was eminently successful. With the expenditure of a ridiculously small sum of money, the party visited over eighty prehistoric ruins and conducted excavations in the more promising ones. The visible fruits of exploration are 400 museum specimens, enough to fill three display cases. Among the finds are several that have no parallel in any museum in the world. An illustrated paper on this expedition will appear in an early number of the magazine.

In view of the magnificent success of the Society in securing the opening of the Indian Reservations to scientific research, active preparations for making the best of this new privilege will be taken by the Society for the Southwest Museum.

Since the last number of this magazine the following new members have been enrolled:

Geo. J. Birkel, Los Angeles.	Chas. Donlon, Oxnard, Cal.
Harry B. Chase, Riverside, Cal.	Tod Ford, Pasadena, Cal.
Woods Hutchinson, M. D., Redlands, Cal.	Mrs. Eldredge M. Fowler, Pasadena, Cal.
Col. S. H. Finley, Santa Ana, Cal.	

Major E. W. Jones, President of the Loyal Legion, has been elected permanent chairman of the Executive Committee.



THREE

DEGREES

FEVER

No other country in the world ever did have so acute an attack of bookishness as the United States tosses with today. This is largely due to the newspapers; which multiply not only our "hearing about" new books, and the underwear of their authors, but the number of hundreds of thousands of confiding citizens that can be persuaded to buy a literary pig-in-a-poke by such daily hypnosis—they have even made us feel almost as guilty not to have read the Six Best Sellers as to have been president of an insurance company.

The deepest criticism of us by the best minds of older countries—and of our own—is our lack of a scholarly class. There is no equal area of population in the world which opens books one-half so ceaselessly as we do; but we have as yet little to show for the opening, as compared with England—and particularly with Germany. Even much lesser countries than these thrust a tongue in the cheek at what they take to be our habit—a desire to Seem to Know, but an endemic undesire to Know. The feeling is abroad—whether right or not—that Americans are not in the serious sense scholarly; that the men are on the average too busy, and the women on the average too precipitate, really to Learn. One class is felt to have too little time for culture, and the other class to be trying to get too much culture "done" at a time.

This is something which history a hundred years from now will probably know much more about, in its due proportion, than the wisest can know now. But the cause for this perhaps censorious opinion of foreigners is obvious to all thoughtful people among ourselves.

There is only one way to Know things—and that is to Learn. Learning is never done by skimming, nor yet by sliding down hill. It invariably takes time and hard work. Also appetite. There is a difference between wishing to be able to patter about books, and knowing what books really are. It takes very little time and effort to skim the cream of any "school" of art or literature from many text books for a paper of occasion. It takes a great deal of time and effort to get into one's marrow anything permanent about any school of literature or art. There are people of sound information who have the outward appearance of doing these things with a touch; but that is only a temperamental illusion. Even they have to Study in order to Know.

So many people really believe they "just love books"—when

the fact is that they never knew any one book well enough to love it, and that they have never learned the attitude of leisure, without which love of any sort never comes. What they do like is to be entertained—and also to be in the fashion. The endless procession of the New Book is forever passing before them like the throng at a Presidential reception; a clutch, a bow, “de-lighted”—and then the next. They have not yet learned to thank God when they can escape to a peaceful corner, away from the senseless dress-parade, and take a quiet hour in slippers with an old chum. In a word, their “love” is only flirting—“attention without intention.”

It is a natural human pleasure to make a lot of people, who don't themselves know, think that you know a lot about something they have been led to believe is important. But even from a purely selfish standpoint this is an absolutely trivial and shallow pleasure compared to the joy of knowing for yourself. Human nature is essentially and always selfish. The best of human nature comes when we make our selfishness an “enlightened” one. The people who know how to have real enjoyment in this world are the best citizens in it. They not only get most for themselves, they give most to others. And of all the joys there are in human life, none other is quite so deep, so bright, so enduring, and so far-reaching as the joy of learning things.

Per contra, there is no other relation in life so unprofitable as the position that you Know Enough—none so barren for yourself and for everyone else. Every human being is a little different from every other human being. Each one of us has some individual “angle of incidence and reflection;” each has a choice in learning, as in love, somewhat different from the choice of any other person now extant. But everyone who is to get good and to do good, in a world devised by an Intelligence somewhat smarter than even our smartest aggregations, must grow in mind. And there is only one way to grow.

There have been several millions of definitions of the word “scholar;” but whatever their terminology, all reasonable definitions come back to this—“A scholar is one who never knows Enough.”

The strongest argument in favor of what ninety-nine out of 100 will define to you as “the Darwinian theory”—namely, that we are “descended from Monkeys”—is not to be found in the pages of evolution, nor yet in dissections of our comparable bodily build with these alleged aboreal ancestors. Mental likeness is a stronger proof of heredity than facial or physical resemblance. Quite aside from the tendency of many of us to “make monkeys of ourselves” even unto the ten thousandth generation, we preserve unimpaired—if we do not improve upon—the most obvious mental characteristics of the simian; namely, imitation.

This is one of the fruits of the huddle which we call civilization. Where man has elbow-room he develops somewhat of individuality, which is the reverse of imitation. But when he is crowded in with his fellow man so close that he has to see and be seen every day, his outside and his inside begin to gravitate toward a common denominator. He imitates his neighbor in

WHY
FEAR TO
SAY SO?

dress, in speech, and in every other habit—particularly in the more childlike habits.

The saddest thing about our modern status is not that the rich are getting richer and the poor getting poorer—it is that the poor more and more want to look rich. The floor-walker's wife must dress as well as the wife of the man who hires fifty floor-walkers. The insurance clerk feels bounden to "put on as much dog" as the president of the company. The servant girl inclines to out-dress her employer.

For those who have not better, this is all right. The Bandar-Log, whether in the Indian jungles or in the flats of an American city, are content. Content, that is, to be discontented—to wish they were as monied as their boss and to insist on appearing to be.

But even in our modern smartness we must admit that the Old Man did a pretty good job and left a rather persistent thumb-mark on human nature. In spite of all the gravitation of the crowd, the temptation of numbers, the fear of ridicule—there are still some Americans who are not ashamed to tell the truth and to say, "I can't afford it."

The many things that we really cannot afford would make several sermons by themselves. It is enough for once to remind those who can still understand this language, how refreshing it is to find now and then some one who, in the cheaper and therefore more difficult standard, has still the sanity to say of some absurd extravagance of living: "I can't afford the money."

On its face, that is a curious differentiation which has crystalized upon the periodicals of the United States within a few years. The functions of the daily have been enormously changed. It has almost incredibly multiplied in numbers, in circulation, and in a kind of "influence." The monthly press has had a corresponding acceleration in numbers, in activity and importance. Amid the changes of this generation, it is the weekly that has gone to the wall.

There is a list, perhaps finger-long in the whole United States, of weekly publications that you can name. Half of these, perhaps, have some credit. The Nation, Harper's Weekly, Life, and Puck, all of New York, and the Argonaut of San Francisco, are in a class by themselves, though totally different each from the other—the Nation as the leading political-literary-scientific review in America, if not in the world; Harper's Weekly as an illustrated mirror of current events, with insecure but generally high-minded criticism; Life and Puck as leaders for the world in humorous journalism; and the Argonaut as the one typical Western weekly—scholarly, rather legal-minded, always self-respecting, and very frequently in advance of all contemporaries on questions concerning the large policies which affect the more important half of America. There are now a few weeklies in the country which can be catalogued as widely known. There are still fewer which can be classed as respectable.

This is a matter to stimulate curiosity—that the mid-way compromise between the over-hurried daily and the somewhat leisurely monthly has shared neither the progress nor the prosperity

of either. With the enormous acceleration of periodical activity, there must be some reason for this unequal lagging of what was once an important factor. Fifty years ago, the weekly was a power in the land.

The daily paper has become, whether for better or worse, the chief educator of the masses, and chief collator of what we accept as "information." It is a merciless mill, whose grist is the lives of thousands of ambitious, competent, and generally responsible young men. Almost anyone anywhere near legal age can get a chance of trial on a newspaper. For serious promotion, there is not one chance in a hundred—so exacting are the demands of this great machine which skims the cream off the world's news daily (before it has a fair chance to rise) and makes it butter for us tomorrow morning.

The monthly has more leisure, and, in proportion, more money. It is more considerate of its staff, and more exacting toward it. It requires more and gives more—not only in money, but in time to do the thing as any decent worker would prefer to do it if he had his choice.

The weekly has for some reason fallen mostly into the hands of failures at the two major trades. With the notable exceptions already named or allowed for, the weekly journal in the United States is as a class in the hands of men unable to "hold down" a magazine or a newspaper position, but bitten still with desire for the influence of type.

The few successful weeklies, and the few respectable ones, in the United States are conducted by men who could manage big newspapers or big magazines. They could, not only by reason of their intellectuality, but by reason of their ethics. They are men who understand the obvious lesson that personalities, back-door gossip, and individual gain are below the consideration of Men; that type is for longer-lasting things. They deal not with the problems which momentarily afflict the minds of servant-girls or flunkies, but with questions of permanence and weight.

On the other hand, there is a temptation in every considerable city for a man who "could not keep his job" on one of the city papers to start a substitute vehicle for the consideration he dislikes to lose. He probably does it more for vanity of power than for money; but he has to have money "to run the thing." He finds in a short time that his ponderous criticism of *Life as She Should be Lived* does not so deeply impress the community as to call forth the voluntary coin. He does not argue the thing out to himself—if he had that kind of mind, he could have kept his job on the established periodical. But having already tasted "authority," he finds a certain luxury in praising by type the people who give him a subscription or a square meal, and a still more flattering comfort in blackguarding the persons who refuse to be impressed by his importance. He does not, as a rule, intend to be a blackmailer. But almost without exception he winds up by being one.

There are several kinds of blackmailer. The *Century Dictionary* defines blackmail thus:

"Extortion in *any mode* by means of intimidation; as the extortion of money by threats of accusation or exposure, or of unfavorable criticism in the press."

The Standard Dictionary agrees in spirit, if not in letter. In the old days of Scotland, and among the gutter-minded of today, the procedure is simple. The country has had recent and full exposition of the methods of a notorious New York "Society" weekly of today. The simple form is to "set up" in type a scandalous story about some well-known person, and agree to withhold it in consideration of so many dollars or hundred dollars.

But these are weeklies with the courage of their convictions, as well as the birth-mark of their sewer. The more dangerous blackmailer is the one who is "respectable." He does not do so raw a thing. He is aware that the average citizen does not need kindergarten instructions, but knows a "threat" without being personally introduced. He is not obliged to go to a man and say, "Here's a lie about you which will do you harm, because a good many people will believe it if we print it. Give me \$50 and I will keep it out." He knows that by printing a lie about someone whom he dislikes, he can give a sufficient hint to the rest as to what will happen to them if they don't subscribe to his journal and advertise in it, and generally assist it (and him) in making a living. The beauty of his position is that he can get the same results as the cheaper blackmailer, and fool a great many more people—and most easily himself—into believing his trade respectable.

BEER

VERSUS

HISTORY

The established order is always strong—very often too strong. We are all of us loath to give up Santa Claus and other amiable myths of childhood; all of us dislike—unless we were born with the broad English "a" in our mouths—to discover that by reason of its etymology the tomayto of our New England youth is properly tomahto. And when a stupid blunder becomes too long-radicated in us, we never *will* change, even when we know better.

Several thoughtful people have protested to the Lion concerning the effort of the Landmarks Club to have the inappropriate name of Mt. Rainier changed back to the original form, which the city now bears. Their argument is:

"Tacoma is not an Indian word, but a corruption. The Indian word is Ta-(h)-ho-ma. This means simply Snow Mountain and was applied to other white peaks by the same Indians."

Despite some lengthy letters, these are the only arguments advanced.

Now in the United States there are thousands of geographical names derived from Indian languages. At least 90 per cent of these names are rank corruptions. At least 75 per cent of them are far worse corruptions than Tacoma for Ta-(h)-ho-ma. For instance, to follow the proposed plan, "Niagara" would be spelled Nee-a-gáh-ra; "Loyalsock" is as near as we get to Lawy-saquik; "Long Tom" is our version of Lung-tum-ler; "Lehigh" is for Lechauwekink—and so on for thousands more. French and Spanish names have not fared any better at our hands. "Key

West" is Cayo Hueso. "Loose" is l'Ours; "Picketwire" is for Purgatoire.

Obviously, the city of Tacoma is not a sinner above others. If we can come as close with the mountain, we shall do better than the average. Furthermore, the Landmarks Club, while it has some sentiment, also has some practical horse sense. Imagine trying to get routine clerks and map-makers in Washington to write "Ta-(h)-ho-ma." As for Tacoma, they can as easily be induced as they have already been induced to correct a good many historic names in California. And that will be "good enough for Poor Folks."

No one who is familiar with the derivation of geographic place-names in the United States will urge the other argument. If it be true that Tacoma is "just a common name for any old snow mountain"—well, so is Sierra Nevada. But there is not much danger that we shall change that now specific title because there were other Sierras Nevadas. Anybody who knows anything about Indian languages is aware that this procedure is universally characteristic. Niagara means "Cross the neck." There are some other necks beside the hackman's paradise. When you speak of "the Green Mountains," most people are aware what you mean—though there are a few other elevations of the same color elsewhere on this agreeable planet.

As a matter of fact, 90 per cent of the place-names in the United States are as promiscuous.

Until some serious argument is brought on the other side, it will still seem worth while to restore to the noble peak which glorifies the horizon of the city of Tacoma, its ancient name—or rather as near to it as American haste will allow us to spell. As before suggested, the unidentified Rear-Admiral Rainier, whom his own countrymen have not thought fit to place in any text book of reference, may properly be left as trade-mark for the well-spoken-of-beer which has adopted him. Otherwise, it would be in order to move to replace the historic name of Monterey with the name of the other British admiral Seymour, who came thither in a critical time on the same errand that Vancouver had—namely, to take the Pacific Coast for England. Really, it is not too late to undo the ignorant christening of the second peak in the United States—even though it has blundered along for more than a century. There is a class of Americans now on the Coast, to whom education is not a matter of suspicion.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



FOUNDED 1895

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THE Club has ordered work to begin at once on permanent repairs of the beautiful sacristy at San Juan Capistrano.

This stone-vaulted room in the stone church was badly cracked by the great earthquake of 1812; and with the weathering of nearly a century has come to a precarious condition. Under the supervision of Judge Egan, iron turnbuckles are to be put in to hold the walls from falling outward. It is no slight task to drill boulder walls six feet in thickness; but this is the only way to safeguard this extraordinarily interesting room. The cracks in the fourfold dome will at the same time be filled with cement.

A very large number of the members of the Club have thus far failed to pay their dues for this year. Repairs are cruelly needed at every Mission in the Club's charge; and cannot be undertaken until the money is in the treasury. Delinquent members are again urged to pay their dues—and all public-spirited citizens who are not yet members, are invited to join. Dues are but \$1.00 a year. \$25.00 for life membership.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, \$8197.25.

New contributions—\$1 each (Membership)—Prof. Otis T. Mason, U. S. National Museum, Washington, D. C.; W. C. Hanawalt, President Lordsburg College, Lordsburg, Cal.; W. G. Kerckhoff, Los Angeles; H. Clay Needham, Newhall, Cal.

Account Cook Book, \$16.75.

E. G. Hamersley, Philadelphia, Pa., \$2.



The SEQUOYA LEAGUE

(INCORPORATED)
TO MAKE BETTER INDIANS

Se-quo-ya, "the American Cadmus" (born 1771, died 1842), was the only Indian that ever invented a written language. The League takes its title from this great Cherokee, for whom, also, science has named ("Sequoias") the hugest trees in the world, the giant Redwoods of California.

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THE efforts of the Sequoia League are at present particularly directed to securing lands on which the industrious Indians of the five Campo Reservations can make a living by hard work and careful economy. As this whole community knows, these Indians have been saved from starvation for nearly a year by individual subscription of this community. That they were starving was not their fault. They are neither lazy nor drunken nor vagabond. The fault is with the government, which for forty years has allowed them to suffer on the worthless lands to which its incompetent agents crowded these Indians.

At the recent visit of United States Senator Frank P. Flint with officials of the Sequoia League to these reservations, conferences were held with the principal men to discover if they would be willing to be removed to a decent reservation in case the government supplied one. The love of home is very strong in these people, and their respect for law is fundamental. All such decisions are reached only after careful deliberation and careful discussion.

Meetings in each reservation have been held; captains and head men have discussed the matter fully; and in a general conference of the captains, October 15th, the unanimous decision was arrived at that if the government would secure a suitable reservation "upon which we could, by our industry, make a livelihood

for ourselves and children" these villages would be glad to consent to such removal, and to do their best on the new lands. This letter, addressed to the chairman of the Executive Committee of the Sequoia League, is signed by the following captains:

José Chabo, Capt. Manzanita Reservation.

Marco Hiss-me-up, Capt. Cuiapaipa Reservation.

Lorenzo Cuero, Capt. La Posta Reservation.

Anselmo Houser, Capt. Campo Reservation.

This removes the obstacle which proved so serious in the enforced removal of the Warner's Ranch Indians, and puts the matter squarely up to the government. It has been absolutely proved, not only by the reports of its own officials for more than thirty years, but by recent exhaustive and responsible investigation, that the lands to which these Indians are now confined are shamefully inadequate and shamefully worthless, and that no human industry could wrest from them even a bare livelihood. As long as these Indians are kept upon those lands the humane citizens of Southern California will be obliged practically every year to contribute money and supplies to keep them from starvation.

The Indians have done their duty by working hard and by pinching close, and by obeying the law even when it was most unjust and oppressive. This community has done its duty by generous funds for the relief of conditions for which it was not personally responsible. Now it is time for the government to undo its long injustice and give these ill-treated people a Square Deal.

The personal familiarity of Senator Flint with these conditions may be expected to carry weight in Washington; but his hands should be upheld in what is always a hard undertaking. Every person who cares not merely for justice to all human beings, but for the fair name of California, should use all influence at his or her command for the permanent solution and remedy of this long-standing disgrace.

The suggestion that tenderfoot "experts" are, after all, mere humans, even though employed by the government; and that sometimes they err when they jump into a country they never saw before (and in two days know more about it than all its inhabitants) is never cordially received in Red Tape circles. Cabinet officers and other high officials are generally men of common sense, and have themselves already discovered the fallibility of their underlings; but these large-calibre heads are in a submerged minority among a thousand hired "hands;" and in every department the real bulk of authority, as of numbers, is with the \$75 clerks who "run the routine."

Only three or four years ago the United States Senators from California, the newspapers, the leading professional and business men of Southern California, had a difficult six months' campaign to prevent the Interior Department from paying \$70,000 for a property sold thrice before (and once since) for half, or less than half, that money, and staking the Warner Ranch Indians on it to starve. By enough insistence—and by the personal intervention of the President—a suitable location was secured for these evicted Indians, and a saving of nearly 33 per cent. in money effected in the cash price, besides securing 50 per cent more land, 500 times as much water, and other things in proportion.

The \$23,700 thus saved by the local commission has been squandered foolishly (and probably illegally) by the Red Tape people. It is due only to the presence of an agent with good horse sense and Western experience that affairs at Pala have not absolutely gone to the dogs. There is a valley that Pasadena would be proud to annex—and yet by gross stupidity, but typical mismanagement from Washington, the fortunes of these Indians have been seriously jeopardized, and are jeopardized now.

Besides the \$30,000 allowed by the appropriation for their removal and immediate maintenance, and the \$23,700 improperly diverted to other use (from its proper application to help 700 other Indians still worse off), a matter of over \$18,000 from a special irrigation fund has been thrown into the fire by the Interior Department in building a ridiculously extravagant and useless cement irrigation system which now hangs high and dry and useless on the flanks of the Pala hills. The government "expert" was sent out to build it. He is a nice man, against whom no finger of suspicion is pointed. But the God-given right of a government position does not entitle a man to know California without Learning it; and not being willing to learn it, the gentleman has added one more monumental failure to the long list. The Pala cement ditch is and ever has been useless. If this is a damp winter, its sections will be found in chunks somewhere down the valley of the San Luis Rey.

The Sequoia League was willing to insure a perfect cement system at Pala at a cost not to exceed \$6,000; on the experienced estimate of a man who has built endless systems of this sort and who holds a high position in Southern California. And it informed the Department of this fact at the time, and gave specifications to show why Mr. Butler's plan would fail, and was riotously extravagant, even if it could succeed.

A few weeks ago United States Senator Flint inspected this monument of Red Tape inefficiency from end to end. It is just possible that he will say something about it in Washington.



An English publicist and historian—Bryce—wrote what remains the best account of the political institutions of the United States, considered in relation to the history, character and habits of its people; a Pole—Ostrogorski—wrote, in French, what is still the only satisfactory and complete account of the organization and methods of our political parties; and now a German—Hugo Münsterberg, Professor of Psychology at Harvard University—has given to the world an analytical study of American life and character far more comprehensive and thorough-going than has ever before been attempted. *The Americans* was written in German, with the avowed purpose of explaining to the German public in detail the political, economic, intellectual and social aspects of American culture and to interpret systematically to that public the democratic ideals of America. Indeed, Professor Münsterberg feels called upon to apologize at some length for permitting the book to be translated into English at all—he declined to translate it himself. He need not have apologized; to the contrary, it would have been quite inexcusable to exclude, by the bar of an unfamiliar tongue, any thoughtful American reader from this superb and characteristic specimen of the results of applying German scholarly methods to a great subject. For in this book is admirably displayed that combination of prodigious industry in collecting and verifying facts, ingenuity in arranging and classifying them and the broad-voiced faculty for generalized interpretation that is recognized as typical of the best German scholarship. How minutely inclusive has been the gathering of material may be indicated by observations—selected hap-hazard in a hasty turning of the pages—concerning the nationality of barbers, North and South; the problem of getting one's boots blacked, and how it has been relieved; the number of freight-car loads of booklets sent out in a single day by a patent medicine firm; the price of advertising in the *Ladies' Home Journal*; and the annual expenditure for cut flowers. The skill in classification and arrangement is equally manifest in that not one of these, nor of the other thousands of facts of the most diverse nature, is "dragged in by the ears," or presented merely as a matter of curious interest; but each fits harmoniously, even unnoticeably, into the general argument. And the gift of sweeping generalization is perhaps most obvious of all, since the author fearlessly undertakes to interpret broadly all our political life as manifestation of our "spirit of Self-Direction," our economic life as resultant of the "Spirit of Self-Initiative," our intellectual life as expressing the "Spirit of Self-Perfection," and our social life as outgrowth of the "Spirit of Self-Assertion." He barely hints that there is, besides, even more vivid, a "Spirit of Self-Satisfaction"—but from the exploitation of this he deliberately refrains.

Professor Münsterberg disclaims any intention of making a "real scientific study of the facts," pointing out that to do this in genuine scholarly fashion

would require the co-operation of many specialists. His purpose has been to "find the deeper impulses in American life," to "work out and make clear the essentials of the American mission in the world," to "study the Americans as the best of them are, and as the others should wish to be," and finally to "awaken a better understanding of Americans in the German nation." The book is therefore frankly optimistic, in marked contrast to *American Traits*, in which, a few years ago, the same author called attention to our shortcomings from the German point-of-view. Yet that book, written avowedly for our consumption, was kindly, if critical; and the fundamental purpose of each book is the same—to bring about a better understanding of each national life by the other. I cannot better close these slight and cursory comments on a monumental work than by quoting its own closing sentences.

Looking at the people of the New World even from afar, one will find the fascination, novelty and greatness of the American world mission, not in what the American has accomplished, but in what he desires and will desire.

Nevertheless, this will not seem strange or foreign to any German. In the depths of his soul he has himself a similar play of desires. In the course of history, reverence and faithfulness developed in the German soul more strongly than the individualistic craving for self-determination and self-assertion; aristocratic love of beauty and truth developed before the democratic spirit of self-initiative. But today, in modern Germany, these very instincts are being aroused, just as in modern America those forces are growing which have long dominated the German soul.

The American still puts the higher value on the personal, the German on the over-personal; the American on the intrinsic value of the creating will, the German on the intrinsic value of the absolute ideal. But every day sees the difference reduced, and brings the two nations nearer to a similar attitude of mind. Moreover, both of these fundamental tendencies are equally idealistic, and both of these nations are therefore destined to understand and to esteem each other, mutually to extend their friendship, to emulate each other, and to work together, so that in the confused play of temporal forces the intrinsically valuable shall be victorious over the temporary and fleeting, the ideal over the accidental. For both nations feel together, in the depths of their being, that in order to give meaning to life man must believe in timeless ideals.

McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$2.50 net.

Henry Wellington Wack, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and member of the New York Bar, makes it perfectly clear in the preface to his *Story of the Congo Free State* from what standpoint he approaches his subject. This is, briefly, that the charges of cruelty and oppression against King Leopold's government are but part of an organized campaign of calumny set in motion by a few British rubber merchants; and that the Belgian monarch has, in fact, carried out a great and humane colonizing undertaking, founded upon modern social science. Mr. Wack has had free access to the archives of the Administration of the Congo Free State in Brussels, and has been at much pains to familiarize himself with other available sources of information. The result appears in a volume of more than 600 pages, which is without doubt the fullest statement

SUMMING UP
FOR THE
DEFENDANT

of the pro-Belgian side of the case that has appeared in English. It is fully illustrated from photographs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. \$3.50 net.

FROM ATLANTIS

TO

CALIFORNIA

There is various testimony to the effect that *A Dweller on Two Planets* was dictated to a nineteen-year-old boy (Frederick S. Oliver) by a character who was, in one incarnation, Zailm Numinos, a Poseid dweller on the Atlantean continent, some 12,000 years ago; in another, Walter Pierson, a California mine owner; but upon the soul plane of the occult adepts of Thibet, to Mol Lang the Pertozian, and as the author of this book, he was known as Phylos the Thibetan. It is impossible to give here the faintest outline of the experiences, on this planet and another, related by the author, but they are distinctly removed from commonplace. Moreover, it is perfectly evident that no one who was not on Atlantis 12,000 years ago, and in Hesperus at a nearer date, could possibly have been personally cognizant of the facts related. And the picture of Phylos, used as a frontispiece, is of a character to inspire confidence in his veracity. Baumgardt Pub. Co., Los Angeles. \$2.00.

A CLEARING

OF THE

SHELVES

Granting that time and space are infinite, it remains true that the portion of each allotted to a single reviewer has definite and narrow limits. Wherefore, despite my best intentions and most serious endeavor, the books waiting for review have piled ever higher on my table month by month, till the sole hope of "catching up" lies in treating very summarily a number of those which have been there longest. These include, too (more is the pity), several which have had their place among the "best sellers," some which will repay the attention of any thoughtful reader, and a number which adequately meet the requirements of those who read merely for entertainment.

Among the novels, for example, there is Howells's *The Son of Royal Langbrith* (Harpers, \$2.00), a study of life and character which adds another leaf to the laurels crowning the Dean of American novelists; Maurice Hewlett's *The Queen's Quair* (Macmillan, \$1.50), brilliant, fascinating, penetrating—a historical romance which is more than history and more than romance; Robert Hichens's *The Garden of Allah* (Stokes, \$1.50), that remarkable study of the Sahara Desert and of two lives that flowed together there, which quite properly retains a place on best-seller lists a year after publication; Robert Grant's *The Undercurrent* (Scribner, \$1.50), with a serious analysis of present-day problems in society, business and religion neither blurring nor blurred by an entertaining story; Thomas Dixon's *The Clansman* (Doubleday-Page, \$1.50), which deals with the genesis of the Ku Klux Klan after the passionately partisan fashion in which this author handles every subject; L. H. Hammond's *The Master Word* (Macmillan, \$1.50), another Southern story, but written in a very different temper and much more artistic; Joseph Conrad's *Romance* (McClure, \$1.50), which fascinated me in the reading of it as very few tales of simon-pure adventure have ever done; the same author's *Falk* (McClure, \$1.50), in which the material for four novels is condensed into the same number of short stories; and Laurence Housman's *Sabrina Warham* (Macmillan, \$1.50), a novel of quite exceptional power and breadth.

These are the cream of the "left-over" fiction, so far as my review table is concerned, and not one of them but deserved more space than I have given the nine together. Of the stories which remain in the file now marshalled for instant execution, *Richard Gresham*, by Robert M. Lovett (Macmillan, \$1.50), is the story of the making of a man, and is distinctly above the aver-

age; *The Way of the North*, by Warren Cheney (Doubleday-Page, \$1.50), is a vigorous tale of Alaska under the rule of Commander Baranoff; *An Embarrassing Orphan*, by W. E. Norris (Winston, \$1.00), brings into English society a girl who has inherited a great fortune but supposes herself to be poor—with interesting results; *An American Abelard and Heloise*, by Mary Ives Todd (The Grafton Press, \$1.50), deals, among other things, with a fashionable modern clergyman and his adoring feminine congregation; *The Venus of Cadiz*, by Richard Fisguill (Holt, \$1.50), is an extravaganza, in which mushroom caves, moonshiners, Pap, Pup and Pete, and other fantastic creations keep something unexpected happening most of the time; *Christmas Eve on Lonesome*, by John Fox, Jr., (Scribner, \$1.50), is a collection of short stories, very attractive in both matter and form; *Players and Vagabonds*, by Viola Roseboro (Macmillan, \$1.50), is filled with informed and entertaining tales of the stage and the players on and off it; *From the West to the West*, by Abigail Scott Duniway (McClurg, \$1.50), though cast in the form of fiction, recounts faithfully the incidents of a family emigration from Illinois to Oregon half a century ago; *Letters from an Oregon Ranch*, by "Katherine" (McClurg, \$1.25 net), tells of the founding of a home in the Far Northwest by immigrants of the present day, and is beautifully illustrated from photographs; *Amy Doris Amusing Day*, by Frank M. Bicknell (Altemus), is sheer nonsense, as it was intended to be; and *The Thistles of Mount Cedar*, by Ursula Tannenforst (Winston, \$1.25), is a story of school-life for girls.

It is no tremendous stride—John Burroughs would say that the distance was infinitesimal—from these works of pure fiction to such nature-books as William J. Long's *School of the Woods* (Ginn), Charles G. D. Roberts's *The Watchers of the Trails* (Page, \$2.00), and Ernest Thompson Seton's *Monarch, the Big Bear of Tallac* (Scribner, \$1.25 net). Only one of the three professes to be wholly a record of observation, though the other two are founded upon careful noting of the facts. I find in none of them sufficient reason for the wrathful objurgation to which they have moved the veteran and kindly naturalist. He errs quite as far in his continual refrain of, "This reported observation cannot be true; because animals are not so made that they can act that way," as they do in reading human thought and motive into the "lower order." For absolutely the only way in which we may know how animals *can* act is by observing how they *do* act. Any animal psychology which starts with the assumption that the subjects of the inquiry cannot reason starts at the wrong end; and even if its conclusions be true, they have been arrived at by an unsound method. Some other time I hope to tell of a few observations of my own which are to me inexplicable except on the theory of a chain of connected reasoning on the part of the animal observed. All of these books are beautifully printed, illustrated and bound, and may be offered to any youngster, of whatever age, with reasonable assurance that they will please and without fear of corrupting the youth. In juxtaposition with these may be named Mr. Burrough's own *Far and Near* (Houghton-Mifflin, \$1.10 net), a delightful addition to this author's long list of charming nature studies.

Before passing entirely from the works of fiction, I must mention Dr. David Starr Jordan's *The Wandering Host* (American Unitarian Association; 90 cents net), a fine allegory already published under another title and now appearing in so attractive guise as to make it especially desirable for a gift-book; and *Mary of Magdala*, by Dolores Cortez (privately printed in Los Angeles), which would be interesting if for no other reason than that the veritable

queen of a gypsy tribe (the Gonzales) undertakes to recount as it might have been the first meeting of the Nazarene with that Mary who loved greatly because she had been greatly forgiven.

Of works of historical or biographical character, there are but four which must be included in this "clearing out." The essays by William Garrott Brown, gathered under the title, *The Foe of Compromise* (Macmillan; \$1.50 net), add to the eagerness with which I am awaiting his promised *History of the United States since the Civil War; Iowa, the First Free State in the Louisiana Purchase*, by William Salter (McClurg), is a competent account of that territory from its discovery in 1673 to its admission into the Union in 1846, with a number of interesting and valuable illustrations; and *The Story of a Literary Career* (Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass.; 50 cents), is a brief autobiographical sketch of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, with additional matter by Ella Giles Ruddy, and is avowedly for the use of Literary Clubs. Thomas Nelson Page's *The Negro: the Southerner's Problem* (Scribner; \$1.25 net), is only partly concerned with past records, more seriously with a consideration of what the records shall be hereafter and how best to make them what they should be.

This leads naturally enough to a little group of books in which the ethical note is foremost—every one of them profitable and stimulating to the right sort of minds. Of these I name first the annual volume of essays from that pillar of righteousness, both civic and personal, Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, which appears this year under the title, *Religion and Art* (McClurg; \$1). *Routine and Ideals*, by LeBaron R. Briggs (Houghton-Mifflin; \$1 net), is made up of addresses and essays on educational topics, which are confessed as sermons—and good sermons from noble texts they are. Hugh Black, in *The Practice of Self Culture* (Macmillan; \$1.25 net), deals with the practical ways in which the self may be equipped for service, by culture of body, mind, imagination, heart and conscience. *The Right Life*, by Dr. Henry A. Stimson (Barnes; \$1.20 net), is specially intended for younger readers, but most older ones will find helpful things in it. *Religion: a Criticism and Forecast*, by G. Lowes Dickinson, (McClure), is brief, but packed full of pregnant meaning; and *An Appeal to America* (McClure; 50 cents), contains the first address to an American audience by Rev. Charles Wagner, the proceeds of the sale of the little volume being set aside to aid a fund for the purchase of land in Paris on which a church will be built for the authors of *The Simple Life*. In *Chess-Humanics* (Whitaker & Ray; \$1.50 net), Wallace E. Nevill draws parallelisms between the game of chess and human affairs, with much ingenuity and erudition.

There remain a few volumes of poetry—and this is as good a time as any to confess frankly what has probably been discovered by regular readers of these pages—that I habitually shirk the criticism or review of poetry. There are several reasons for this, but the sufficient one is that such comment as I should usually be able to make does not seem to me likely to enlighten or entertain the reader or to assist his selection. Therefore from this little array I shall merely name two which impress me as possessing peculiar distinction—Charles E. Russell's *The Twin Immortalities* (Hammersmark Publishing Co., Chicago), and William J. Neidig's *The First Wardens* (Macmillan; \$1 net). The others are *Songs in Many Keys*, by George Burchard (Whitaker & Ray; 75 cents net); *Where the Rhododendrons Grow*, by Carrie Shaw Rice; *Friendship's Fragrant Fancies*, by Catherine Moriarty (Dodge); and *The Athlete's Garland*, a collection of verses of sport and pastime, compiled by Wallace Rice (McClurg).

No one knows better than the reviewer that a brusque dismissal of a whole shelf-ful of books is satisfactory to neither author, publisher nor reader. But then it is still less satisfactory to the reviewer himself; and he hereby promises to be good, and try not to get so far in arrears that he will have to do it again.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.

COLTON

By TACIE M. HANNA

WITH "old Slover" Mountain, a landmark in the valley, standing as a sentinel a little to the southwest, Colton, the Hub City of Southern California, a beautiful and prosperous little city of manufacturing, business and homes, lies 56 miles east of Los Angeles near the center of the San Bernardino Valley—a valley almost surrounded by mountains and said by travelers to be one of the most beautiful in the world. A happy selection was the local name, the Hub City. Like ancient Rome, all roads lead to Colton. All the transcontinental railroads in Southern California must go through Colton to enter the mountain passes to the north and east. All the public highways in the valley lead to the Hub City.

In location, Colton is second to no place in Southern California except Los Angeles. It has exceptional transportation facilities, being the only other



A COLTON STREET IN WINTER

city in the entire southern portion of the State which is on the main line of three transcontinental railroads. Therefore, as a shipping and distributing point, Colton is unequalled.

It is on the main line of the Southern Pacific "Sunset Route," which has branch lines here connecting with the cities of Riverside, San Bernardino and Redlands. The Santa Fe railroad and the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake railway also traverse the city. There is, in all, an average of 90 daily trains in Colton, of which 62 are passenger trains. All trains stop at Colton.

The local postoffice receives and sends out over 40 mails a day, which is equivalent to a mail every fifteen minutes during the working hours. The mail from numerous points is transferred here.

Illustrations for this article are from photographs by Jones Bros., of San Bernardino.



HIGH SCHOOL

With such good railroad facilities, Colton is destined to be an important manufacturing center in the near future. Already a number of plants have been established, and new ones are frequently being located here.

Among these are the California Portland Cement Company's large manufacturing works at Slover Mountain. The quality of Colton cement is unsurpassed, and, although running at full capacity, the demands are in excess of the output. There are extensive plans for the enlarging of the plant. Colton cement is used exclusively in the artificial stone of which the splendid new Anderson Hotel, here illustrated, is built.

The Colton Marble Works on Slover Mountain are turning out the highest grade of marble. Colton marble is inexhaustible. It will not stain,



EIGHTH STREET GRAMMAR SCHOOL



IN THE COLTON PARK



A COLTON CORNER

and takes a most brilliant polish. It is used in many public and private buildings in Los Angeles and San Francisco. The mill is an up-to-date plant, being well equipped. It has a capacity of 300 superficial feet of finished marble per day. There are also a plaster of Paris mill and four large lime kilns on Slover Mountain.

The Globe Milling Co. has in this city, a large and well equipped mill, with a daily capacity of 200 barrels of flour, 100 barrels of meal and 100 tons of rolled barley. Colton is so situated as to be at once a convenient receiving point for the grain fields that skirt the foothills of San Bernardino and adjacent valleys, and a distributing center for grain and mill products.

The Armour Fertilizer Works are on the outskirts of Colton, the Fruit Growers' Express have their repair shops in the eastern part of the city, and the Standard Oil Company has established a large storage plant and is supplying the surrounding cities from this point. Concrete building stones

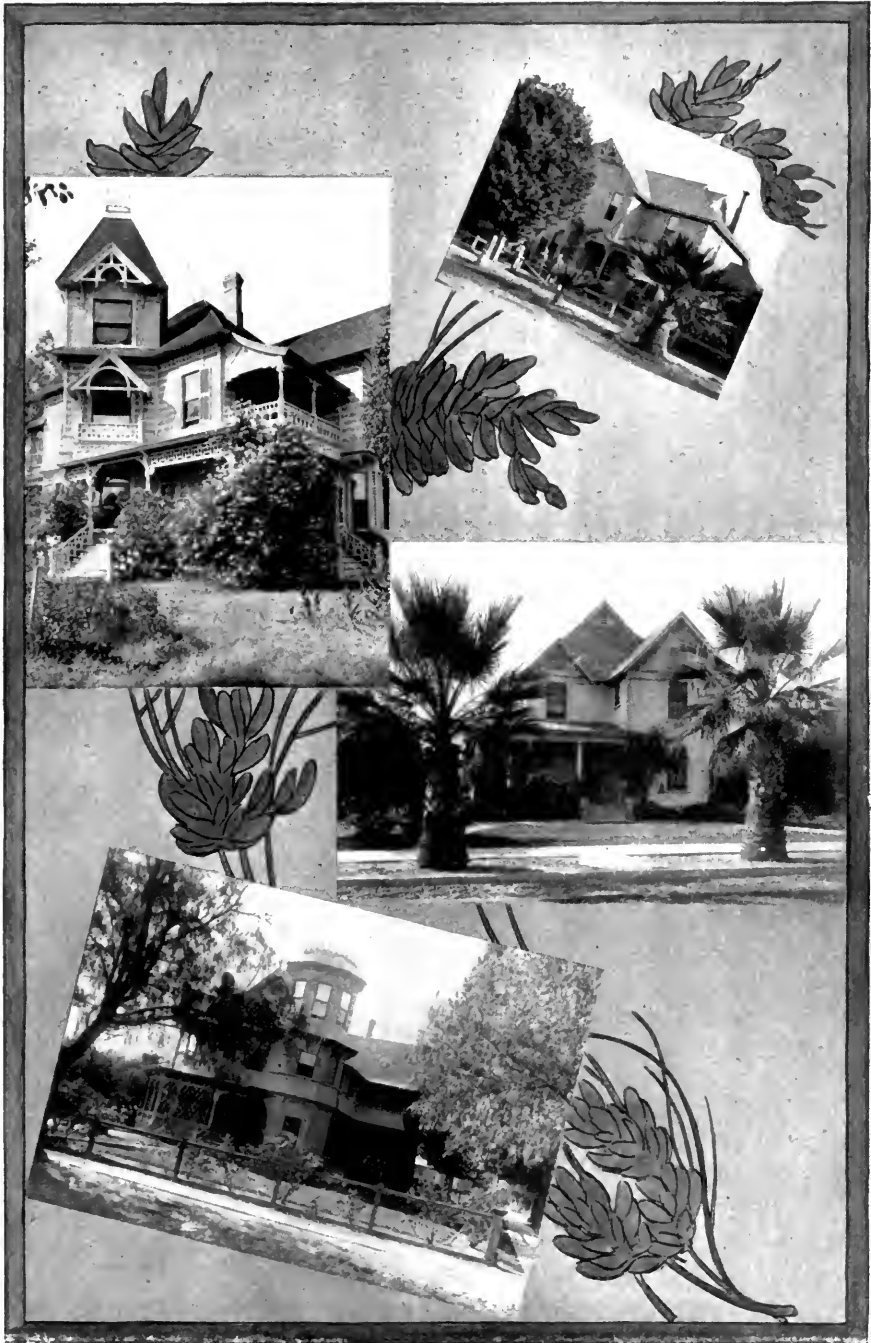


A COLTON HOME

are manufactured here. This city also has a planing mill, gas plant, laundry, iron works, ice plant and good private hospital; owns a large hall and its own electric light and water system. There is an abundance of pure artesian water. All lines of business are represented.

Colton is in the center of the orange belt. Here is the home of the famous "Colton Terrace" oranges, classed among the finest fruit in the market. The city and the surrounding country is almost one continuous citrus grove. Nowhere do trees attain a greater size in a given number of years or produce more boxes per tree. There are five citrus fruit packing houses. Here is located the largest fruit packing house in the State, the building covering nearly an acre of ground.

Colton has all the modern improvements; electric lights, gas, two telephone systems, two newspapers, one daily and one weekly.



SOME COLTON HOMES



GLOBE MILLS

Colton has excellent street car service. The San Bernardino Valley Traction Company connects Colton, Redlands, Highland and San Bernardino, and already work has been commenced on an electric line connecting Colton and Riverside.

Although Colton has a population of but 3,500, in the country adjoining and immediately adjacent, there are fully 1,500 more who do their trading here, giving a trading population of over 5,000. On account of its location, Colton is a supply station for miners, and for railroad stations on the desert.

Too much cannot be said in praise of Colton schools. There are two large graded grammar schools and a high school. Graduates from the Colton High School are fully credited to all colleges.

Seven different religious denominations have a home here, and all are in a prosperous condition. Almost every fraternal lodge is represented.



CALIFORNIA PORTLAND CEMENT WORKS



A COLTON BUSINESS BLOCK

Colton has good banking facilities and many up-to-date business houses, hotels, an opera house, etc. The splendid Anderson Hotel, here illustrated, will be completed next month. It will be first-class in all its appointments. It will be open about December 1st.

The city has many miles of oiled streets bordered on either side by cement sidewalks and beautiful shade trees. The streets are lighted by electricity.



A COLTON STREET

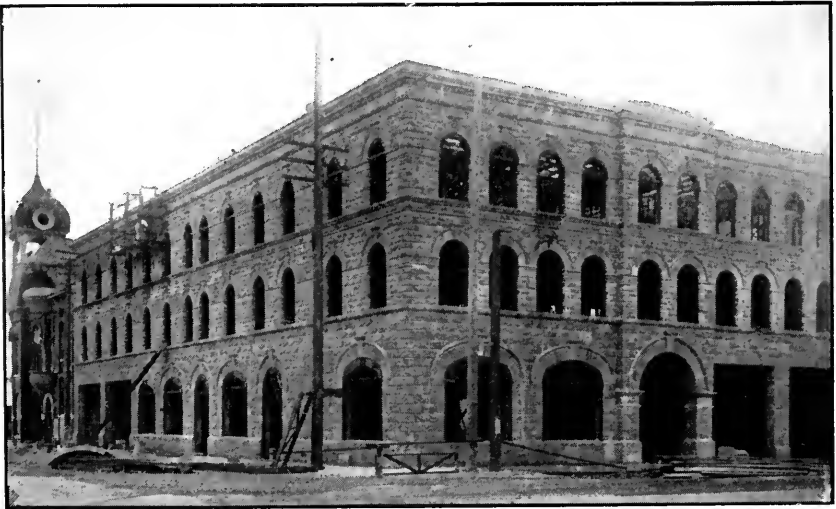


COLTON HOSPITAL

Colton is a most healthy city, with the death rate exceedingly low. The doctors say it is "distressingly healthy."

Colton is far enough inland to escape the sea fogs. At the same time we have the sea breeze. The climate is delightful with at least 340 days of sunshine in the year. In summer the nights are refreshingly cool.

While there are many beautiful homes in this city, it is a place where a



THE NEW ANDERSON HOTEL
(To be opened December 1)



• A COLTON STREET

man of average means can build a home and educate his children. The prevailing tone of Colton is for comfort rather than for display.

It is now realized that in no place in Southern California, considering its advantages, is property as cheap as in Colton. More property has changed hands in the past year than in the preceding ten years.

The many people who come to Colton because of its location and excep-



A COLTON ORANGE GROVE



INTERIOR OF ORANGE PACKING HOUSE

tional railroad facilities find here a prosperous little city with an inevitable future of success—an ideal place for a home.

And indeed a beautiful little city is this—a terraced garden in Southern California, with an abundance of fruit and flowers the year round. When living here, a quotation from an old hymn may well be applied, "December is as pleasant as May."



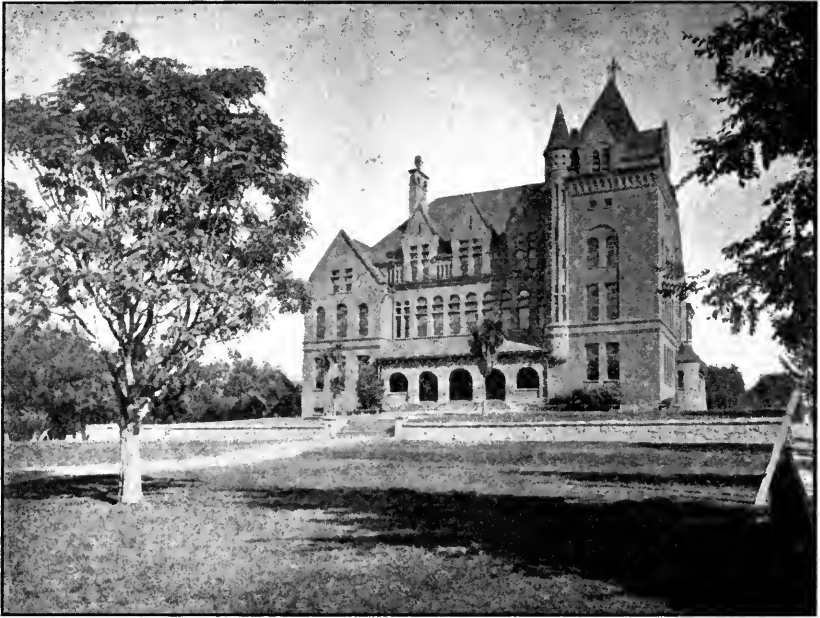
RIVERSIDE

OF COURSE there is no such thing as a fully "typical" Southern California city; each has its own characteristics, its own peculiar charm, even as one star differeth from another star in glory. Yet, if one were obliged to select a single place which should most nearly represent that ideal Southern California of which most of us who are now here used to dream from afar, he would be very apt to name Riverside. This is not to say that Pasadena, or Redlands, or Santa Barbara, or San Diego, or any one of a score of other communities, is on the whole a less desirable place in which to live. That depends (as Sidney Smith said, to another question) altogether on the liver. Certainly it is true—to set aside odious comparatives and superlatives—that Riverside does realize to the actual vision just about that blend of the romance and picturesqueness and peaceful comfort of the Old, with the business enterprise and convenience and practical prosperity of the New, that "Southern California" means to the imagination of those who know it only by hearsay.

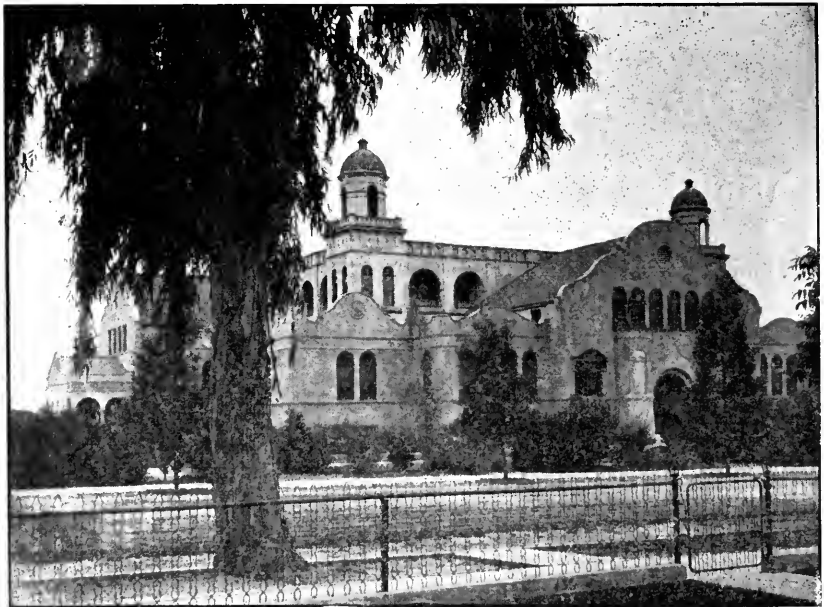
If one has dreamed of living among orange groves—why, Riverside's 12,000 people have their homes set among 20,000 acres of orange and lemon groves. It is safe to say that no city in the world of the same population—or a much larger one—receives so large an annual income from the products of its own soil. Riverside County shipped last year more than 6,000 cars of oranges, worth on the track at the shipping point almost \$3,000,000, and nearly 1,000 cars of lemons, worth more than half a million. Small wonder that Riverside, according to that standard financial authority, "Bradstreet's," should be the richest city per capita in the United States.



BIRDS EYE VIEW OF RIVERSIDE



A RIVERSIDE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.



RIVERSIDE HIGH SCHOOL.



RIVERSIDE PUBLIC LIBRARY

Is it irrigation that has stimulated one's imagination—that most simple, yet most ingenious device by which men, in effect, have their rain to order through long month of unbroken sunshine? Riverside, through her fifty-five miles of cement-lined canals and nearly 1,000 miles of ditches, pipes and flumes, pours out upon her fertile acres close to 80,000,000 gallons of water a day, month in and month out, through the thirsty season.

Perhaps it is the Mission architecture of California which has quickened your fancy most vividly—with the memories that it calls up of the heroic padres who gave up all that most men count as worth living for, that they might bring salvation of soul and training of mind and body to the lost and benighted natives of this farthest land. In that case, Riverside is the one place in the State where the Mission note is most dominant in both public and private buildings. The illustrations accompanying these paragraphs will give some idea of how the Mission idea has been grasped (more or less completely) by those who planned church and library and public buildings and hotel and home alike.

It may be that the Indian (whose forefathers, under the direction of the padres, built the Missions) is of peculiar interest to you, as he is caught young, and tamed, and educated, according to the methods approved of by those in authority. There is no other place in California where you can see so many Indian children, at so slight cost of time and trouble, as at Sherman Institute, with its five to six hundred pupils.



NEW COUNTY BUILDING, RIVERSIDE

Very like, it is just the balmy, fragrant days of California's midwinter that have wooed you from some land of frost and snow, and you are looking for the best place in which to loaf and invite your soul through sundry days or weeks. Riverside *may* not be just the very best place of them all for you, but do not be sure of it until, after an afternoon of driving over the well-kept roads amid beautiful and varied scenery, you hear at twilight, from the porch of the Glenwood Tavern, the call of the Mission bells. (This same Glenwood Tavern, by the way—one man's vision made real by years of patient effort—is a hotel not to be surpassed anywhere for creature comforts, and unique in architectural design and outfitting.)



A RIVERSIDE CHURCH

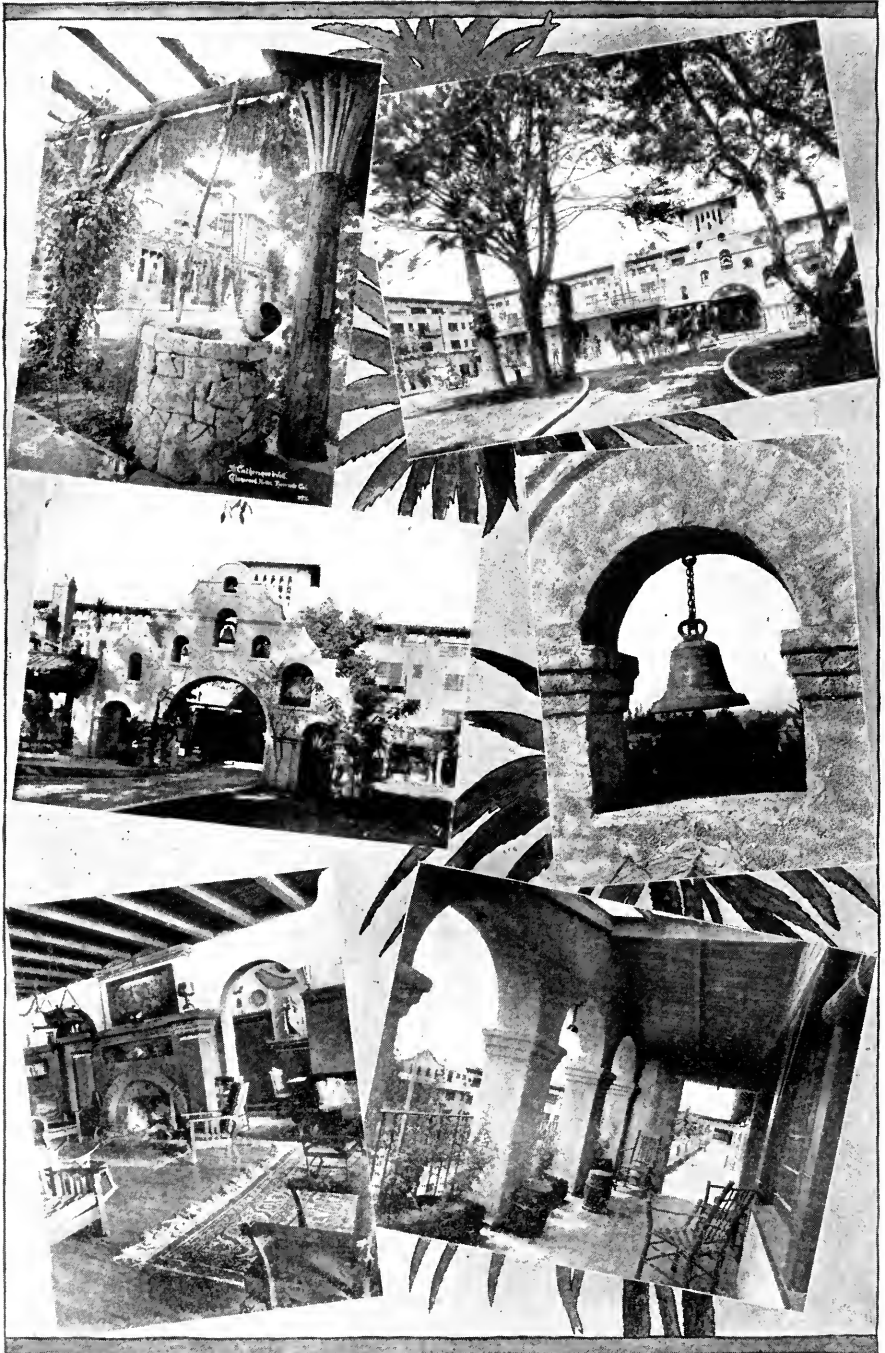


Photo by Twiggood

SHERMAN INSTITUTE

Or, most likely of all, your dream of Southern California has been of a country where man or woman could invest money, brains and muscle—whatever capital there is to invest—and draw the very largest dividends in clear joy of living. Be assured that Riverside offers ample opportunities for such investment and sure promise of such dividends to those of every honorable occupation—always excepting such as, say, ice-cutting and ship-building, for which conditions are not favorable.

Is it necessary to insist on the beautiful homes, the refinement of those who have made the homes, or the presence of uplifting social, religious and educational conditions, in such a city as has been suggested by these scattering and random hints? If it be necessary for you who are reading this to receive such assurance, either of two ways will bring it, or, better yet, each of the two, taken consecutively and promptly. One is to write to the Chamber of Commerce at Riverside for some of the illustrated descriptive matter which it supplies to enquirers. The other is to buy a ticket over either of the three transcontinental lines which reach Riverside—the Santa Fé, Southern Pacific or Salt Lake—telegraph to Frank Miller at the Glenwood Tavern when to look for you—and come to see for yourself.



THE GLENWOOD HOTEL



RUBIDOUX DRIVE, RUBIDOUX HEIGHTS—A RECENTLY OPENED RESIDENCE DISTRICT



IN A RIVERSIDE ORANGE GROVE

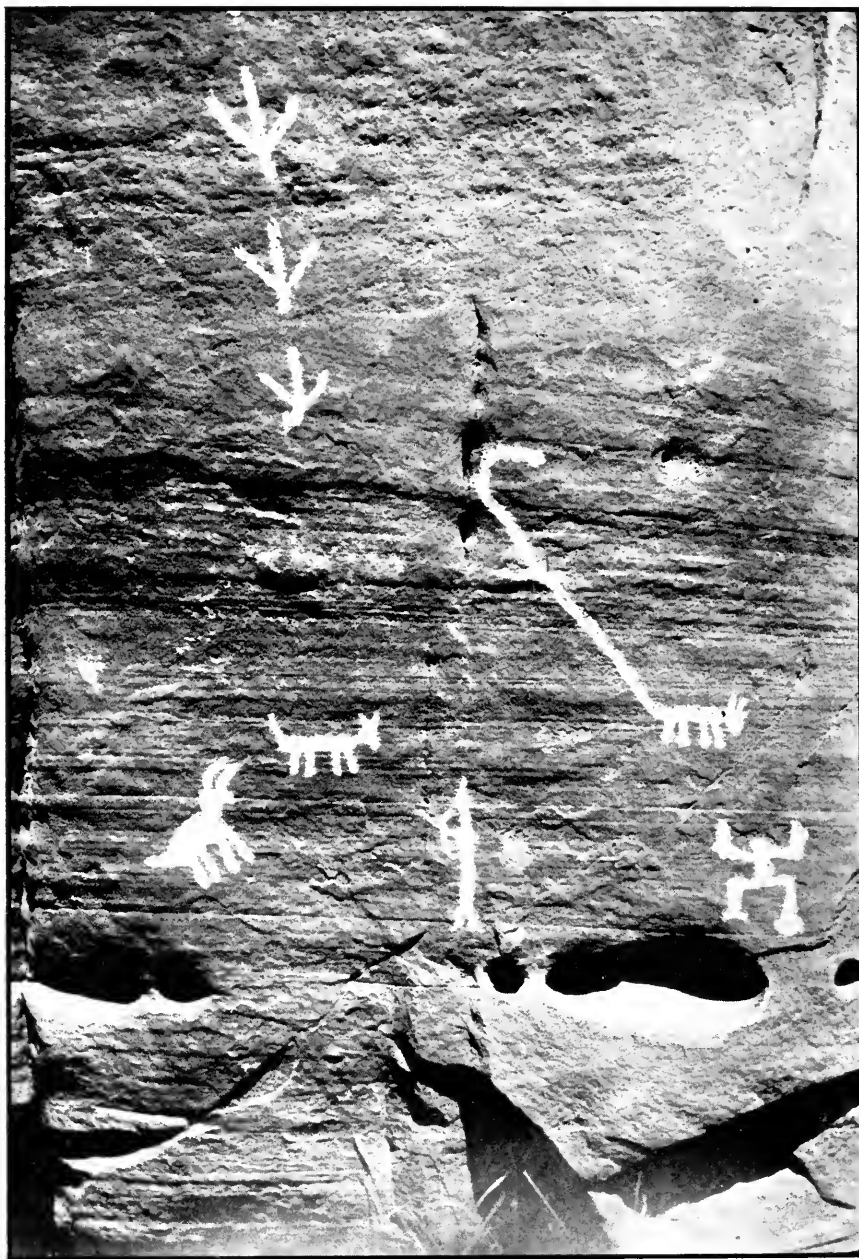


A TYPICAL RIVERSIDE HOME



MIDWINTER ROSES IN RIVERSIDE





PREHISTORIC ART IN THE SOUTHWEST

Southwest Museum, 1st Arizona Expedition

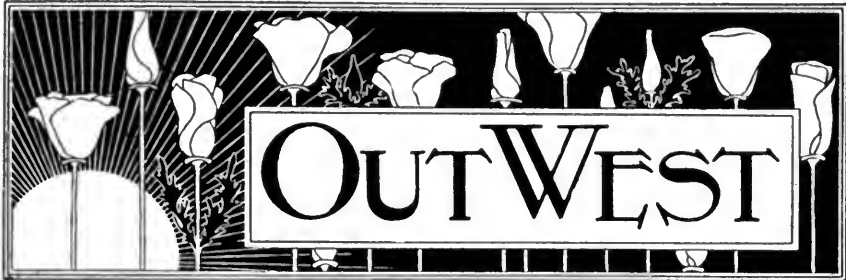
(Pictographs in an Arizona Cañon)

Formerly

The Land of Sunshine



THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT.



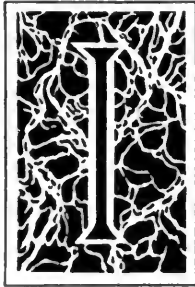
Vol. XXIII, No. 6.

DECEMBER, 1905.

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A LAND OF MYSTERY

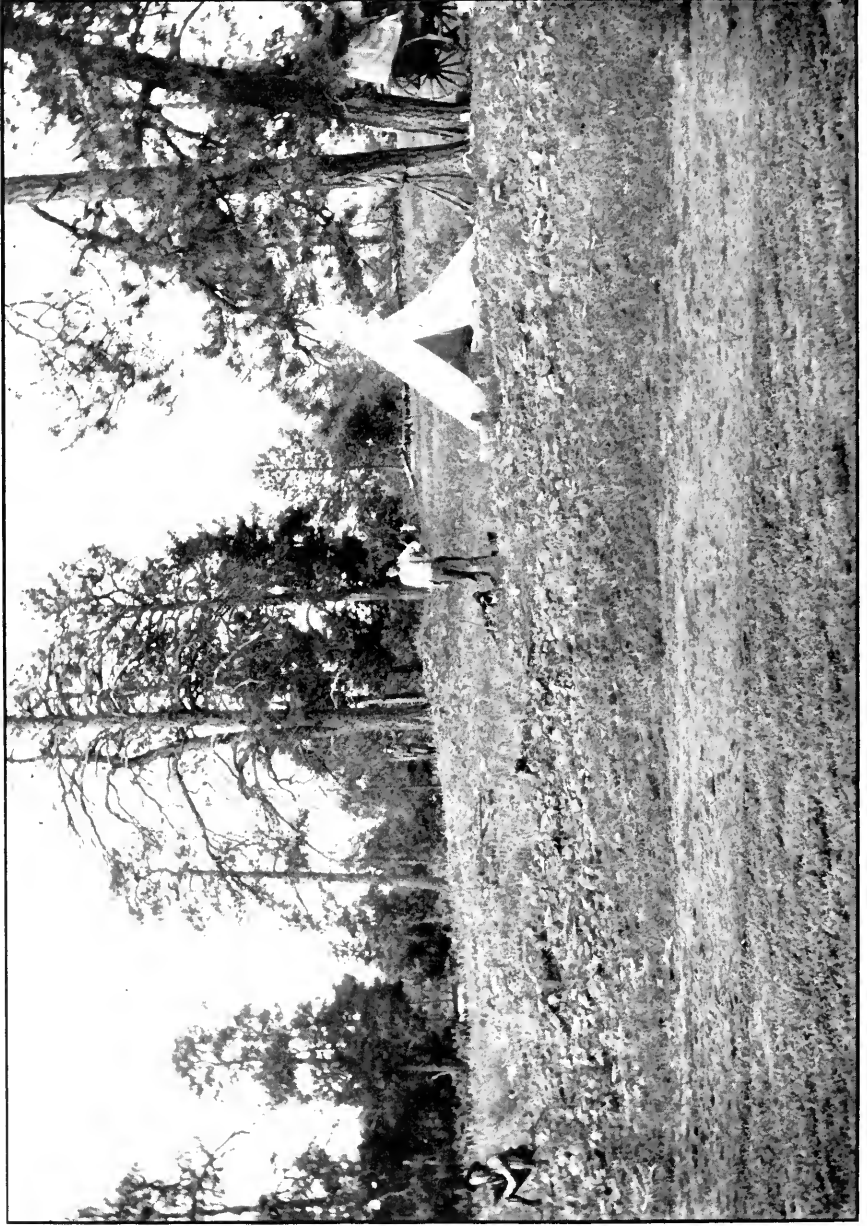
By DR. F. M. PALMER.



IT CAN truthfully be stated of a man able to play while he works, to merge vocation with avocation, that his lines are surely cast in pleasant places. He knows how good it is to be alive.

A full realization of this truth was brought home to me when, during the past summer, it became at once my duty and privilege to conduct (on behalf of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.) an investigation of certain pre-historic ruins in Navajo County, Arizona. For many years I had looked with longing eyes toward that storm-riven, wind-swept, sun-burned land; a land in the fashioning of which the hand of the Creator has not as yet eradicated all evidence of the mighty forces employed in making a world—a land of mystery, whose valleys, mountain peaks and appalling gorges at some time in the remote past afforded home and shelter to a race of men whose bones, cradled in her jealous bosom, enwrapped in a meshwork of roots of pines and cedars hundreds of years old, are slowly crumbling into nothingness.

In common with most of the native races of America, it was the custom of these people to place in the grave all, or most of, the personal effects of the deceased. And it is by an examination of the contents of these ancient cemeteries that we obtain most of our information with relation to prehistoric races.



THE EXPEDITION'S CAMP ON A RUIN

The researches conducted by the Southwest Society in its field expeditions are under the auspices of the Archaeological Institute of America, through the supervisory direction of its committee on American Archaeology.

The hope is probably ever-present in the hearts of all American archaeologists that some tangible evidence may be found that shall measurably raise the curtain of profound mystery that is suspended between the men of today, and the men who evolved that wonderful culture pertaining to the ancient Pueblos and Cliff Dwellers of the Southwest. Directly, it was earnestly hoped that these researches might result in collections (for our Southwest Museum) representing and illustrating the degree of civilization attained by these people.

After careful consideration, and in view of the fact that the territory in which I was permitted to make explorations was limited, I settled upon the Mormon town of Snowflake as a base from which to conduct operations.

A twenty-four hours' ride on the Santa Fé, and we arrived at Holbrook. Leaving the train at this point, we were met by a brother of one of my assistants. He had, in response to a telegram, procured a team and spring wagon; we soon had everything aboard, and started on a thirty-five mile ride due south to Snowflake. The country between Holbrook and Snowflake is practically a desert. There is no farming of any kind; a few stunted junipers here and there only serve to accentuate the severity of the landscape. We arrived at our destination about four p. m. This little Mormon town presents a most marked contrast to the barrenness of the country through which we had all day been traveling. As is customary in all of their settlements, trees are planted along both sides of all its streets, poplar and locust being the varieties used. These trees are bountifully and continually supplied with water, as the result of another admirable custom of these people. On either side of all streets, canals about three feet in width are kept filled with running water. Snowflake has a population of about six hundred; three stores, public schools and an academy. Many of the houses, and all public buildings, are of brick, which are of home manufacture. From what I was able to observe, I am of the opinion that prosperity has rewarded the undoubted energy and perseverance of these people.

The day following my arrival, Mr. T. J. Worthington, who had formerly been a resident of Snowflake, but who is now living in Los Angeles, and at the time was one of my assistants, introduced me to a number of the leading men of the town. I recall with pleasure the fact that I was most courteously received by



INTERIOR OF AN EXCAVATED ROOM, SHOWING FIREPLACES, ARTIFACTS, ETC.

1st Arizona Expedition

them all—they expressed themselves as being desirous of assisting me to a successful issue of my undertaking.

Several days were required in which to get our outfit together. Finally, however, tents, bedding, photographic instruments, cooking utensils, tools for making excavations, provisions, etc., etc., were all loaded on the wagons. Then, all hands climbing aboard, at last we were off.

I had selected a large ruin twenty-five miles south of Snowflake, located on patented land, surrounded on three sides by Forest Reserves, as an objective point for our first endeavor.

It was an all day's ride, the latter half of which was through mountain passes, surrounded on every hand by towering rocky heights nearly hidden from view by a magnificent growth of pines, many of which are more than 150 feet in height. Its forestation is the one thing which makes Arizona possible as a residence for civilized man. A strict maintenance in perpetuity of Forest Reserves in this Territory is an absolute essential. If I possessed the requisite power, not for a thousand years should another tree be cut.

We arrived at the scene of our intended researches about 5 p. m., and made our camp beneath an immense pine tree.

I employed additional men to assist in the digging, and started operations the following day, Sept. 6th.

This ruin is situated on an outcropping of sandstone which has an elevation of about 20 feet above the surrounding country. Judging from the amount of fallen stone, the pueblo must certainly have been two, and possibly three, stories high. The ruin is, however, complete; not one stone resting in position upon another above the present surface of the ground. The stone of which the pueblo had been constructed was probably taken from the very outcropping upon which it was built. These stones were of varying thickness— $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 inches, the sides and ends being rudely squared. They had originally been held in proper position in the building by a mortar which appears to be a mixture of clay and sand. This description may be taken as typical of all ruins in this locality, save only in size and the probable number of stories.

I examined more than eighty ruins, and in no case did I find any part of the wall standing above ground. But only in part is this utter devastation to be attributed to natural causes. Men now living in the section where these ruins are found have told me that the destruction has been greater in the last ten than in the preceding twenty years—by vandal relic-hunters, ravages of stock, and last but by no means least, the despoliation of these ancient monuments by people living near them. The walls are



INTERIOR, SHOWING PERFORATED SANDSTONE SLAB

thrown down, the stones hauled away and used in private residences, and even for public buildings. It is a Godsend that they are not permitted to lay their sacrilegious hands upon any part of that which still remains under control of the National Government.

On the morning of September 6th, I put two men at work clearing away the debris at a point where I was able to locate what appeared to be outlines of two rooms. I also put three men at work running trenches in what seemed a likely location for the burial place. Both surmises proved to be correct. In the collapsing of the walls of the building, a part had fallen in upon the lower story, a part outwardly and banked up on the outside; the elements had disintegrated the mortar, which, with drifting soil, and the accumulation of vegetable mold, had finally effected such a change that at this moment the ruin presents the appearance of an elongated, irregularly shaped mound, partially covered with rudely squared blocks of sandstone. After clearing away so as to be able to define the outlines of the rooms selected for examination, excavation was carried on until everything they contained was brought to light.

In the meanwhile the work in the trenches was progressing, and toward sundown the burial place was located. But so far as adding anything to the collection for our Museum is concerned, we might as well not have found it. The most of the bones were crumbled almost to the point of annihilation, and the semi-sandy clay and ashes in which the burials were made had hardened into what was practically concrete. After two days of hard work, without being able to save a single specimen, I took the men away from the trenches and had them assist in excavating rooms. In the rooms the conditions were little, if any, better than in the burial place. Shovels were absolutely useless, except for throwing out the dirt which had first been laboriously detached by use of the pick-axe. We secured a number of specimens in these rooms, but every one of them was cut out of its hard resting place with a butcher knife.

One of these rooms is 7 feet 7 inches long; 6 feet 9 inches wide; and now (to the surface) 5 feet 3 inches high. The one shown in the photograph is 10 feet 6 inches long; 9 feet 4 inches wide; 4 feet 11 inches high, all being inside measurements. The walls are about 20 inches thick, and have, of course, lost something of their height. The fireplace was found placed in the center of each room. I found no evidence of doors or windows; the entrance was probably placed originally at the top. The floors in these rooms were of rough sandstone slabs, covered with a mixture of clay and ashes to a depth of about 6 inches. This ruin

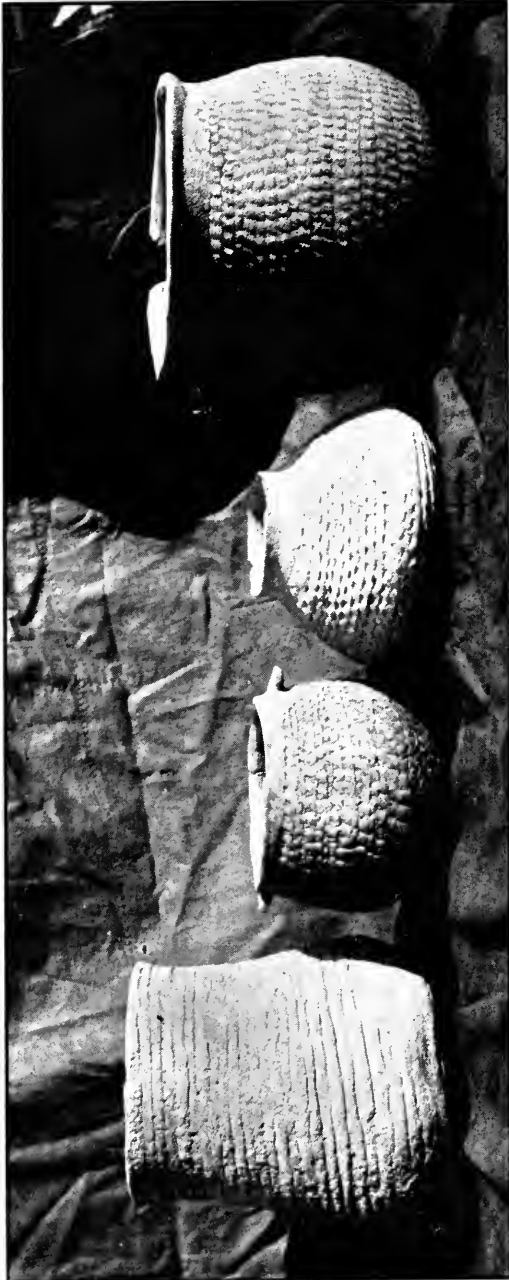
measures, over all, 320 feet in length, 80 feet in width, with what now appears to have been a large central court. The difficulty of doing the work at this ruin was so great, and the proceeds for our Museum so small, that I concluded to look for a more promising field. The entire appropriation at our disposal would

not do one-half the work required for a thorough investigation.

The objects taken from these rooms, shown in illustration, p. 528, consist of five implements made from deer horns; three implements made from leg bones of deer; four other bones; one large bone chisel; two stones used in smoothing pottery; ten stone knives; one grooved arrow-shaft straightener. In the rooms and burial place we found sixty pieces of pottery; but were unable to save any of it. On the surface of the ground one bead made of what appears to be "Catlinite" was found; also thirty arrow points.

No regularity with relation to position was observed in the burials. The graves had been made about three and one-half feet in depth. Pottery was invariably found near the head, sometimes at one side only; again on both; yet again on both, and at the top. Sometimes, though more rarely, an additional piece was found near the hips, or at the feet.

From September 11th to 15th I visited a number of ruins, but found in each instance that I had been preceded by others who had



Southwest Museum

PREHISTORIC POTTERY USED IN COOKING

1st Arizona Expedition

PREHISTORIC POTTERY USED IN SERVING FOOD (BOWLS AND LADLES)

made more or less thorough research. In every case the burial place had been looted; in fact, the only apparent object of those who had committed these depredations was to obtain pottery from the graves. There were no evidences whatever of any scientific work, save only that which I was informed had been performed by representatives of the Government.

September 15th we located two small ruins that are situated on a sandstone ridge about five miles long, and having a dense growth of junipers. Many of these trees are more than three feet in diameter. One of my photographs shows such a tree growing in the center of a room. These two ruins are separated by about 1,500 feet. I have designated them as "The Juniper Ridge Ruins." Less stone and more adobe appears to have been used in their construction. In fact, I was able to find but a single room of which enough remained to warrant investigation. This room was photographed. Its preservation is owing to the fact that in its construction it had been placed below the original level of the surrounding territory. A circular excavation four feet in depth and ten feet in diameter had been made; this ex-



cavation was then lined with a wall of thin sandstone slabs three and one-half or four feet in length by eighteen to twenty inches in width, placed vertically around the excavation. Notwithstanding the small dimensions of this room, it contained three fireplaces built against the walls. Two of these fireplaces can be seen in the photograph, the other is not visible, being concealed by the foreground. In one of these fireplaces was found a fine grooved stone hammer. At a depth of three and one-half feet, and seemingly near the original floor-level, we encountered a skeleton; the bones, however, were in the last stages of decay, and quickly crumbled to dust upon exposure. No pottery or other artifacts had been placed with the deceased.



I incline to the opinion that the Grim Reaper exacted the last tribute from this individual suddenly and violently, and in all probability at a time when he was peacefully pursuing his usual vocation.

Leaning against the wall of this room were two sandstone slabs; they are about 1 inch in thickness, roughly squared to about 18 by 22 inches in outline. A circular hole 6 inches in diameter has been wrought in the centre of each. They plainly show evidence of long continued use in connection with fire. There can, I think, be no doubt that they were placed across the top of the fireplaces during culinary operations; the central hole



1st Arizona Expedition

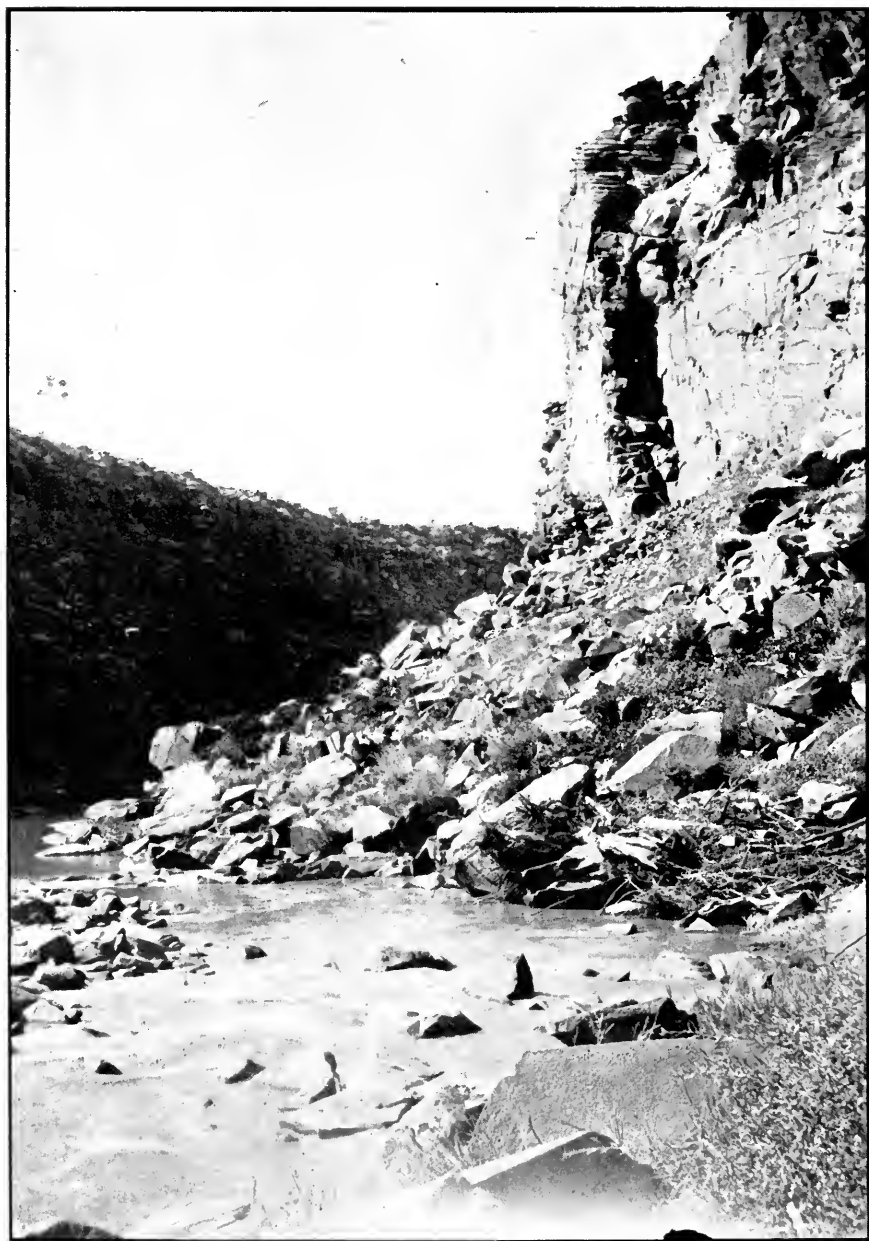
SOME EXTRAORDINARY POTTERIES

over which a cooking pot was placed facilitating the cooking of its contents, exactly as the holes in a modern range are used, and for the same reason.

The burial place pertaining to these ruins was located by my son, F. L. Palmer. The observations of the burials at Ruin No. 1 are equally applicable here. The ground, however, was a little less hard, and we were able to save all the pottery which had not been destroyed at time of burial. I am of the opinion that the burials at this ruin must have been made at a very remote period, even when considered in relation to similar ruins in this section. This conclusion is based upon the total disintegration of bones found associated with the pottery in the burial place. It was an absolute impossibility, even by an exercise of the utmost patience and care, to obtain a photograph of the contents of a single grave in situ.

Oct. 4th, I made a visit to a box cañon located three and one-half miles northeast of Snowflake. This cañon is about thirty miles in length, and in places more than 200 feet in depth. At various places its nearly vertical walls of sandstone show abundant evidence of attempts to record events or impressions by means of pictographs engraved thereon. I secured a number of photographs which accompany this article.

As a result of these researches there has been secured for the



IN THE BOX CAÑON
(200 FEET DEEP)

1st Arizona Expedition



PICTOGLYPHS IN THE BOX CAÑON

1st Arizona Expedition

Museum a representative collection of primitive artifacts incident to the country explored. Its appraisal in science remains to be determined; but of its large value to the Museum there can be no doubt.

[The first Arizona expedition, which Dr. Palmer outlines above, was conducted under the old restrictions that forbade exploration of the richest antiquarian field in the Southwest. Since then the Southwest Society has, in a single-handed campaign, secured the opening of this field to science—not only for itself but for Harvard University and the other Eastern museums which had long ago abandoned as hopeless the attempt to secure this privilege. The first official permission ever given by the Government to explore on government reservations is given to the Southwest Society. It will be improved.—Ed.]

PRAYER OF THE BOUND

By ETHEL GRIFFITH

FATHER of All, grant me this single plea:
 God of the Open Sky,
 Let me go free!

As wide as mighty winds Thy earth around,
 O Lord, the loosened throat;
 The soul unbound!

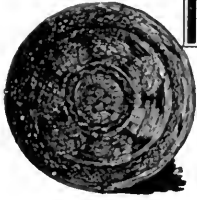
To me the rugged heart of mountains bare;
 The hoar strength of Thy hills,
 God of the Open Air!

Unchecked and wild Thy mighty waves drive free;
 Grant me my course as they,
 Lord of the Untamed Sea!

Father of All, grant me this single plea:
 God of the Open Sky,
 Let me go free!



REVIVING AN ANCIENT CRAFT



IT IS an unwelcome and disquieting fact that civilization almost invariably destroys the native arts and crafts, and gives us poor substitutes in their place. The original tendency of humankind is to work honestly—and honest work means the admixture of love and pride with manual skill. We have, of course, developed what we call Art; and it is a noble invention. But no one who is familiar with the earlier achievement of the race can escape certain periods of doubt as to whether the production of one person in ten thousand who can smack prepared colors upon prepared canvas to the content of nations is a wholly satisfactory exchange for the more ancient condition in which everyone was an artist, and everything that was made by the hand of man had a certain artistic quality.

One might as well try to divide a barrel of apples by a bushel of potatoes as to compare the two sociological eras:

1. When every housewife wrought with her own hands her



A RATTLESNAKE BASKET
(Luiseño Mission Indians)
7 inches diameter; white and gold-brown

Southwest Museum

own clothing, her own cooking utensils, and all the other utilities of her home, with an unspoiled thought which made these articles such an expression of natural human art-feeling that today her kitchen pots are among the richest ornaments in public and private museums that can afford them; when there were no chromos, no aniline dyes, no tin buckets, no crazy quilts, no tatting—in a word, when all things were made with love and for use; when even the less artistic creature, her he-consort, put love, thought and labor into his special equipment—which was to kill his enemy, bring down game for his home, and satisfy his heathen longing to worship, every minute of the year, whatever gods he knew.



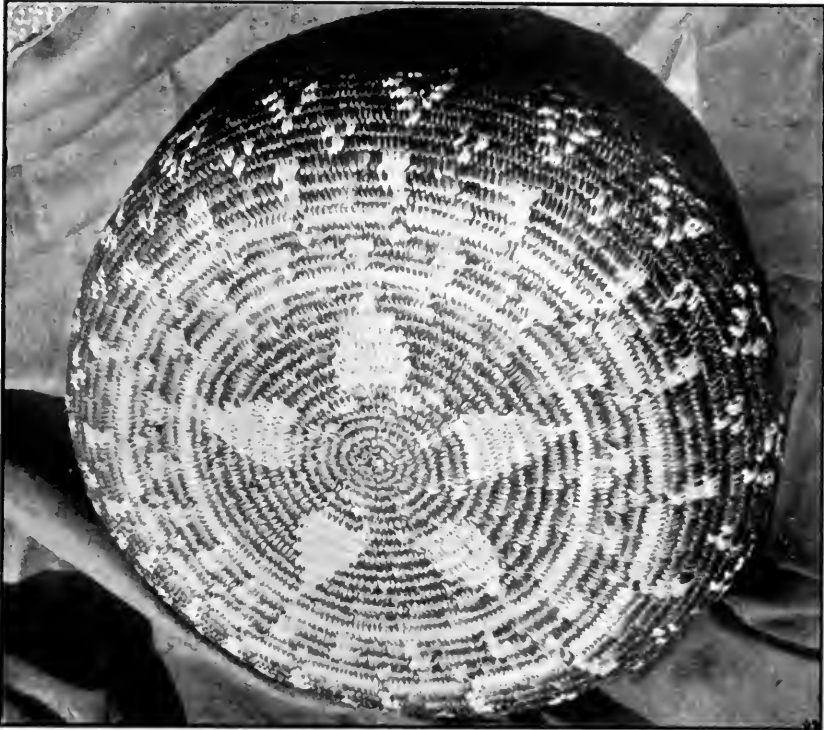
CAMPO (MISSION INDIAN) BASKETS

Southwest Museum

2. When we save work by saving Care; when we make to sell, or to save money; when everything that will hold water is “good enough” for use; when selfishness is overloading us with things that have no use and are only for display; when housewife and bread-winner alike buy what they need, instead of making it—from roof-tree down to tea-kettle and weapon.

For those who like either thing better, “that is just the sort of thing those people would like.” There ought to be room in the world for both. There is room in the world for both, with the people who think.

The first domestic arts in America have been, for many years, perilously near extinction. The machine has taken the place, in our economy, of that maker and master of all machines—the human hand. Whatever effect the machine-made has had on our



LUISEÑO MISSION INDIAN BASKET
8½ inches diameter; white and golden brown

Southwest Museum

own life, there is no question of its effect in degrading those arts of simpler peoples to which (by an unconscious sarcasm on ourselves) we turn for our most cherished ornaments. There are few rich Americans who would not be glad, for instance, to own a Navajo blanket of the best Old School. But they cannot. Twenty years ago, such a blanket could be bought for \$20, when high. There are 20,000 Navajos still living, herding sheep and horses, and weaving blankets; but you cannot hire one of them to make for \$500 one of those old "joy" blankets. Their old art has been hamstrung by cheaper processes, aniline dyes and the demand of the thoughtless. The still older art of basketry—the first artistic craft in America—is suffering almost as much. The best baskets ever made, between the beginning of this terrestrial globe as a habitable place for man and the first day of December, 1905, were made on the Pacific Coast of America. They were made not to sell but to use. And "stupid" Indian women put as much labor, as much love, as much art sense into one basket to be used for a mush-kettle, as the average civilized woman today puts into housekeeping and art together in a year; and this is not a guess, for even the market justifies the estimate. One of these Indian mush-pots has been sold within two years for \$2500.

But as prices have gone up, quality has gone down. The leisurely relic-seeker and collector has run after strange gods; has demanded new colors; has suggested the introduction of modern figures and shapes—and even the alphabet. Not long ago, a number of well-meaning people procured a Navajo woman to weave a blanket full of Masonic emblems!

A year ago the art of basketry among the Mission Indians of Southern California was fast becoming extinct. Only the old women persisted in it; and even they had been sophisticated by



A DIEGUEÑO MISSION INDIAN WINCROWING BASKET
13 inches diameter; white, brown and olive

Southwest Museum

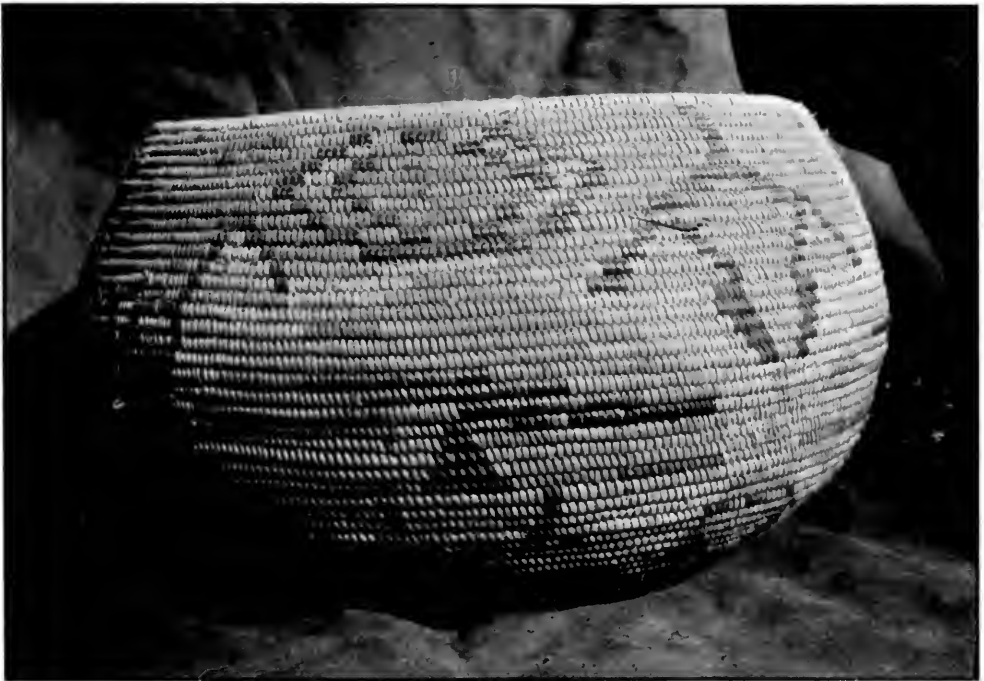
the demand of crazy-quilt tourists. The young women, educated in government schools, or influenced by their sisters thus educated, looked down on the old life and the old arts, and yearned only to do fancy work, diddle a mandolin, and own a picture hat.

The Sequoya League and the Southwest Society have had the good fortune, in conjunction, to help to arrest the extinction of this beautiful art. The League has undertaken to purchase for spot cash every decent basket made by the Indians of the five Campo reservations; and has also taken the product of some of the others. It pays in proportion to the sincerity of the work.

It refuses to take any basket faked after meretricious colors, designs or shapes. The more "Indian" the basket, the better price the League pays. Incidentally, it is largely assisting the self-support of a large number of original Californians whom the government had left starving.

The most typical baskets thus produced are taken by the Southwest Society for the Southwest Museum, to be preserved for our children.

In a recent visit to some of the reservations where, twelve months ago, only a few old women were making sophisticated market baskets, I was delighted to find, first a lot of young women (and even girls) returning to and becoming professioned



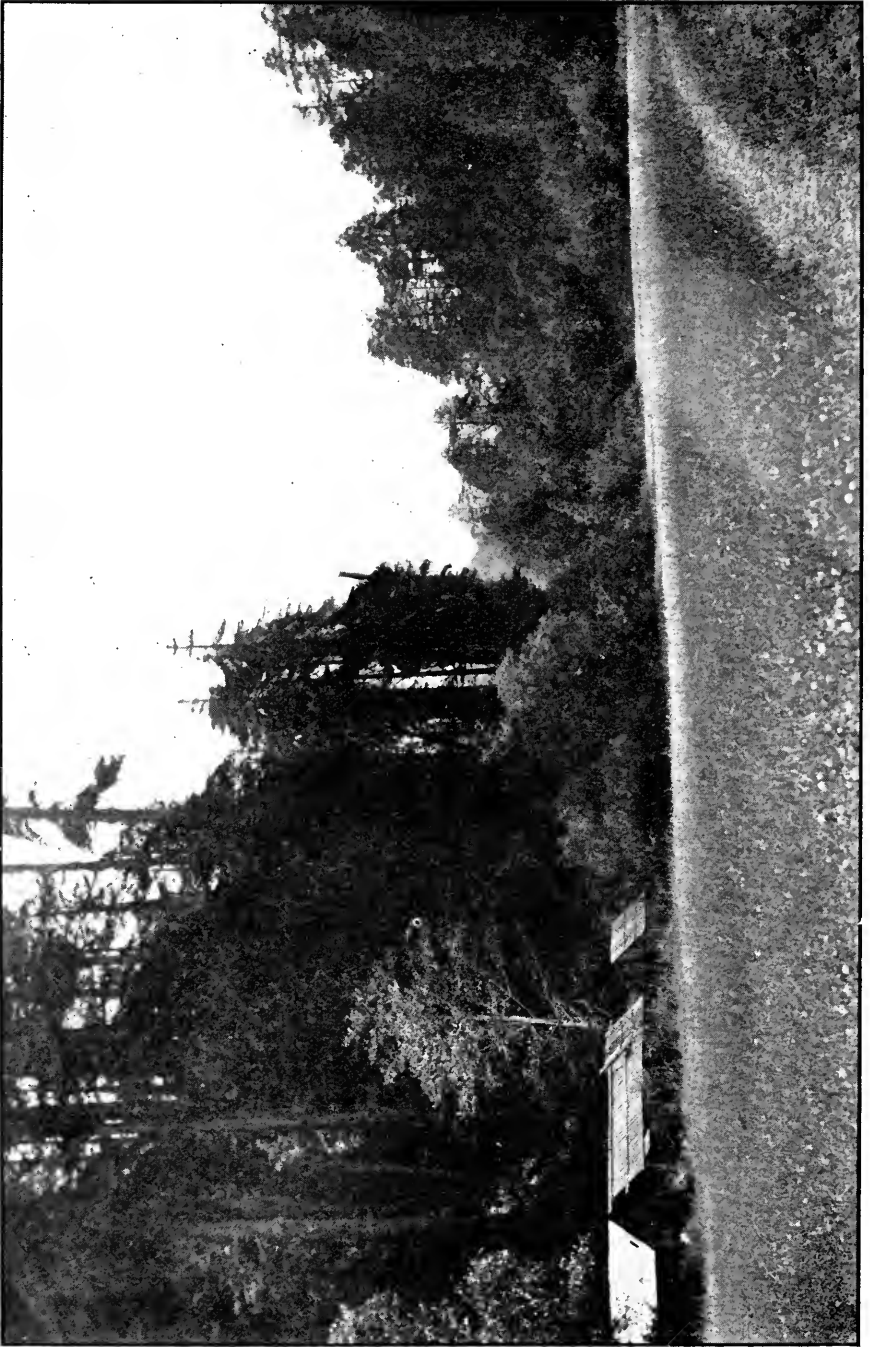
THE BEST CAMPO BASKET

Southwest Museum

in their hereditary art work; and also a general reversion to the shapes, colors and patterns devised by those who invented the art and loved it and by love developed it. Baskets are being made now by these people as they would make them for themselves; and the best basket ever known to be produced on the Campo Reservations has been turned out within three months by an old woman who was delighted at the chance to surpass her own earlier efforts.

One of the features of the Southwest Museum will be a unique collection of these aboriginal California arts; and the nucleus is already one of great importance.

C. F. L.



THE PROCESSION OF THE ALDERS

TIES

By MARGARET TROILI



WHEN you sit up there on the hillside, the redwoods will admit you into their company, provided you are serene and reverent as they. They will let you look between their shoulders down into and up along the river valley below, on the procession of alders bearing the river to the ocean across the tawny fields. The wooded ridges crowd on towards them from the rear and the sides, but still allow them to pass. There will be sounds, too, coming up to the brotherhood of giants. Perhaps the cows are loitering past—the happy, pure, unresonant tinkles strike the careless morning hours. The men are shouting in the hayfield, and the axe is busy on the opposite ridge. They are



"SUPINE AND HELPLESS"



THE TIE-MAKER'S TOOLS



SPLITTING OUT THE TIES

cutting down one of the brotherhood over there. Come over and see. The world has needs and the wilderness fills them.

Here at the foot of the mountain are piles of new ties—the teamsters will take them away. There is the chute down which they slid. Up here on the steep slope stands the old stump and around it lie the shreds and rags of the tree's bark-garment. Here are chips and rejected pieces; here are piles of rough ties, thrown to one side as they were split; here are, as the final product, neat tiers of smooth ties.

If the tie-maker comes up from the cabin below, he may tell you something about the technique of making ties. Here is a tree they felled—must be up-hill, of course, or it would break to pieces, or slide to the bottom. The felled tree, being now supine and helpless, is sawed into "cuts" the length of the ties, eight feet; the top is not available, being too small of girth. On the face of the cuts is marked out, with a "marker," the number of ties which can be split out, discounting the "sap" (the white rim under the bark), and splits in the wood. Then, with wedges driven in, with sledgehammers and crowbars, and the big strength of four arms, the cut is split into rough, square pieces, which are thrown to one side, the waste to the other. At last, there is only the empty sheath of sap and bark on the ground—and time for a smoke, or a lunch.



PILES OF ROUGH TIES



THE TEAMSTERS WITH THEIR WAGONS



NEAT TIERS OF SMOOTH TIES

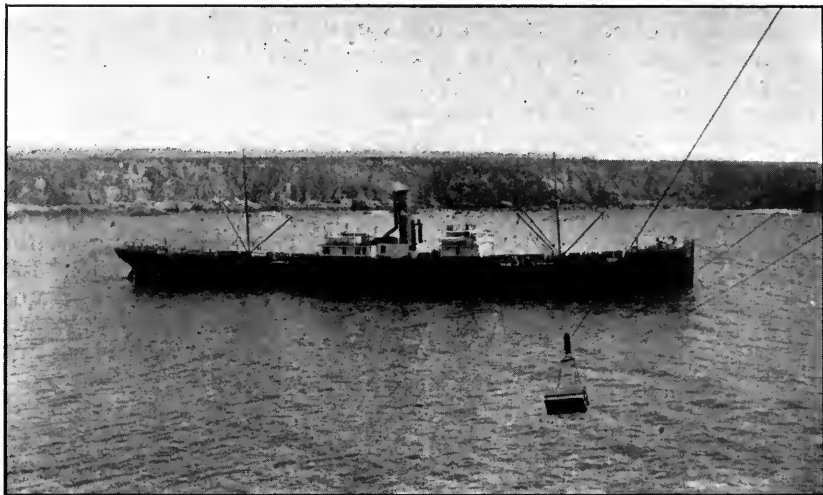
There is great difference in trees, an expert will tell you. Some split easily, other are too wet or are full of holes. Here is the biggest cut of all, to be worked later because too wet. It might yield upwards of forty ties. This tree, two hundred feet long, has made two hundred ties.

The men now level off a place big enough to work on, lay pieces of wood across which to put the rough ties. Then, with the broad-axe, very similar to the ancient battle-axe, they hew and trim until the familiar railroad tie is complete. It is then laid with its fellows in neat tiers, awaiting the coming of the man from the company, who "receives" them—banishment follows, and the tie goes out into the world, by way of the chute.

It is a tranquil life up here where the trees stand together. There is something in the ease with which these men work and carry themselves—ininitely leisurely when at rest; supple, skillful, when at work—that harmonizes with the spirit of the brotherhood of trees. Perhaps they feel the loss of one of them—but they should be consoled. To be useful is the noblest thing in the world. The teamsters come with their wagons to the bottom of the hill, and with tie-hooks and strong arms lift the now impersonal parts of the redwood tree into their wagons. Across the river, up the long road through the woods, past other tie-makers' cabins, then down, and out into the dusty common road



WHAT THE TIE-MAKERS LEAVE



LOADING THE TIES

that leads to the landing. Near the landing the ties are unloaded and stood on end, one against the other, with none of the music and motion they knew in the forest.

A steamer comes by a gap in the breakers to the wharf, and the ties are loaded on it. Some evening they set out and are sent far away, to Mexico, South America, Australia, the South Seas, to lie under the world's railways. When the workmen drag them off the flat-cars, who will think of the Mendocino mountains where they grew, spectators of the Procession of the Alders, shelterers of wild things, grave brothers who detain the winds. Travelers eager for the new places will never think of the gift of the forest, the heart of the tree in the dust, now without the dim charm of association, without a history.

Los Angeles

THE MIRAGE

By *THERESA RUSSELL*

MISTED green and silver bright,
 Gleaming through the arid light,
 Be thy intent to deceive us
 Or from dullness to relieve us
 Fair thou art to wistful sight.

E'en though thou be as false as fair,
 Aphrodite of the air,
 Sprung from Hope-deluded vision,
 Smiling, mocking in derision,
 Luring trust to black despair—

Yet shine on, oh phantom dear;
 Joys are sweeter far than near.
 All thy empty, vain effulgence
 Wins our pardoning indulgence—
 Lacking thee, the waste were drear.

AN OASIS

By ALAN OWEN



HE WAS a cheery, insouciant little runt, and, when he took the trouble, could give a pet raccoon points as an entertainer.

"Hansard," he said, rubbing his hands together, there's a slew of us planning a camping trip."

"Ah-ha." Give it the right intonation, and there is no human sound more non-committal.

"You bet. We aim to do the thing in good shape; no monkeying around Mono Flats a day from town. The idea is to keep a-going till we get way, way into the wilds."

"Ah-ha?"

"Oh, come off with your ah-ha. We want you to go along and act guide."

"Yes?"

"Yep; you're dead next to the trails, and all that—ought to be, anyway!" Then he laughed.

"Maybe." It was acidly said, and he stopped laughing, taking another tone.

"Honest, Hansard, we can't make it without you. There'll have to be a train of mules a mile long, and not a soul of us



MONO FLATS—A DAY FROM TOWN

savvys packing, the diamond hitch or any other old hitch. An' there's liable to be a heap of 'em before we get through. There'll be half a dozen ladies—"

"Wha-a-t! and you—Get out of here!"

He had the impudence to roar with laughter at the expression my face wore. The reason for the fury and disgust there depicted is a little difficult to convey in this century. Approaching the close of the last, in the eighties, there was a terra incognita lying back of the Coast Range, five or six hundred miles south of San Francisco, and in the neighborhood of a hundred north of Los Angeles. It is quite unnecessary to be more definite. The locality is now in the realm of politics, under the guise of a Forest Reserve, infested with "Rangers," yellow-gaitered tourists, and clerkly sportsmen. The game, these many years, has been confined to the ubiquitous beer-bottle and coy tomato can.

At the time my impertinent acquaintance was indulging in unseemly levity, things were very different. The official maps were mere guess-work—the region had never been surveyed. The appalling inaccessibility of the country may be accurately conveyed in a sentence; eighty square miles held four men—and supported none of them.

Leaving the dark side of past things, the brighter aspect lay, for me, in the swarming fauna and the virgin beauty encountered in every unexplored cañon of this rugged wilderness, while playing hide-and-seek with a few hundred Texas cattle.

Four men, thirty to forty miles apart from each other, purposely left the trails in and out of their fastnesses in such condition that a horse, mule or pack-burro required months of training before the animal could be trusted to negotiate safely the worst places—or induced to try. The idea of taking novices of the male sex over such country was anything but alluring. As for ladies—!

"Let me in on the josh s'mother time," I broke in tartly. "I've my stock to feed, and you'll have to excuse—"

Bert Morrison sobered at once. "Come on over the way," he said, nodding at a small cottage fifty yards from where we stood. "I want to introduce you to Doctor Cassell, an English physician. He and his wife are going along with us—"

"With you!"

"We're getting this thing up largely on his account," he continued, unmoved. "Assistant to a famous lung specialist back in the Old County; caught consumption from a patient; thinks the air of your mountains would help him. Here we are."

They were exceedingly nice people, but the thing was absurd, and working on my sympathies could not alter this fact. Not that the physician attempted it. A braver man never grappled

scientifically with his own death, or looked fate more squarely in the face, aided by an intrepid helpmate. But I suspected the cheerful Morrison of an assault upon my sensibilities, and politely but firmly declined once and for all to have any hand in such an impossible excursion.

While the Doctor tried to expostulate, his wife apparently saw the matter as I did, for she trod on her husband's toes, and agreed to all my objections, winding up the interview by asking me to dinner the following day. A young lady from Philadelphia was to be there, who had proposed to form one of the camping party. It would be well to have the girl hear at first hand the im-



THE START

possibility of expecting my pilotage. Then, no doubt, she would resign herself to the prospect of Mono Flats monotony.

Such is the subtlety of woman! The dinner came and went—thereafter behold your humble servant, the very next day, superintending the renting of additional mules, alfaugases, pack-saddles and horses; engaging a vaquero cook, hobnobbing over the question of supplies, and generally whooping things up, to the amazement of the chirruping Morrison, and the secret amusement, no doubt, of Mrs. Dr. Cassell.

Again we will glide with hasty elision over the dreadful series of incidents marking the outset of this pilgrimage.

In vain, with tearful mien, I protested that the country we were going to, and pack mules, were alike intolerant of bathtubs. That bedstead, mattresses and tents, were irrelevant and immaterial; that a thousand and one bulky impedimenta, suitable possibly for an Old World picnic, were wholly superfluous, and an intolerable nuisance in a territory that stood up on edge, and, in those pre-ranger days, gloried in trails calculated to tax the surefootedness of Alpine goats. The Doctor, good man, wouldn't see it.

"My dear fellow," he said, "don't you know we're not going on a campaign into an enemy's country, but a junket in the woods. I believe in traveling in comfort."

"All right, Doc!" I returned with fatalistic resignation. "It's your say-so; and if a bit of the junket slops over a precipice, don't blame me!"

Of course, that's just about what did happen; and a mighty good thing, too, from the point of view of the only two men in the outfit that understood packing. The mule with the bath-tub started the circus, by bucking the tub over her eyes, and then plunging headlong down the cañon. The brush broke the bedsteads to kindling, most handy for starting camp-fires, and the mattresses got so hopelessly waterlogged in crossing an extra deep fording, that they were left on a rock to dry, and for all I know may be there in the sun to this day.

There were five men, and the number of ladies, thank goodness, had dwindled to three—the Doctor's wife, Morrison's sister and the Philadelphia maid, Miss Blessington.

At times I thought Miss Blessington was but eighteen. At seasons she acted like some irrespressible madcap, just let loose from high school. The sombre oppressiveness of mountain and cañon had mostly little effect on her spirits. Again, she would show a womanly dignity and a species of intuition that only comes to the sex after twenty.

The hair of this Eastern girl was a sort of dead ash or neutral brown, abundant and heavy, its dull masses setting off her brilliant complexion, scintillant eyes, and gleaming teeth. Her greatest attraction, in my eyes, was her strenuous health, so unusual in visitors from Atlantic states. It was a sort of redundant vitality, that magnetized all who came near it. To look for a moment at her eyes (an occupation by no means distasteful), their lights shifted from grey to blue and back again, under curved lashes and well-marked brows. Her mouth, generous and vital, pouting the lips in repose the most charming trifle, bore witness that her Quaker ancestry had been very human at heart, under their grey sobriety. Her nose had nothing of the classic in outline;

but, like her mouth, was modeled on a scale at once ample, yet fine and sensitive.

The situation was somewhat electrically charged from the start. The work of riding herd on the outfit kept my hands very full during daylight, so long as the party was traveling. Incidentally, it may be noted, that the distance to my own camp, some eighty miles, across three ranges of mountains, took me, when alone, three days—two, if there was cause to hurry. It occupied the Doctor and his suite, seven; and lucky they all were then to make it.

Morrison's inning with Beauty was on the trail, and I must confess he made the most of it. He was one of those surface



ON THE TRAIL

travelers, with a heart as light as his chatter, ever ready to see the ridiculous, and a great hand with the ladies. In this he was at an advantage. Town life gave him plenty of scope for his talent, while my hermit-like banishment in the wilderness yielded no more gentle experience than an occasional squaw from the Cuyama.

In the evening, however, over the camp-fire, the tide turned in my favor. The Doctor, over whom the country and my life in it had thrown a lasting fascination, insisted on drawing me out, while he sucked at his English meerschaum in rapture. It was an enjoyment possible at second-hand only, for had his

lines been cast in my place, he would have found nothing on earth to revel in, but dirt, dog-weariness and hunger. Hunger for food other than bacon, varied by venison-jerky; for speech with human being, the longing for all that makes life seem adequate; man's need of woman's sympathy.

As, under the Doctor's questioning, I related such incidents as life in a primitive wilderness bristles with, Miss Blessington would nestle close between the Doctor and his wife, listening open-eyed. It must all have been dreadfully boring to Morrison, and his sister would yawn most waspishly—but, to give credit when it is earned, he behaved with becoming sang froid.

The lists may be said to have been so arrayed—unconsciously, for the most part, but none the less effectively.

On the one side was Morrison, with practically all day and a clear field, an abetting sister as a vigilant and sleepless watchdog. On the other, myself, aided unwittingly by Doctor Cassell, with his wife as a discreet but inwardly entertained referee.

The first revelation that perhaps a little leeway was being made, through the Doctor, via the girl's imagination (my personality bearing the uncouth impress inseparable from this mode of existence), occurred the fourth day out. There had been trouble with one of the pack-mules. Roping the brute, I snaked it ahead on the trail, away from the rest of the train, strung out behind under charge of the vaquero.

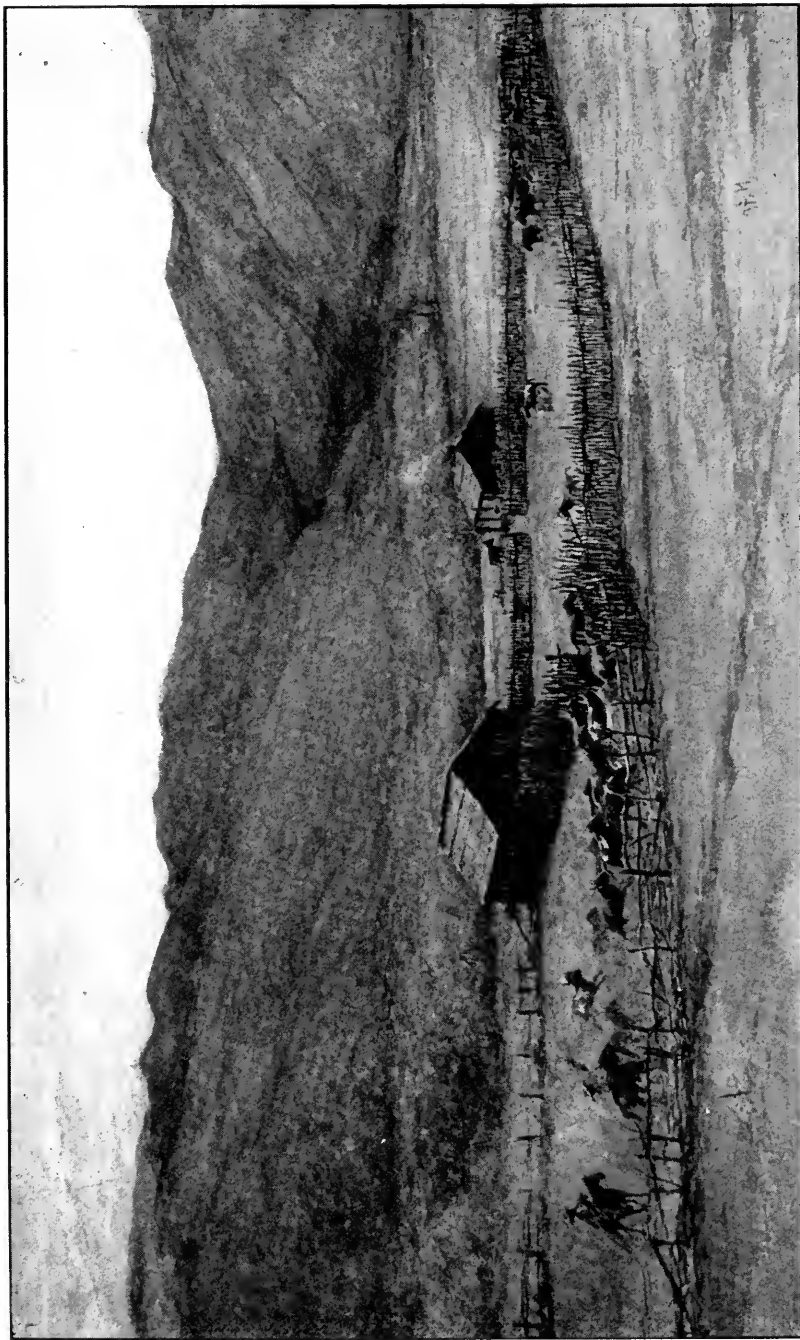
Whether it was Miss Blessington's smile, as I turned to point out a queer rock formation, or merely inexcusable carelessness, I started up a grade with the reata turned once around the saddle-horn, the slack coiled in my left. For the benefit of those to whom this conveys no enormity, it may be remarked that the rawhide rope should have been free of the saddle going up hill; for even if perfectly fast by three or four turns round the pommel, the grade made the risk of being yanked clear over backwards, pony and all, a grave one.

My method at the time was nothing less than suicidal, and brought its own punishment instanter. The mule unexpectedly sat back on its haunches, the reata slithered around the horn with a shriek and smell of burning, until the coil drew taut on my hand, cauterizing and cutting the flesh to the bone.

I had reason to be thankful that a physician of the highest skill formed one of the party; the wound, as may be imagined, was ugly, agonizing and slow to heal. On the whole, casting up one thing with another, I came to regard my hurt as a godsend. The hand required dressing several times a day, a duty the warm-hearted daughter of Pennsylvania insisted on performing. In vain Miss Morrison fussed officiously, with motives of sisterly



STEEP AND SLENDER TRAILS CUT IN THE FACE OF PRECIPICES *From painting by Alex F. Harmer*



From Painting by Alex F. Harmer

THE TRAIL DEBOUCHED UPON A MATCHLESS AMPHITHEATRE

loyalty, or Mrs. Cassell intervened in good-natured mischief; the Philadelphia girl would allow no alleviation of her self-imposed task, and—oh, well, it beat palmistry all to pieces.

On the seventh day we reached my potrero. For eighty miles we had wound our way through narrow, brushy cañons, or dry, rocky arroyos, climbed steeps and slender trails cut in the face of precipices, scrambled up and down vast mountains that made the first Coast Range look a puny dyke. Now, with yelps of delight from the party, the trail debouched upon a matchless amphitheatre of perhaps two hundred acres, poised high, nearly seven thousand feet, shut in on every side by towering peaks.

The flat itself was free of heavy brush, a living stream of water cutting the potrero in two. I saw Miss Blessington's mountain "knickers" flash by me, as she raced over the level land. In passing, she had leaned to give my pony a flick; now she turned in her Mexican saddle:

"I dare you!" she said, and was off like the wind.

Sending heavily-shanked spurs home, I started after her, my mustang beating out with his hoofs the rhythm of a lilting verse:

"Then Roop! Ki! Yi! with her elbows high, she spurts in the cowboy style;

With a jerk and a saw at her horse's jaw, she's ahead for another mile!"

When I drew up even, the two plugs racing over the open in perfect unison, I could not resist bending over the saddle and shouting the other verse:

"With a 'Catch if you can, I'm as good as a man!' at a break-neck pace we ride.

I have all but placed my arm round her waist, as we gallop side by side!"

"Not this child!" she retorted, pulling up, her color heightened and teeth gleaming; then, as the rest of the outfit approached, she spurred back to them, flinging over her shoulder the addendum:

"Besides, see the noble army of rubber-necks!"

Rubber-necks! Has the Society of Friends fallen from Grace, or did my ears deceive me? A number of times that same evening I was faced with this poser, nor was the solution in the girl's mien, a demureness impinging upon austerity.

Alas for our hopes of a resting-place! The alkali in my creek was altogether too self-assertive. After a respite of forty-eight hours, I recommended a move to a still greater altitude—the pine belt, where the water ran limpid, ice-cold, and free from irritant salts.

The locality I had in mind, lay a distance of fifteen miles, steady rise, northeast of the potrero. To understand the events that followed this move, a description, the briefest possible, is necessary of the intervening country.

Imagine a creek bed winding for ten miles between precipitous walls of mountain, sometimes sheer, more often shelving, but never sufficiently to form a flat or potrero. Picture the main basin, dry for the most part, throwing off innumerable tributaries, which cut into the walls of the cañon on the right and left. Sometimes these branches would show wider and more open country than the main creek followed by the trail; at others the tributary would feed its parent by means of a slight fissure in the rock. In either case, to right or left, these branches led off into labyrinthine voids, interminable mazes, that even at this hackneyed day must remain inviolate. Woe to the tenderfoot possessed of a faith that they "come out somewhere." They never do—and he is apt not to.

Hemmed in as the trail appeared, Miss Blessington, in one of her galvanic moods, determined to usurp the lead, crushed past me on the trail, her knee brushing my rawhide armos, and loped ahead, with a challenging glance backwards, a sort of farewell deft, as the elbows of the cañon took her in their crookedness.

"Watch out you don't switch to a cattle track," I shouted. "It's good-bye if you do!"

"Can't lose me!" came back from behind a bend. "Your pony's dead slow; get a wiggle on you both!"

Again those tripping verses galloped through my head:
"And it's Nancy's dust that breathe I must, and it's Nancy's trail
I follow,
Till I leave the rut for the steep short-cut, and I've caught her
down in the hollow!"

Nothing was further from my duty as I saw it; but the temptation was no small one. However, I knew that cañon like a book, and could not risk it. The creek doubled and twisted like a snake in pain, while glimpses of straight and smiling reaches, leading Heaven knows where, greeted one through openings on either side of the watershed. If we were to make camp that night, I must never for a moment lose touch with the outfit.

For many exasperating reasons, it was a toss-up whether we made it before dark or not. The last five miles included an exceedingly stiff bit of climbing, and the packs behaved very badly. At last, however, the pines were actually reached, and we built camp beside the purest of water, the banks of the stream matted with wild strawberries, raspberries and blackberries growing in shady luxuriance.

The mules were swiftly unpacked—a job all male hands could tackle—the horses unsaddled and tethered. A fire for supper began to splutter, piled high with resinous pine-cones, when the Doctor looked over his spectacles inquisitively:

“Where’s Miss Blessington?”

At first I went quite sick at the thought of it, for I knew in a flash what had happened. Then, as the party set up a futile hallooing, the blood surged happily through me; for there was but one man at home in that country, or with a trick of following a pony’s tracks over the criss-crossing of cattle. Throwing the saddle back on an indignant pinto, I hid my face for a moment in



TO THE CAMP AMONG THE PINES

the girths to conceal a broad grin, then pulled on the latico with emphasis, feeling I had a horse-hair cinch on the situation.

Swinging into the saddle, I explained what had happened, most likely.

“Go right ahead with supper, Lopez, and keep a bite warm as long as you can. Maybe I’ll be back with Miss Blessington in less’n an hour.”

I hardly thought so. Already imagination was leaping back over the trail, picturing the Gallant Rescuer, basking in My Lady’s smiles—

“Hold on, old man! Couldn’t think of letting you go alone. I’ll be with you in a shake!”

It was that cheerful highbinder Morrison! Inward ecstasy prevented immediate reply.

A wild glance around for some way to shake this incubus showed Mrs. Cassell biting her lips to keep in laughter. Anger gave back power to use my tongue.

"Don't you worry, Morrison; I'll be all right, and back in a jiffy. You stay and look after the ladies!"

"Thank you, Mr. Hansard, the ladies feel quite safe with my husband."

"My! yes!" interjected that partisan sister. "We're all right with Doc, to say nothing of Lopez."

"But," I expostulated, feeling beaten already, "there's no need to take Bert away from his supper. Too many cooks down there'll make a hash of it."

"A mash of it?" queried Mrs. Cassell, dropping into the vulgarity with an air of innocent blundering.

"Enid, my dear," said the Doctor, looking at his spouse in amazed reproof, "this is no time for folly. It's very good of Mr. Hansard, don't you know—"

"I know a lot more than you do, in some ways, you old goose! Run along now, boys, or you'll get no supper."

"Come on then, Morrison. Don't blame me if you have a picnic down in the dark."

"That's a-l-l right, Old Man. You lead!"

And I did, at a gallop, till, simultaneously with the last rays of sunset, we touched the apex of the mountain we had laboriously climbed that afternoon. The immense altitude, on a level with all but the highest peaks of the greatest range, gave a bird's-eye view of the seething, squirming country below, which already lowered blackly in the deepest shadows.

The cooling perspective of years enforces all credit due to man and beast alike. Morrison came down that mountain after my dust lickety-split. It was obvious what the trip had taught both him and his pony.

At the time, however, this unexpected exhibition of horsemanship made me feel more savage, and my plug literally flew over the intricate trail.

Twilight deepened into the blackest night, as we entered the cañon proper. The trail, to escape the convolutions of the creek, shot up all kinds of steep places, tunneling through thorny growths of chaparral and tough manzanita. Such trails today are industriously cut back and kept open by Government Rangers. They were originally formed by the primitive method of forcing the horse headforemost into the thicket, and hanging level across his withers, Indian fashion, as he ploughed his accustomed way through.

Great fun the party thought this species of obstacle race in the day time; at night, on the keen trot, the fun was rather forced. My bronc' and self, from years of usage, knew every stick and twist, just when to duck instinctively, and when to shield our eyes; moreover, my rawhide chaps or "armos" were proof against mountain holly.

My young friend had a gay and gaudy time of it in the gloom. Twice his horse slipped off the trail and slid into the creek below; his hat and wind had both departed an hour and more ago. To lose sight—or, rather, sound—of my mustang was to



ON A LEVEL WITH ALL BUT THE HIGHEST PEAKS

be lost indeed—and when blasphemy in the rear became more than usually sulphurous, I divined that the chaparral had embraced my companion, Absalom-like, and lifted him from the saddle.

Presently we came to the point where it seemed likely Miss Blessington had made a wrong turning. Dismounting, I lit a match, then another. A few mustangs ran wild on the range, so that to distinguish the hoof-tracks was not easy by match-light.

After tracing her up several branch gulches, ramifying off from the tributary we were working, her trail made a distinct break back to the main creek, and I drew my own conclusions.

The great offshoot we were following opened out into a world of its own, vast and tortuous. I remembered chasing, not so long since, a wild cow up that identical fork. She ran around the curve ahead of us—and disappeared into thin air. And that was in daylight!

The mystery had, after half an hour's looking, been solved by an overgrown trail that took suddenly up the barranca to the top of the ridge, along which ran a bare and cattle-worn trail back to the main cañon.

Imperceptibly my lead increased. The pinto rounded the curve sharply. In a moment, in answer to spur, he plunged up the barranca. I checked him and waited.

Morrison rode by in a minute. I could hear him shift uneasily in the saddle, as he bent to peer at the trail; then the night shut down, and the sound of hoofs grew muffled. Without conscious urging, the pinto climbed to the top of the ridge.

"Now, my officious friend," I chortled, "you're in the consommé, and it'll take the combined efforts of a search party to fish you out!"

Along the ridge, the mustang loped surefootedly. A little while and he slackened, without hint or lift of the reins, but in response to his owner's mood. The association between horse and rider, after several years' bestriding, becomes uncannily intimate. The lope became a trot, and when the creek was reached, a slow and thoughtful walk.

Horrid memories of that particular arroyo jostled one another; there was a branch that ended abruptly in chasms, like a species of bottomless pits. Another merged into a cienega, a fathomless bog, where grew a horrific crop of horns protruding from the green surface—the only sign of rash steers that had ventured on its treacherous crust. Above all, the tracks of Ephraim were always visible throughout that section of my range, incredible as the statement may seem to the hunter in this century whose only bag today, in that section, is likely to be of paper.

In the event, these haunting reminiscences got the better of my resentment. I retraced my steps to the mouth of the tributary, and hastened along the gulch. The cañon took up my shouts, like a vast and unseen oratorio.

"Bert!" I yelled. "Bert!—O! Bert!"

"Dirt!" came back: "done him dirt-dirt-dirt!"

It certainly began to look that way. I was down to my last match, and it showed his tracks running off to the left along a trail that took into a draw I had always thought impenetrable! There was nothing for it but to follow in the prickly blackness, and curse my weakness in the face of temptation.

Using my lungs to the utmost, head bent, with the flap of the sombrero flattened over my eyes, I forced the horse through, doubting whether it could be possible for a novice to get in there, and wondering how the deuce I was myself to get out. Just as I had made up my mind to give up, and resume my original quest for Miss Blessington, I heard an answering halloo, seemingly not a hundred yards away.

"Light up, Bert!" I cried, "and let's get out of this!"

His match showed closer than I had imagined; his horse was tethered to a tree, unsaddled, and the blanket spread for the night.



THE FORD

"Gosh! you're a wonder!" he said. "How the thunder did you track me? I'm all in, and see my blamed foolishness in lagging along after you."

Remorsefully I helped him to saddle. "Why, that's easy," I answered. "As soon as I missed your hoof-beats, I caught on you'd switched to the left. But how the blazes did you manage to butt in here?"

"Butting-in is where I'm special strong," he giggled, and in the darkness I couldn't help laughing. "I got off the horse when I lost you, and staggered around on foot."

That, of course, explained it; and on foot we both wormed a

way out. Remounting, I confided my conclusions to Morrison, and the reasons that forced them upon me.

"Miss Blessington's been 'way up here," I said. "How far, I don't know—but something put her next she was off the trail, and she back-tracked out of this cañon."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Morrison, "that makes it all the worse—we'll never in the world find her, if she's tramping over that infernal creek."

"Well, she isn't—unless I'm making a big mistake. According to my notion, she got out of this arroyo shortly after the outfit passed, and concluded to make a break back to my shanty—"

"Instead of floundering around permiscuous?"

"Yep—or tying up for 'a good cry.'"

"Hope to God it's so! She's a great girl, Hansard, what d'you think?"

"We'll probably have to sleep at my potrero anyway, tonight," I said, evading this intrusion of privacy. "Keep close as you can, Morrison, and once we get on the main trail, we'll let out a kink."

Using the few matches that remained to the other man, on regaining the creek bed, I found that my surmise had much probability. The mare the girl rode, I noticed from the outset, had a slight malformation of one hind hoof, and this imprint was pointing back over the trail to my camp. Every few miles I lit a match and assured myself she had taken no more wrong turnings, but apparently the passage of the pack train and half a dozen horses had worn a fresh path easy to follow.

As the creek debouched upon the great plateau forming my home, I heard, in the far distance, a mustang's nicker.

Hands hollowed to mouth we coo-eed, then swung into a race on the level.

A shaft of light streamed across the flat as the shanty door threw open, and we heard a girl's voice call, clear and triumphant:

"All abroad for supper!"

"Supper!" I cried, when I got near enough. "Our hearts have been in our mouths and spoilt all appetite. You scared the life out of us; and here you've been calmly cooking as though expecting company!"

"Sure!" she said. "I knew one of you boys'd be along after a while—two's all the better," (but she made a little moué that set me wondering) "and I don't go much on that hearty diet you talk about. I've done the best I could with your stores, Mr. Hansard, but you need a housekeeper badly."

"There's a slew of things I want the worst in the world, and ain't likely to get in this neck of the woods," I answered. "We'll just pull off our saddles and be right along in less than a rattle."

Morrison I thought strangely silent, his movements slow and uncertain. Miss Blessington had tethered her plug to a northeasterly corral post, so that it faced directly the mouth of the cañon we must come by, and with its whinnying gave due notice of our advent.

In the light of the shanty it became evident that my companion was badly used up; his clothes were nigh torn off his back, and there was little whole skin remaining on face or hands. He ate sparingly; then, at first protesting, finally yielded to Miss Blessington's entreaty that he spread himself on my bunk, that was to serve the girl for sleeping, till it was time for us men to retire to our own boudoir, the hay-barn.

In two minutes he was slumbering with the heavy unconsciousness of utter exhaustion.

There was a roaring fire in the 'dobe grate (the nights at that altitude are frosty), and a great pile of gathered fuel by the hearth. Had no one arrived, the girl intended sitting up all night. She had occupied herself by making a clean sweep of the shanty—it needed it abominably. The guns had been taken from the rack and wiped, though the feminine mental process that directed their replacing butt upwards must forever remain a mystery. I would not have made adverse comment for worlds; indeed, at the time I was not sure the fashion had not a subtle charm and secret utility. The bunks, two of them, one above the other, ship-shape, had been dusted over, the sage mattresses shaken, and the pillows of pine feathers beaten.

An immense accumulation of miscellaneous literature, which sprawled over the whole place, out of the door, under the porch, and distributed itself impartially around the corral and barn, all of this that seemed worthy of preservation, she had carefully dusted and neatly stacked on a shelf. Her idea of worthiness and mine, it is true, did not coincide at all points. She had given place of honor to medicinal almanacs bestowed gratis by druggists, and lit the fire with a tattered copy of "Soldiers and Civilians." The intent, nevertheless, was excellent. And what, I asked myself in youthful omniscience, has female beauty to do with literature? Now that my hair is thin, where not invisible, a mental echo floats o'er the gulf of years—"what indeed?"

Meantime, there was much to explain, and consideration for the sleeping youth made close quarters an intoxicating obligation. The girl's face took on an added glow, and her eyes in-



"SOLITARY AS A RULE—THE HEARTH KNEW"

From Painting by Alex F. Harmer

creased in beauty and sparkle—doubtless due, in a measure, to the log fire.

Solitary as a rule, or Greasers or half-breed vaqueros the hearth knew; the existing propinquity was an unanticipated foretaste of Elysium; unexpected in its present completeness, but no whit marred by the memory of imagination's flights earlier in the evening, or the check so rudely administered.

And, as she talked, she smiled, her white teeth gleaming, and the vital lips rich in promise. My gaze was fascinated by little evanescent cavities that played about the corners of her mouth.

Simultaneously we leaned forward to stir the fire, her fresh young cheek so close that the bloom of it, like the couleur of the wine-grape, gained soft visibility. An escaping look touched my face, and then—

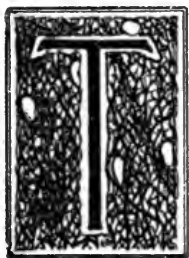
Then he woke up, confound him!

May his soul know the woes of Tantalus!

The Mesa, Santa Barbara

THE FRUIT OF THE YUCCA TREE

By SHARLOT M. HALL



HE sun, a dull red ball seen through the dust haze, slid behind the sky line, flinging back a last glow of beauty over the land he loved best. The haze deepened to a luminous purple on the peaks and foothills, cut with masses of rich-toned shadow in the rugged cañons that furrowed their sides and crept down into the desert like wrinkles in some age-worn face.

Above the horizon a great band of orange and flame grew slowly, fading up and up into pink and pale-green and dying away in vague depths of softened blue.

For half an hour a veil of filmy gold rested on the mesas where the dust-filled air caught and held the light.

The thick, sharp, sabre-like clusters of leaves on the yucca trees were touched with the reflection, like the play of fire on a drawn sword. Down across the sand-washes the day slowly retreated, leaving the mesquite and ironwood trees in shadow.

The smoke, rising through the branches of a tall, shaggy yucca, was lost in gathering darkness, but the fire sent its glimmer far through the forest.

It was not often that a fire burned there and the few wild things to whom the place was home drew close in wonder and curiosity, or fled in fear, according to their kind.

A strange little jumping mouse had discovered a crumb of bread and was dragging it stealthily away to eke out his hoard of yucca seeds. Somewhere out in the inky sand-hills a coyote sent up his call, "Ya-i-ah! I-ah! I-ah! I-ah! Ya-e-ah! e-e-e-e!" rising and swelling, chopped short with vicious snaps and yells, and rising again till his lean mate flung it back weirdly multiplied.

Just beyond the campfire a covered traveling-wagon stood in the circle of light, the harness thrown idly across the tongue and a span of dust-coated mules tied to the hind wheels. By the front wheel, next the fire, a roll of bedding had been put down and a man was lying on it, his head propped on his arm, watching a woman trim the uncouth branches of the yucca trees with garlands of mistletoe.

The dainty leaves were flushed with red and the long, berry-set sprays were like ropes of pink pearls. It seemed too exquisite, too fragile in its ethereal beauty, to be a child of the desert. Yet they had gathered it that day, where the yard-long clusters clung to the mesquite and ironwood trees along the sand-washes.

The woman stepped down from the cracker-box, on which she had been standing to reach the higher limbs. The firelight played over her, showing the gold in her brown hair and the half-whimsical, half-anxious curve of her mouth.

"Isn't it lovely? Don't it make you feel Christmas in the air?"

The man laughed, with a note of teasing in his voice.

"Christmas? Here? Lost on the outside edge of Nowhere, without even a jack-rabbit for dinner or a blaze on the trunk of a yucca to show us the way out? I can't say that it does; unless you intend to compound a mistletoe pudding."

"Don't joke! Isn't it lovely? It is twelve hours before we have to begin trying to get out; please let it be Christmas till then. See, here are your things. Don't look too much; you mustn't know until morning." She touched one garlanded branch from which half a dozen parcels hung.

"Such a time as I've had hiding them; you are the worst prowler."

"Oh! And I have nothing for you!" he said regretfully.

"Yes you have; you are going to be well again. That is my best gift; everything else can wait till we get out."

There was a quick step across the dry yucca leaves beyond the wagon. "Pardon me! Your fire has been my guide this hour. I can put you on your road; I know the desert as a man knows his own dooryard."

He came forward as he spoke; a man very tall, very brown, as one long unhoused from sun and wind, and with a strange, withdrawn remoteness in his eyes.

He looked at the woman wistfully, almost reverently, and past her to the wreathed yucca tree, on which her hand still rested. "You are the first woman I have seen in two years," he said, as her eyes filled with wonder. "And you have trimmed a Christmas tree! Here! in the desert! And all unbidden you have your Christmas guest."

"But not unwelcome," she answered. "Are you alone?"

"No; I have two comrades." He whistled a low note and they came out from the yuccas into the circle of light—a large gray burro and a strange, beautiful animal with the graceful head of a deer and big, dark eyes that were almost human in their softness. Both were packed—the burro with a prospector's outfit of food and blankets, with tools and rifle strapped on top; the other with a worn and dusty canvas case.

"Unpack your animals and stay with us tonight," said the man on the bed. "We can give you a Christmas supper of bread and coffee."

"I've had supper, thank you; but I'd be glad to talk awhile. It's a good many months since I've heard any voice but my own."

He led the burro outside the camp and took off the pack, then he unfastened the canvas case and came back to the fire.

The burro began picking the coarse grass among the cactus clumps, but the other one followed his master into the light, as if questioning his safety in that strange company.

"What is it?" asked the woman.

"A deer, a mule deer. See the long ears. They have no horns, and here in the desert they are always the color of the sand. Go, Amigo; go and find your supper," and he turned the beautiful head toward the forest.

"There goes my friend. Jack is the best servant a man could ask; but Amigo is more—he is a friend. He never leaves me; he will stop feeding at night to come and lie at my feet and keep guard. He comes of brave blood; it is 'like mother, like son.'

"I found him three years ago in the Hacuavar mountains. Some hunter had shot the mother and she had fallen on the trail as she tried with her last strength to lead her fawn to the one water-hole on that side of the desert. She died trying to give the little fellow his chance for life; her nose, stiff and cold, was laid over his back when I found them.

"I carried him ten miles to the water on my shoulders—and last summer he paid it back. A rattlesnake had coiled almost at

my head while I slept. Amigo came in from feeding and saw it. He drew all four feet together and leaped on the thing and crushed its life out before I knew my danger. Now he never leaves me after I spread the blankets at night. You see each of us owes his life to the other; we are blood brothers. But how do you come so far out of the way?"

"They sent us on an old road from Plumosa to Congress; they said it was shorter. We've followed every old pack-trail on the desert, I think; if we've missed one we're sure to find it tomorrow." The man laughed, shifting his head on the roll of bedding. "I wouldn't mind it but our grub-box is empty—and my pocket, too, for that matter. I'm a lot stronger, though. I'll get work at Congress."

"Not yet!" cried the woman, throwing the end of a blanket across his shoulders. "I'll earn our next 'grub-stake;' they always want cooks at a mine like that. You shall not take the risk now, just when we've made the chance sure."

She had forgotten the stranger in this, which was plainly an old anxiety. Unconsciously she was telling him all. It was a relief to talk to this quiet man who lay beside the fire, questioning now and then with the directness of one long used to the largeness of hills and desert.

While she talked, he had drawn something out of the dusty canvas case at his side. When she was done, he lifted it to his shoulder—a violin, the dark old wood reflecting the fire-light like ebony and the carven head, a misshapen hunchback, with sunken, uncouth cheeks wrapped in a monkish cowl, resting against his hand.

He touched the bow to the strings, softly at first, then surely. The woman leaned back against the gray trunk of the yucca tree; the anxious lines in her face relaxing, the whimsical smile half curving her lips. It was as if he had said: "You shall have Christmas, even here. Be still! I am bringing it."

The music slipped out through his hands like a released spirit—lilting carols—lullabies—fragments of play-songs—tender old hymns. He might have been leading her by the hand through the holly-wreathed memories. It was only when she threw out her hand against the grim, sabre-leaved yucca limb that she knew he was playing for himself at last, and forgetful of her.

The dark old wood seemed to throb like a living thing; she would have sworn that the carven hunchback moved, raised his head, reached a thin, eager hand to the strings.

The music seemed to sweep up to the great, low-hung stars; it beat and surged and overflowed through the forest till the desert

was filled, and yet too narrow to hold that mighty cry of a tormented soul.

Now despairing, now pleading, now defiant; it rose at last through heart-breaking anguish into triumph that thrilled and called her like an army of bugles. He played it over and over—that strong, heart-wrung, inevitable triumph at the end.

The desert was gone. The yucca forest with the dim, low-flickering camp-fire widened out to a great room ablaze with light. And they that heard were not just a man on whom death had set his mark and a woman lost in dreams against the gray-ribbed trunk of a yucca tree. Jewels blazed there on the white shoulders of women, and the thronging men paid scarcely more homage to one in uniform with a broad scarf across his shoulder and many orders of honor on his breast, than to him who stood on the dim stage waiting.

He lifted his bow; a hush fell on the house; the man in uniform leaned far out of his box to listen, and tears were shining on the cheeks of the women. When it was done, the crash of applause shook the stage and that forgotten name that was once his was on every lip—no just-won name, but one honored through half a world.

How the dark old wood had throbbed! How the carven hunchback had striven to rise and touch again the beloved strings! The hunchback monk—the music-mad wretch who had sold his soul to the devil for the secret of that dark, resonant wood and those graceful, mysterious curves! His hand had set his own image there on the head, to mar and mangle the tone for all but a master's touch, to sweep the strings with the harmony of his own wild soul when kindred fingers held the bow, they said. And it might have been his long-dead self that played that night.

Very quietly the player laid down the bow and put the violin back in the dusty canvas case. The man was asleep on the roll of bedding; the woman was sitting with her head on her hand, staring into the coals of the camp-fire.

He roused her and told her the road they must take in the morning, drawing a map of it in the ashes that she might show her husband. Then he picked up the case and held out his hand.

"I will say good-night now; I may not see you in the morning. Will you shake hands with me? It is a long time since I have touched a woman's hand. I wish you a happy Christmas—the happiest possible—and a safe journey to Congress. It has been my Christmas gift to meet you."

"But you must not!" she cried, confusedly. "You must come back to the world. Come with us. Your music—"

He shook his head. His eyes had in them the old, withdrawn aloofness that had died out while he played. She felt as if she was looking across interminable stretches of desert where the gray sand blew and drifted.

* * *

Morning does not come in the desert as it comes in other lands. There is an hour of pale, dust-sifted light, always increasing, before the sun comes. An hour when the earth seems wrapped in mystery; and the air has a faint, other-worldly fragrance, haunting and intangible, like a breath of incense blown through some still, far-doomed temple.

The hills that were red at sunset are now blue—pale, translucent, like hills seen in a dream—and the long sand-washes and mesas between are gray like sea water on a cloudy day.

The woman had watched it many times. To herself she called it her "hour of peace," slipped in between the anxiety of yesterday and lost with the night and anxiety of today waiting to begin with the sunrise. She stopped heaping the pile of dry yucca leaves on the ashes of the camp-fire and looked across the valley.

The eastern hills, notched and serrated into huge, jagged peaks, were turning a deeper blue and stood out boldly as if hewn from blocks of lapis lazuli. Through the lowest notch a thin shaft of sunshine broke and traveled across the valley. She watched its progress; it seemed so like some living thing choosing its way. It came down over the wagon and the camp-fire and was all but lost in the shaggy yucca leaves.

She watched it shining through the pearly mistletoe berries and among her little parcels on the limb. Then it slipped on across the sand and she saw that something else, a worn pouch of buckskin, was hanging just above the rest. A note addressed to herself was pinned with a cactus thorn to the flap.

The letters were strange and foreign and the paper thin and creased, as if something had been wrapped in it and carried a long while in a man's pocket. It was dim in places as if traced by the uncertain light of a camp-fire. She read it slowly:

"Dear Madame:—It will be Christmas morning when you read this. For the sake of the day accept the fruit which a stranger leaves on your tree. Take the pouch to H—— H——, at Congress; tell him you have met the 'desert fiddler' and give him the note you will find inside. Do what he tells you. Do not let your husband work; he must rest. May there be many happy Christmas days for you both.

"Your unbidden guest,

"The Desert Fiddler."

There was nothing more—no clue. He had gone in the night while they slept. The pouch was half full of gold in dust and nuggets, twenty ounces perhaps—the slow hoard of years.

* * *

There is a little nook in the cañon below the mine at Congress, hedged in by granite boulders and over-grown grove-like with giant cactus. They lift their clumsy branches above the great, many-fluted trunks like arms and there is something human in their waiting attitude. Spring crowns them with a brief glory of clustered blossoms like carven snow, honey-sweet and rich and tempting the wild bees and birds.

They had blossomed twice, overlooking the low, brown house at their feet, when a man came up the narrow trail through the desert twilight, followed by a gray burro. He carried a dusty canvas case in his hand and, as he drew near, a woman opened the door and came out—alone. He touched her hand a moment; then he sat down on the step and began to play.

It was the music of the yucca forest, that heart-wrung triumph of a soul in battle; but tempered now with something infinitely sad, infinitely tender.

"Will you keep Jack for me?" he said, when it was done. "Amigo is dead—I cannot tell you now. I cannot stay in the desert. I am going back to the world."

Los Angeles

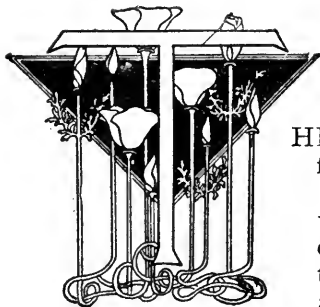
THE SHEKINAH

By FREDERICK HALL

THE grey east whence they came is roseate grown,
 The new-yoked oxen bend them to the load,
 The white-topped wagon takes again the road
 Unmade, unmarked, undreaded and unknown.
 The sage fowl, late in panic terror flown,
 Return to claim their nests; the boundless plains
 Once more grow solitary. Of man's stay remains
 A camp-fire, smouldering into ash alone.

Yet here were mother love and father's care
 And children's laughter. In this cheerful light
 Their evening meal was spread; night's purple dome
 Saw this smoke rise like incense with their prayer,
 And through the hours of dark and sleep, burned bright
 These embers on the hearth-stone of a home.

Duudee, III.



THE REDWOOD KING

By GEORGE BURCHARD

HIS story had its beginning on a Christmas just fifteen hundred years ago.

The day started in cloudy and dark. For a whole week before rain had fallen in a steady downpour. The waters lay on the flats ankle-deep; the sloughs were brimming full; every creek and river ran in a boiling torrent from its mountain home toward the Pacific Ocean. On this particular Christmas Day, though the rains ceased falling, yet a mighty Fog, creeping landward, had enveloped the whole of the sea-marsh, lying mile on mile about the bay, where the ducks blackened the waters. The Fog had penetrated with difficulty the dense clumps of alder and willow, of spruce and of fir, which skirted the first low rise of ground; but when he reached the forest beyond, where the giant redwoods stood, the Fog found himself hopelessly entangled in an endless maze of branches reaching so high above the earth that whoever once entered those gloomy woods was lost. So it happened that the Fog went wandering on and on, among the black, dark trees, across the gulches and up and down the mountainside, waiting for the Sun to release him. For he knew only too well that, until the Sun should come to his aid, the branches of the Redwoods would refuse to let him go.

The moss, which hung in festoons fifty feet from the ground, dripped with fog-damp; the licorice-fern, growing in clumps from knots a hundred feet above the ground, were wet with fog-damp; the highest green branches of the Giant Redwoods, three hundred feet from the earth, drank in the gray fog with unquenchable thirst. In the maze of their towering green branches the Fog was hopelessly lost.

So it had come about that the whole of this Christmas Day, underneath the Redwoods, it had remained as sombre as night itself. Sword-fern, tall as the horn-tips of a bull-elk, rhododendrons big as apple-trees and scarlet-budded, and white-flowered evergreen huckleberry bushes, spreading like a deep emerald carpet through the silent forest, reveled in the visit of the ocean-child. About dawn the swamp-robin had uttered a few notes, but for the most part the solitude had been like the hush of the tomb.

At the head of the gulch, where the first ridge rises sheer above the North Bay, there was a scene of desolation; for here a storm which swept landward the day before had uprooted one of the forest giants. So terrible had been the downward plunge that the tree-top now lay in a broken mass far down the gulch; the big trunk had been shattered into hundreds of pieces, some as large as the rooms of a house. For many rods the sword-fern and rhododendron were torn and crushed by the flying branches. The dull light of day came streaming into the great rent left among the trees. The old Forest King was dead; this is the story of his successor, as it is reported, even to this day, among the forest-folk.

Strange things had occurred that morning near the up-turned roots of the fallen tree. A bull-elk brushed past, tramping on his way to the open prairie-field by the river. In the soft, oozy humus, where his foot was planted, he left a hole three inches deep, into which the water quickly settled. The bull-elk passed on. He did not know, nor would he have cared had he known, how close his clumsy hoof came to the upward-struggling stem of the infant Redwood tree. But the bud felt the earth shake as it had shaken yesterday in the tempest, for the elk's hoof had only missed crushing the bud by a space less than the breadth of a man's little finger. But when the ground again became quiet the tiny bud, gathering together all its strength, made another effort and pushed out of the dark ground into the world of fog-damp above.

It was at this very instant that a sunbeam, cutting its way downward, making a path through the fog-drift, touched the new-born bud with a halo of light. The kiss of the Sun came with all the sweetness of the Christmas morn to a child's heart, and the young Redwood King lifted himself higher than ever, looking with wonder, not unmixed with envy, at the broken, fog-bedraggled sword-fern which over-topped him hard by. The long imprisonment in the moist, black earth, the frightful struggle upward through a tangled mass of fibrous fern-roots, were forgotten; the magic sunbeam opened, as it were, the vista of a new world, and the tiny heart of the infant tree thrilled for the first time with the ineffable sense of Light. From that hour it became the one aspiration of its being, it became his one daily prayer; for it is reported among the forest-folk that the Redwood trees always strive and grow upward to enjoy the beauty and the glory of the day.

* * *

The years passed into centuries, and the centuries still found the Redwood King struggling upward for a larger and freer light.

Long, long since, the sword-fern ceased to trouble him with its bigness; even the rhododendrons, which once looked so huge, were forgotten. The young giant was no longer looked upon with contempt by even the biggest brothers of the forest. Happily, too, his roots were planted in the very crest of the hill, and his commanding station added much to his majestic stateliness of form.

By the end of the fifth century the Redwood King was already a marked tree.

In times gone by, when the Redwood King's head was less high, the scolding blue-jay often perched in his boughs; but at last there came a day when a bald-eagle, sweeping round and round in mighty circles, selected the Redwood King, out of all the forest brotherhood, because from his branches, in a glance of the eye, one got a view of the whole of the North Bay. That was indeed a proud moment in the young giant's life; not a tree of the forest but would have given his largest and finest branch to have won such distinction!

"Surely he cannot help liking such a prospect," thought the King to himself. "In a single glance he can see the whole of the bay and marsh, the ocean, the forest and the mountain-side. He may build his nest in my branches if he wishes."

The next day the eagle returned with his mate and they built their nest of sticks in the topmost crotch of the Redwood King. This was very long ago. As men measure time it was in the same year in which King Alfred of England made Guthrum, the Dane, acknowledge himself Alfred's "man" and himself became a Christian. But in the forest which overlooks the North Bay it is known among the brotherhood as the "Era of the Bald-Eagle." From that day forth, generation after generation continued to home in the branches of the Redwood King. Of course, as everyone knows, trees do not measure time in the same way as do men. Among the Redwoods years are unknown; they date everything from some important event. So it came to pass that the Era of the Bald-Eagle was used for so many generations as a century-post. But by and by the origin of this era became so dim a memory that even the Redwoods wished for a newer event by which to divide the ages. This explains why the forest-folk next speak of an era known as that of the "White-Winged Bird."

That, too, was very long ago—as men would say, "back about Shakespeare's time."

It appears that one day, when the Sun had arisen above the mountain-top like a ball of molten gold, the Fog, who had been wandering for weeks in the thick forest, as in a prison-house, again besought the Sun to release him; and this time the Sun heard the Fog's prayer and set him free. Then there broke a wide rift in the sea of fog-cloud: the bald, granite summit thrust his head into the deep blue sky; vast ridges, whose rocky ribs supported the mountain, with sides all clad in darkest green, next emerged; soon the North Bay glistened resplendently in the sunlight, and at last Old Ocean again turned his face towards the unclouded heavens, reflecting in his changing countenance the infinite peace of the world. A white object was afloat on the wide expanse.

The Redwood King gazed over the sea of waters and reported back to his forest brethren, who grew lower down the gulch, the strange sight he saw:

"'Tis a mighty white-winged bird; he floats on the sea of waters like a duck; the spread of his glistening wings is bigger than that of a hundred eagles. Now he touches the land; from out of his body come trooping the forms of men walking; their skins do not appear red, as our own forest-dwellers, but white like the big bird's wings."

As men reckon events, it may have been a visit of that famous navigator, Sir Francis Drake, when passing on his way around the world. But the forest-folk still speak of the era as that of the White-Winged Bird, and allude to some strange and unwonted event which occurred a century or two since.

So it was that the Redwood King continued to grow and flourish. Every century saw his head lifted higher into the heavens; every century he pushed his enormous roots deeper into the soil. When the northwest storm blew fiercest from the ocean, he only swayed back and forth in slow, rhythmic motion, as immovable as the rocks on which he stood.

In later years, when more and more white-skinned men came and built their cabins at the base of the gulch, hard by the shore

of the North Bay, the Redwood King could look down upon the log buildings and watch the curious doings. He first saw the men enter the North Bay, floating in on the waters in the body of other white-winged birds; they next landed on the shores and built their cabins by felling the smaller trees. From morning until night, year after year, the sound of the ax and the crunching of the saw re-echoed through the wood. Every day more and more trees fell with a crash to the ground. These same white-skinned men built a large building, into which the reluctant logs were dragged, and from which they emerged again in the shape of lumber. Day by day the assault on the forest brotherhood grew more relentless and destructive.

At length a forest princess, who had long stood at the foot of the gulch, was ruthlessly attacked by two choppers. Many young trees, having been laid low to form a bed into which the young princess was to fall, the choppers, with ax and saw, worked lustily away. Towards the second night the Redwood King, with a thrill of horror, saw his fair companion topple heavily to the ground. In the clearing beneath him the fires burned fiercely; when the flames had finally consumed the branches and the bark, the ox-teams came and dragged the tree away in sections to feed the insatiate mill.

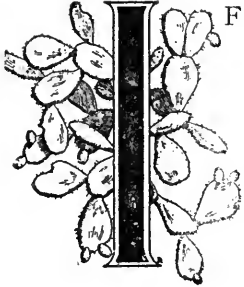
That night the old eagle told his mate and nestlings, all of whom had happily learned to fly and to soar, that on the morrow the choppers would attack the Redwood King. So at the first gray streaks of dawn the Bald-Eagle and his family spread their wings and deserted their nest of sticks and accumulated bones. With the coming sunrise the choppers arrived. All that day and the following the Redwood King watched the woodsmen chop all manner of smaller trees, and he knew they were making a bed into which they intended he should fall with the least possible injury to his burly strength. A wind sprang up from the ocean and sighed regretfully through the green branches; the Gray-Fog expressed his silent grief in tear-drops, which fell like a shower of rain from the King's boughs.

A fortnight later, and the stately grandeur of the Redwood King had become only a forest memory. The bands of choppers, and their helpers, the peelers and the sawyers, had indeed done their work. Even his coat of bark, two feet in thickness, which had covered the big tree, had been burned, along with cords and cords of enormous limbs. The massive trunk had been sawed into logs of unprecedented size; the largest cut, so the wood-boss declared, measured full thirty feet in diameter.

Only one log remained, the biggest and largest cut. All the rest of the tree had been painfully dragged by patient ox-teams down the skid-road to the mill. But in this—the butt-log of the Redwood King—seemed to be concentrated all the innate stubbornness of the royal race. For one entire day a dozen ox-teams toiled and struggled to move the huge mass of wood, but in vain, until the boss bethought him of a charge of dynamite: by the aid of the explosive he succeeded in splitting the body of the log in two. This in truth cracked the heart of the stubborn old King and he made no further resistance on his road to the mill.

"IRISH DIVILS"

By M. W. LORAINÉ



IF THE ould man had his way, he'd be after takin' some of that dynamite and blowin' us clare into—"

"Sh-sh!" warned the superintendent, and Big Mike turned, to swing his hammer down upon a spike with emphasis that completed the sentence. Grace Mordaunt, the "ould man's" daughter, had paused behind them.

She held an armful of California holly and long ferns, their fronds the more vividly green against the white of her soft, warm gown, and about her was clinging the scent of trampled bracken, faint, woody, delicious. The wind cut down through this pass of the Santa Ynez mountains, tossing her hair in a yellow mist from under her hat; it whipped back her skirts, and blew wild roses into her cheeks. Suddenly a perfect billow came whirling down, threatening to carry her with it in its mad rush to the Pacific.

Mr. Loring sprang to her side, and as he drew her hand through his arm, a lock of her hair, faintly fragrant with the perfume of the woods, was flung across his cheek. He caught his breath, saying, reproachfully, "You've been in the mountains alone!"

"Yes, and see what I've found! holly, and golden-backed ferns!"

Gleefully she pressed one of the smallest ferns to her cheek, where it left the tracery of its shape in a delicate dust of gold.

"You found no mistletoe?"

"I didn't see any."

"May I bring you some for a Christmas present?"

The girl lowered her eyes; with a filmy handkerchief she brushed the gold dust from her cheek.

"What a difference between this and last Christmas," she observed hurriedly. "Then we were in Maine and had snow. Now—look at those trees with their veiling of moss, and the grass has hardly begun to yellow. And the water's running in the creek!" Her voice itself was like rippling water.

"I'm going to get you some mistletoe," said her companion. He was a persistent man.

"Are you on your way to the camp, Mr. Loring?"

"Yes. I must see Mr. Mordaunt. Will you come?"

"Not yet. It stifles me, down in the camp. I like the open better."

He found a broad, flat rock in the shade of a tree that protected her from view of the workmen, and left her. She noticed that Big Mike followed him down to her father's tent, immedi-

ately back of the long, low hut of sweet-smelling lumber, where the section-hands ate their meals.

She could hear the cling-clang-clang of their heavy hammers, making wood and steel grow together; she could see the shining rails in parallel lines flash red beneath the western sun; and, when the men idled, the wind blew her their words. They were a rebellious set of Irishmen.

Mr. Mordaunt, accustomed to the New England type of workmen only, had yet to learn how to treat men confessedly "ferninst the Government," and his superintendent, a young Westerner, was all that had stood between the contractor and ruinous strikes for months. Perhaps the task would have been too ungrateful even for Loring, had it not been for his hope of winning Grace Mordaunt for his wife. And his pleading, so far, had been in vain

Peering round the tree, Grace saw Big Mike, six feet four and as strong as a bull, striding back to his friends, of whom he was leader. He threw his hat into the air, and the words came tumbling out of his mouth.

"I've jist been down to the conthtractor's tint, standin' pritty close up, d'ye mind, to the flap. The boss was shpittin' wurds and tobaccy jooce all over the place, and Jack Lorin' he sez, sez'ee: 'They're a-goin' to Santa Barrbarra, fur tomorrow,' sez'ee. And the conthtractor sez, sez'ee: 'Tell them they can't go: I rayfuse me permission,' sez'ee, as grand as a jooke. And thin—"

"Phwat else was he after sayin'?" came in a dozen eager voices.

"I do'no, at all, at all," answered Mike, loftily, leaning on the great hammer that no other man in the camp could swing. "I'm no aves-dropper, I'll have yiz to understand. Besides, I had heard all I went there to hear. We'll stale a locomotive tonight, me b'ys, an' we'll niver come back no more. Down wid all tyrants, sez I, an' down wid a man that'd grind yer faces intil a railroad tie on the blissed Christmas day! He'll not be able to finish this work in six wakes widout his forty Irish divils, as he calls us. It's us as can make him or break him, an' we'll break him, me lads, an' let him put that in his pipe and shmoke it! Hooray, hooray, hooray!"

The spirit of insurrection was abroad in the pass, and the hills gave back wild echoes of the cheering. Grace shivered. Except Norah, Mike's wife, she was the only woman in camp. She knew, too, that the forfeits, attached to each day's delay after the contract-time expired, would spell ruin in less than a week.

Hardly had the men ceased their hurraing, when Jack Loring

came leisurely up the path, an unlighted cigar in his mouth. He stopped near Big Mike, and, for all his six feet and broad shoulders, the superintendent looked but a pigmy beside the giant, who had by this time got his pipe into his mouth and was puffing out smoke in belligerent mouthfuls.

"Give us a light, Mike. Thanks." Puff, puff, puff. "By the way, if any of you boys want to spend Christmas in town, you'd better get your kid gloves into your suitcases; ninety-eight leaves at six o'clock sharp."

"Yis, sorr," answered Mike with an unwilling grin, and half-sheepish. "Thank you, sorr."

Low and delightedly Grace Mordaunt laughed, and Loring sauntered toward her. The minute his back was turned, half the gang quit work to crowd around Mike.

"How did you win over my father, Mr. Loring?" asked Grace as the young man flung himself down in the grass at her feet.

"Bullied him into it, Miss Mordaunt, and I'll have to go with them. Fancy spending Christmas with forty wild Irishmen down in the town—and you up here!"

"How grateful the men will be to you," observed the girl.

"Not in the least," answered Jack. "Permission takes half the flavor out of an Irishman's fun."

"You have a great influence over Big Mike, though."

"No. He simply never gets a chance to quarrel with me, that's all. Listen to that!"

They turned their faces toward the men, now idling in earnest.

"Jack Lorin's a polly-tishun, that's phwat he is," announced Mike.

"An' phwat's a polly-tishun, Mickey dear?"

"A polly-tishun's a man phwat siz grace wid a smile, when the cuss wurds is tearin' his vitals."

"It doesn't sound like affection," conceded Grace with a laugh.

"No. But when I can't win the affection of the woman I love, how can I hope to make a man love me? One, two, three, four, five."

"What in the world are you doing?" asked Grace with heightened color.

"Counting the dimples in your hand," he answered innocently. "Don't you think you will ever love me a little?" It was by no means the first time he had asked it.

"I might," she mocked him, "if you brought all the forty back from town tomorrow."

This was setting love a task, indeed, for at least six or eight of them got into trouble and jail on every trip into town. It was small wonder that the contractor was loath to let them go, with the end of the contract-time in sight and men so scarce that it would be impossible to fill their places.

Jack lifted the hand he held toward his lips, but Grace drew it away. "You've no mistletoe," she objected.

"If I bring home the men and some mistletoe, then?" he asked eagerly.

"Then—perhaps!" She sprang up, nodding her head and laughing at him. Flitting toward the camp she glanced back once and saw Jack standing by the rock, on his face a look that

set her heart leaping. The cook's horn sounded and the men threw down their hammers.

Jack knew to a minute how they would spend the time before the train left. They would file down to the creek and wash; file up to the hut and silently eat; at ten minutes to six they would be in a line in front of the tent to get the week's pay that was due them. The superintendent had told them that the train would pull out at six, but fifteen minutes before that hour the whistle was shrieking, and cries of "All aboard, all aboard!" made them jump from their unfinished meal and run for the track.

Half way to town someone discovered that they were out for a pleasure trip without money. Mike was promptly besieged.

"Ax the superintendent for some," the men urged.

"Why, Mike, I'm pretty near broke," said the superintendent genially. "But the treat shall be mine. To think we should have forgotten the pay!"

"Forgotten the pay! He said forgotten!" murmured Mike.

The men grumbled a little, but considered Jack's offer something of an atonement. As for Mike, a slow anger was kindling in his heart. That he had no cause for a quarrel was almost fuel enough to start one, when a quarrel was what he most longed for.

Once in the town, Jack led them into a great shop filled with Christmas goods, where he lavishly ordered whatever took the men's fancy. Out of the tail of his eye he saw Mike surreptitiously smoothing a fold of pink cotton, sprigged with leaves of shamrock.

"Let me order ten yards for a dress for Norah," suggested the superintendent. But Mike refused to go into debt. His under lip was pushed out; thrusting his hands into his pockets, he turned away.

Someone proposed a drink, and Mike was the last to leave the store, last to enter the bar-room.

"Sorry, sir," said the grinning, white-aproned man back of the bar, after one drink around, "sorry, but it's against the rules of the house to charge over forty-one drinks to a party. That's just the limit, sir, forty-one."

"As if I hadn't seen Jack Lorin' tip him the wink," muttered Mike. "I've a mind to shoot up the place and give the b'ys a trate they'll remimber for life."

"Se here, Mike," called Jack from the doorway. "There's a tug-o'-war to be pulled at the City Hall this evening, and they say José Morales has bet all he's worth on the firemen. Got eleven other strong men in your crowd?"

"Have I?" asked Mike with contempt. Morales was one of his oldest enemies. "I've got ilivin min that can drag any twinty they have clane intil the ocean. But we're not goin' to pull."

"Oh, very well," answered Jack, carelessly. "They tell me an Irish team was proposed, but Morales said 'twas no use—that no dozen Irishmen could beat the Mexican team, let alone the firemen."

"That's phwat he said!" bristled the giant. "Here, you, Pathrick Mahoney, pick out tin other b'ys and come on! We'll show thim Greasers—"

Jack turned away with a smile. The forty were soon on their way to the hall, where two planks, opposite each other, had been firmly cleated, one end of each elevated and secured to a high wooden horse. One of these planks was braced close to the building, clearing the wall by a few inches only. Between the ends that rested on the ground lay a strong hempen rope, run through a swivel.

When Loring and his men joined the onlookers, the firemen were pulling against a Dutch team. After the latter had been dragged half way down the plank and held there until the time was up, a Mexican team took the plank; and it, too, came to grief. Quite easily had the firemen won the championship of the town. They stepped down to the ground amid the cheers of the many, including the judge —José Morales—who had bet on the firemen. Then Jack, parting the crowd with his twelve brawny men, announced that another team was ready to contest.

The judge paused, dismayed. Before him stood twelve red-headed giants, all of them seasoned by toughening labor, not a man under six feet, and two of them six feet four.

"They're all reds," chuckled someone in the crowd.

"An' all twins!" roared back Mike.

The firemen gathered around Morales and consulted. To refuse to meet the newcomers was out of the question. The judge whispered to the saddleman and the weary leader ascended the plank, whose elevated end was close to the hall and hidden from observation. He had before pulled on the opposite plank.

The twelve "twins" were stripped to the waist. Jack had taken charge of their pistols and was helping Mike saddle. It was by right of his size and strength that Mike was to take the upper end of the plank, and the saddle. The broad, stiff piece of leather, padded inside, and fitting close to his monstrous hips, he cinched up with vigorous jerks; after which Jack drew the rope through the brass ring dangling down from the girth, and knotted it there. This arrangement gives the most powerful man in the team the extra advantage of leaving his hands free to grip the sides of the plank; with his feet braced on a cleat, he can pull with body and arms and legs, using every muscle.

The Irishmen took their places, the new rope slack in their hard, brown hands. The sight of so many magnificent half-naked bodies drew clucks of admiration from the crowd. Morales, however, gave vent to no enthusiastic remarks. He had five hundred dollars up on the firemen. A half-breed Mexican, he possessed all the vices of the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon races, and the virtues of neither.

He tied a blue ribbon exactly half-way between the ends of the rope. When time was called, by his shooting a pistol, a grip would descend and hold this ribbon in place, showing by how many inches the victors had won.

"Ready?" called out Morales. "Pull!"

The Irishmen put forth their mighty strength. No result; only the ribbon ends fluttered. Jack glanced swiftly at the judge; on Morales' lips hovered a quiet sneer. The firemen were pulling with every ounce they could muster; they were strong enough men, but pigmies beside the twelve "twins," and tired, besides,

from their previous efforts. But when Jack's eyes again sought the ribbon, it was sliding slowly away from the swivel and toward the firemen.

Every muscle in the Irish team was strained; yet Mike was pulled down a cleat, his eyes bulging; never before had defeat waited on him in any trial of strength. In his surprise he lost his grip on the plank, and he and the others took another step downward, their faces ludicrous with rage and dismay. They put forth a mighty effort that empurpled their faces and strained their sinews; it barely availed to hold the rope steady. The Irishmen were panting, pulling with desperation, anger and shame; the twelve firemen, almost at ease, held the rope, without giving an inch. The crowd was howling in glee.

Suddenly Jack turned and elbowed his way through the people till he reached the door of the hall, where he had a clear view of the firemen's end man, who had slipped his saddle over the plank, thus adding incalculably to the strength of his position and the power of the team. Jack pushed back to the clear space around the judge and called out: "Lowry's saddle's over the end of the plank, Morales!"

"Oh, I guess not," answered the man insolently, with a look at his watch. The time was almost up.

"Don't you do any guessing about what I say, Señor Morales!" thundered the superintendent. "Lowry's saddle is over the plank, and you get it off and be damned quick about it!"

Cries of "Shame, shame!" and "Fair play!" rang out, and unwillingly Morales signed to the offender who, with reluctance, gave up the advantageous grip he had on the plank. Instantly the rope slid back till the ribbon showed at the swivel. It glided, slowly, toward the Irishmen, who, when they had six inches more of the rope than had their opponents, set up a cheer. Under the unequal strain, Pat Mahoney had burst a blood vessel and now lay, almost senseless, his fingers just touching the rope. But in spite of inferior numbers the ribbon remained a foot on the Irishmen's side. Another minute, and they had gained an additional foot. Two minutes—the firemen had lost six inches more. The time was now up, and Jack looked expectantly toward the judge. Both held open watches. But Morales evidently had no intention of calling time while the ribbon was with the strangers. Another minute ticked away, and the twelve firemen, putting forth a mighty effort, dragged the ribbon a few inches from their eleven opponents; but again Mike and his men pulled it back. Jack stepped to Morales' side.

"My watch says that the time is two minutes past."

Slowly, an ugly look on his face, Morales picked up his pistol, and slowly he pointed it toward the moon. The seconds sped away, the ribbon almost motionless; Morales, trifling with the trigger, was giving his friends more time.

"Shoot that pistol or throw it away, you son-of-a-gun!" roared Loring. And Morales promptly shot at the moon.

At once the grip descended and clinched the rope, the ribbon well to the Irishmen's side of the swivel. The crowd was cheering and hissing and surging around Jack and Morales, when Mike leaped from his plank and dashed straight for the hall door, where the pistols were stacked.

"Run! Run for your lives! My men are armed!" Loring shouted.

There was a scramble of men and boys to get out of the way of the wild Irishmen, whose red hair and faces of anger seemed flaming all over the place. Jack felt reasonably sure that no shots would be fired without example from one of the twelve, and he had taken good care that no such example would be given. Snap, snap, snap, went one empty pistol after another, and soon Mike and his ten were left standing alone. The town crowd had lost no time in scattering; the injured Patrick had been carried to the cars by his friends; and now from out the distance Loring's voice floated back: "The police, the police! Put for the cars, Mike, and don't let the grass grow under your feet!"

An hour or so earlier a fray with policemen would have been balm to Mike's temper. Now, exhausted, deserted by all but the ten, and they without ammunition, he headed them back to the cars in double-quick time. The superintendent was last on board; the engineer pulled open the throttle, and the train, with gathering speed, left the town.

Mike, standing on the rear platform, eagerly scanned the street, down which he could see for half a mile in the moonlight. Not a policeman in sight. He scratched his head.

"That Jack Lorin's a pollytishun, as sure as I'm off the grane isle," said he. "An' he shtood by us like grim death to a naygur," he added. "By Saint Pathrick, I love the b'y like me own!"

When at midnight Grace Mordaunt was awakened by the puffing of the engine, she drew up her shade and peered out. The men were streaming noisily off the train; on their shoulders they carried the superintendent.

"Hooray for Jack Lorin!" Mike's powerful voice led the below. "Hooray for the boss, hooray!"

"Here, boys," commanded Jack, "put me down or I'll light my pipe at your red heads, you idiots, you!"

But his embarrassment was stronger than his authority now, and the men only laughed, giving him three times three and a tiger before they obeyed. Once on the ground, Jack handed Mike a parcel, saying: "That's my Christmas present to Norah, Mike—the handsomest woman in camp, bar one."

"Yis, sorr, and thank you kindly," responded Mike, overwhelmed. "And thim rails'll be down in time, sorr, if Mike and his forty divils have to wurrk night fur a month to put them there!"

Once more the pass resounded, and then the men dispersed, Jack turning up the cañon on a moonlight search for mistletoe. Returning at dawn, he found his lady where the night before she had mocked him.

"I have brought you the men and the mistletoe," he said softly, standing, hat in hand, by the rock.

Without looking up, she slid out one slender hand. He touched each dimple of pearly pink with his lips; then, holding the mistletoe over her head, drew her face to his shoulder, while the Christmas sun coming up over mountain and shaggy wood, drew out the faint fresh odor that trees and ferns give off to the kiss of the morning.



If we stopped oftener to remember that Life is about all we get out of it, anyhow, mebbe we'd get more. The trouble with us is that we never stop long enough to remember much of anything. It is characteristic of this country alone in all the world. It is the explanation of our surpassing Smartness, which is the wonder (though not the envy) of all other peoples. We are so Smart that we haven't time to Live. We have invented American Progress; whose chief characteristic is that it progresses like sin—and never Gets anywhere.

Like any other drug-habit, "Progress" is cumulative. The one-grain dose, which was sufficient to stimulate the phlegmatic nerves of twenty years ago, has been increased to fifty grains—and now we hardly know that we have taken the stimulant at all. But, like votaries of the other like habits, we cannot conceive of the nontoxic life.

Now Progress is all right, in its way. If it really Gets Somewhere, it is good; but if it is only the endeavor of a horse lashed to a gallop on the treadmill all day, only to back out at night upon precisely the same floor—why so much galloping?

The object of life is to Live. To Live takes time. Time means leisure. Leisure means a chance to do things that you, as a human creature, with some little spark of the Divine still left in you, would like to do if the Other Fellow would let you. The other fellow, as a matter of fact, does not care a Boston bean whether you hurry or not. You hurry because you see him hurry. He hurries because he sees you hurry—and the whole procession is as imitative as a flock of sheep jumping each his own shadow. Stop on the street five minutes tomorrow, anywhere, and look up at the sky; and you shall have a crowd similarly thrusting up its individual chins. The crowd will not know why it looks up, except that you have looked up. The difference between this old-time joke and modern business is that the wag knows why he gets a hundred or a thousand of his fellow citizens to waste their time and strain their cervical muscles toward the east point of the compass they are accustomed to look at.

The typical American man of business works like a navy; he doesn't know why, nor for whom; and he gets swindled out of his pay. There is only one thing that can pay a man for spilling his life—and that is to live as he spills. Mere money no more compensates him for committing twenty-year suicide in an office, than it would compensate him for doing the job in a minute by blowing off the roof of the brain he misapplies.

It would be harder to define the typical American woman, because there are still a vast number of women relatively contented; and it is hard to adjudicate between them and the more obvious minority, who have tasted anew the Tree of Knowledge and some times forget that too many green apples cannot be digested at once.

All around, however, the structural trouble is clear. We are largely making the mistake of letting our work ride us. Work was meant to be ridden. It is merely a means to the universal end—which is life. We were not appointed into this world as mere cogs of a vast milling machine, each cog with no higher privilege nor wider scope than to engage the opposite tooth of a mechanically revolving duty. We are here to be happy animals. To get good out of the air we draw into full lungs; to rejoice in the trees and flowers and birds—and even in the other featherless bipeds that surround us in our own sort—that a thoughtful Providence has placed in the same circus with us. We cannot be sane or happy unless we help to make other people so, in the direct ratio of their nearness to us. If we fail, even as enlightened animals, we shall presently disappear from off the earth. If we fail to procure happiness, we shall presently worry ourselves to death—and with ourselves, those dependent upon us. No one can radiate that which he does not possess. If you are not happy, you cannot make anyone else happy.

This is now and here a complicated world. In the older countries, which better know "where they are at," the problem is simpler. Evolution will in time simplify it here—by its invariable process of killing off those who cannot learn for themselves in time to avoid the inexorable lesson. If our smartness really is worth while, we shall take the matter to heart without waiting to become extinct. As a matter of fact, it is encouraging to note the spread of common sense among individuals who refuse to be drowned in the thoughtless flood. More and more we find people taking their lives in their own hands—instead of loaning them out to the mob. But if civilization ever learns its lesson anywhere, it will be in California—where Nature herself conspires with us and tries to teach us reason in living.

The commonest mistake in civilization is to think that "all

this has to be done." In this world, really nothing has to be done, except to live—which includes being well and happy. You do not have to make money. You do not have to go to this place, and to the other place, when you do not wish. You do not have to receive Tom, Dick and Harry, when you and they really would rather not, and consent only because the fetish says so. You do not have to let business, or pleasure, or education, or society saddle and bridle you and put the spurs to your flanks. On the contrary, these things are all of them meant to be ridden, and to carry you some-whither. When you ride, you arrive; when you are ridden—steed and rider alike fall by the wayside.

Even in civilization there is plenty of time to live. If you wish something done, go to the busiest person you know. If it is large enough to be worthy their doing, they will have time to do it. The person who has nothing real to do never has time to do anything. The people who accomplish most, always know in fact the meaning of leisure—for they always have time to do at least a large share of the things they desire to do.

And ignorance which deals with anything several miles away from us dies perhaps hardest of all. But its fate is appointed beforehand. The time always comes in human history when it is no longer convenient to be a fool about the given point.

The efforts of Senator Beveridge, and a few other Eastern politicians, to force New Mexico and Arizona into unwilling wedlock, present probably the most astonishing case of chronic ignorance in the political history of this country. This disreputable movement is something like the Irishman's hen befluttering the whole barnyard, though its head is left behind on the block—"It's did, but don't know enough to be sensible av it." It is dead even though, through some incredible luck, its conspirators against history, justice and the American spirit should succeed in "solemnizing" the union—for the people of the territories would, at the first opportunity, break off the unholy alliance.

It seems incredible that even the Night-Blooming Serious of the Wabash should persist in this incomprehensible idiocy. It is perhaps still more astonishing that any one in either of the territories concerned should be so timorous or so selfish as to make common cause with the enemy. It doesn't pay. It doesn't pay either party. If joint statehood were forced down the throats of the territories, Mr. Beveridge would be remembered in history for nothing else in the world except as the most ignorant senator ever. Both territories could better afford to wait for statehood for fifty years than to accept so unrighteous and so un-intelligent a compromise.

In New Mexico for some reason—doubtless the influence of dominant politicians—there seems less reluctance to this abhorrent union. But in Arizona popular opinion is almost a unit against.

In February, March and May, 1903, this magazine printed the fullest and the most convincing summary for statehood of the two territories independently that has ever been printed. It proved by American history, and by the last United States census, the ignorance of the arguments which were advanced by the Eastern politicians who had an ax to grind on the territories.

New Mexico and Arizona are bigger than New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, South Carolina and the six New England states all in a lump. If in the East a man from Charleston, S. C., or from Kennebunk, Maine, had to go to Albany, N. Y., to get to the state capital—why, the humor of the proposition would appeal even to the East. And that isn't as bad as it would be if New Mexico and Arizona were joined into one state.

In the old Spanish days, the two territories were one province of Spain. There were few people; and the need of political subdivision did not exist in the wilderness. But it is more than half a century since even our remote government was forced into having sense enough to divide this vast area, because it was far too big even for one territory. Rational people will not need to be reminded more than once that what is too big for one territory is too big for one state. Separate as they stand, New Mexico and Arizona would be fourth and fifth states in the union in size. Only Texas, California and Montana are bigger even than Arizona.

Out of the forty-five states of the Union, twenty did not have as large a population when they became states as Arizona had five years ago—and twenty-nine had not at admission as many as New Mexico had five years ago. The growth, population and development in Arizona is far greater in proportion than in most of the Eastern states—including Mr. Beveridge's Indiana. At the last census the per capita value of total farm products was higher in Arizona than in Ohio, was double the New York, and four times the Massachusetts figure. The increase in value of farm products and of all farms in the whole Union from 1890 to 1900 was only 28 and 92 per cent., respectively; in Arizona it was 160 per cent. and 470 per cent., respectively. Arizona has more sheep than all New England. There are twenty states of the Union that have not as many cattle. In per capita value of manufactured products at the last census Arizona is far ahead of Indiana. In lumber the two territories have about one-third more acreage than all six of the New England states together. Not

one state in the Union comes anywhere near Arizona in per cent. of increase in population in the decade from 1890 to 1900—and no state in the East has half its percentage. Indiana has about one-sixth of its percentage.

Kansas, Ohio, Illinois, Mississippi, Tennessee, Florida, Kentucky, California, Arkansas, Oregon, Vermont, Georgia, Rhode Island, Missouri, Indiana and Alabama had smaller populations when they were admitted as states than Arizona had in 1900.

In the last ten years up to 1900, Arizona gained more people than Kansas and Delaware put together. There are ten states in the Union whose actual gain in population was not as great—and in the five years since, Arizona has been going ahead faster than any of them.

Arizona was even in 1900 more densely populated than Illinois was at its admission; about equal to Ohio at admission; about twice as thickly populated as Oregon or California at admission.

Arizona produces about nineteen millions a year from mining. She produces four and one-half times as much wheat as Maine. The number of her farms has multiplied by four in ten years—while in New Hampshire the total number of new farms in fifty years was only ninety-five. In the decade from 1890 to 1900, also, Arizona built 545 miles of irrigating canals and increased its irrigated lands by 120,000 acres—multiplying their value six-fold.

There is no argument which any scholar of history or statistics would for a moment proffer in favor of joint statehood. The only reason why it is attempted to be perpetrated is selfish ignorance on one side, and selfish timidity on the other. But common sense and reasonable courage are dominant everywhere. All the people of Arizona have to do is to stand fast on their historic, their political, their treaty, and their American rights. They can better afford to wait a little to get the thing they want as they want it; and the country cannot afford to violate the will of what will presently be a sovereign state.

Meantime, to be perfectly frank with the Tenderfoot Country to which Westerners owe certain tips in return for amusement rendered, it is only fair to record that the only parallel in American history for Mr. Beveridge's suggestion has been made by a California newspaper genius (imported)—to split the sovereign state of California across its equator, join Southern California with Arizona, and call the hybrid "Calizona." The East has no monopoly.

The February number of this magazine will tell somewhat of the real Arizona.

WAKENING

A SOBER

PATRIOTISM

More than fourteen years ago the Lion printed, in one of his earlier books ("Some Strange Corners of Our Country") a little preachment which has since had wide circulation. The text is as true today as ever; but today there are more to preach it:

"We live in the most wonderful of lands; and one of the most wonderful things in it is that we, as Americans, find so little to wonder at. Other civilized nations take pride in knowing their points of natural and historic interest; but when we have pointed to our marvelous growth in population and wealth . . . we hasten abroad in quest of sites not a tenth part so wonderful as a thousand wonders we have at home and never dream of. . . . There is a part of America of which Americans know as little as they do of inner Africa. . . . They call a man a "traveler" who has run his superficial girdle around the world, and is as ignorant of his own country as if he had never been in it. I hope to see Americans proud of knowing America, and ashamed not to know it."

In a modest way this gospel has been growing ever since. The book still circulates more widely than in its first year, and has been supplemented by many minor appeals to the same patriotism. Furthermore, the thought has been taken up by more influential expounders; and every year has seen a larger number of delighted converts who try the experiment, and are very glad they did. The newest apostle of this good propaganda is the Commercial Club of Salt Lake City, a corporation whose motto is "See Europe if you will, but see America first."

This organization is sending out circulars and other "literature" in an organized effort to popularize travel in the American wonderland. It appeals to business as well as to sentimental motives. It estimates the moneys expended in other countries by American tourists in 1904-1905 at \$150,000,000—mostly paid by Americans, "who, though native to the United States, were in comparative ignorance of the scenic, climatic and industrial advantages of that portion of our country lying west of the Mississippi."

It is admitted that the Old World always will and always should draw thousands of American sightseers; but it is believed "that America, and particularly the Western portion thereof, is entitled from all standpoints to more attention from a certain class of Americans than it has heretofore received." A conference to be held January 18th is called; to include the governors of the states and territories affected, together with representatives of the chief commercial organizations and railroads of the West.

Such a conference, rightly conducted, ought to have a serious effect, not only on the finances of the West but on the brains of the country at large. For every dollar the tourist spends in learning his own country, we will give him back \$100 worth in the enlargement of his horizon. It is of vital importance that the two factors in such a movement be kept in their even bal-

ance—that the patriotic feeling shall not degenerate into sentimentality (of which there is no danger) and that the commercial side shall not forget the patriotic. In any event, the movement is a laudable one. If it loses anything of its initial quality, it will be the fault of those who fail to rally to this conference for the best good not merely of a section but of the whole country.

After ten years, or fifteen, the Bancroft library has found a purchaser. It has been hawked throughout this country and the civilized world. For a number of reasons, more or less notorious among scholars, it has failed to be sold. But it is an ill wind that blows good to no one. If the East or Europe would have bought this unprecedented collection, California could not. And by all odds it belongs in California. It is in several respects the most wonderful collection of Californiana ever made. In other parallel lines of Americana it is probably surpassed by the Carter-Brown, the Lenox and the Ayer libraries; but whatever "facilities" these three greatest libraries of Americana possess, the Bancroft surpasses them all in manuscripts pertaining to California.

The Bancroft history found its adjudication in science a good while ago—most authoritatively first in Justin Winsor's great "Narrative and Critical History of America." In popular estimation, by some curious and uncommon humor of Providence, it has also had its day. Projected on the plan of a "drummer" in letters, these forty volumes (published at \$4 per) can be readily bought almost anywhere in the West at 75 cents a volume in full sheep. It is the most extraordinary gathering of data ever made for any portion of North America—and the most undigested. To the student, who knows where to apply the salt, it is valuable. To the ordinary searcher for historic fact, it is as near worthless as so colossal an aggregation of facts can be. Probably no one has ever tried to use this history without a pious wish that the Inquisition might come along and boil in cold oil the person who issued forty huge volumes without an index fit to be called so even in a kindergarten.

Something of the same characteristics which distinguish the Bancroft volumes fall to the library from which they have been undigested. The use of irresponsible writers, the lack of evaluation, and the notorious complaints of individuals that they have been robbed of their personal documents under guise of a loan—these have militated against the sale of the Bancroft library to the institutions which have been urged to secure it.

But in a case like this, we can afford to let by-gones be by-gones. This collection belongs in California. It is fortunate that Eastern libraries did not secure it, and that the owner has "donated" to this state the amount that no one else would pay. California is going to be sometime headquarters for the students of early America. Such a nucleus of their working tools is absolutely indispensable. The State University has never done, probably, so important a thing before for future scholarship, as in securing this collection. There will need to be the most scrupulous and the most competent scrutiny and evaluation;

CALIFORNIA'S
GOOD
FORTUNE

but when all is said and done, the State University of California has secured a more valuable library touching its own commonwealth than any other state in the Union possesses.

California is rather a long state, however, and all the people—even all the scholars—who are going to live in California, cannot live in Berkeley. Five hundred miles south there is room and equal need for another library for scholars. And the Los Angeles Public Library is going to try to supply that need and meet that obligation.

BRAINS

AND

SEAWATER

No man can go down to the sea, thrust his head in, withdraw it and observe the cavity. "There ain't no cavity." Nothing in this world is indispensable. It is always hard for us to think so—but evidently it is no trouble to God to know so. It is owing solely to this superior far-sight of Him that the world has persisted at all. If all the billions that have perished had been a billionth part so necessary as they felt they were in the scheme of creation, the whole thing would have long ago been sapped, undermined and collapsed.

On the other hand, there are some people, and some things, whom it is very convenient not to have to get along without. The universe would plod steadily ahead if they were expunged—having come securely into the habit. But you and I could name several people whose obliteration would seriously and permanently discommode us.

Every community has likewise men whose places would be a long time in filling.

Nothing better ever happened to any man than the finite feeling of his community that he is indispensable. Posthumous fame may tickle posterity longer; but it is no good to the dead.

To a community which has many right men in the right place, it is good to welcome back one of the least dispensable. I have known many men in the West, and have by accident found most of the scholars; but I have never known a truer man or a riper scholar or a better citizen in all the West than Dr. C. J. K. Jones, who returns to Los Angeles to put his profound erudition at the service of the Los Angeles Public Library. The city needs such men, such citizens, such students.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

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***By their consent, and subscribed by the Southwest Society.**

The story of the two-year-old Southwest Society—"baby of the family" of the venerable Archaeological Institute of America—reads in science almost like a fairy tale. To those who anywhere have labored for the higher scholarship—whether for pure love of learning or for public spirit—the literal achievement of this young scientific body, on the very verge and hem of the Farthest West, sounds too good to be true. It has had no precedent nor parallel in this country or abroad. No other organization for the advancement of critical knowledge has ever, so far as can be discovered, grown so fast in membership at so high dues, nor done so much for its community in so brief an infancy.

The Southwest Society was two years old November 30, 1905. Early in its twenty-third month, when these lines are written, the membership was 374. This in itself was much more than one-fifth of the total membership of the 26-year-old Dean of American scientific bodies, with its fifteen affiliations, including the foremost universities in America. It was at least 100 in advance of any other society in the Institute, including the venerable New York and Boston societies. It was more than twice as much as any other society except these two. And the Southwest Society is only beginning. Since March 1, 1905, it has more than doubled its membership, which at that date was 160.

Other things have been in keeping. It has done in its two years more original work as a society than has been done by all the other societies put together in the same time. This work has been to the promotion of scholarship the world over, and at the same time of special value to this community.

The society has secured—some by purchase with special funds, and some by pledge, and some by field work—no less than six collections of priceless value to this region. It already controls such an archaeological collection of locality as does not exist in or for any other portion of the United States. It has secured historical collections of extraordinary value and interest. And it is constantly receiving new pledges of valuable material for such a museum as is not yet anywhere in the Far West.

It has made a collection of folk-songs of its own field which has no parallel elsewhere—in twenty-five different languages, and of an almost infinite variety of theme and treatment. Three hundred of the old Spanish songs of the Southwest have been recorded *viva voce*, translated and transliterated; they now await only their translation to be ready for the publisher.

The Society has conducted highly successful field expeditions in Southern California and Arizona.

It has secured (perhaps most important of all) a concession long denied to Harvard College and all the other universities and museums of the East—the right to explore and to excavate on the Indian Reservations and Forest Reserves of the Southwest; and has been granted an official status with the scientific bureaus of the government.

The secret of this success has been simple. The Southwest Society has mixed business methods with its science. It upholds the highest standards of scholarship, but applies to them the common-sense and energy which have become so essential in other walks of life. It pursues science not as an academic and selfish dream, but as a real and vital part of the life of the community, worthy to be given as much attention and intention as the making of money receives.

The foundation is now laid, and the society is ready to begin the visible superstructure—the tangible realization to which even scholarship should come. It is engaged to build a great museum for the permanent preservation of the archaeology, the history, and the art of its community; to make that museum architecturally a monument second to none in the United States. It is assured of success—and on an even larger scale than its surprising successive triumphs thus far.

The second annual meeting was held November 25, at the home of the secretary; Gen. Harrison Gray Otis, first vice-president, in the chair. Reports were made by the treasurer, secretary and curator, and by Mrs. W. H. Housh, president of the Fine Arts Building Association.

Mr. J. S. Slauson, the first president of the society, was unanimously elected President Emeritus; and a message of love and sympathy in his sickness was sent him by the meeting. J. O. Koepfli was unanimously elected president of the society for the coming year, and Henry W. O'Melveny, vice-president. The other officers were all re-elected.

Examples of the collections made by the society in its Redondo and Arizona expeditions were on exhibition.

Since the November number the following new members have been added:

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Dr. L. A. Wright, San Jacinto, Cal.

Dr. Nicolas Leon, Museo Nacional, City of Mexico.

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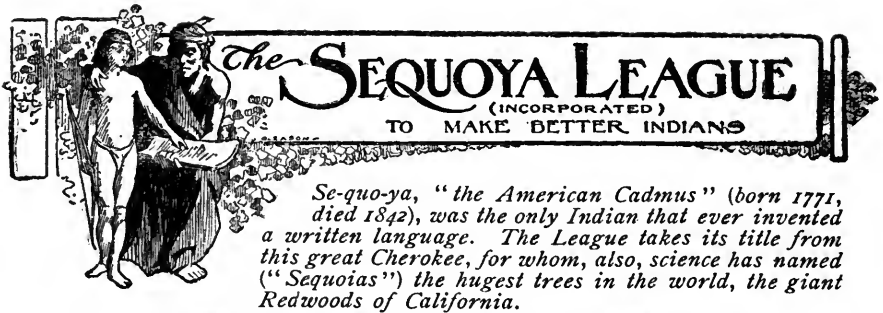
Hon. Walter Van Dyke, Supreme Court of California.

Dr. H. Kinner, St. Louis.

Edward H. Davis, Mesa Grande, Cal.

Prof. Wm. H. Holmes, Chief Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, D. C.

Geo. H. Maxwell, New York.



Se-quo-ya, "the American Cadmus" (born 1771, died 1842), was the only Indian that ever invented a written language. The League takes its title from this great Cherokee, for whom, also, science has named ("Sequoias") the hugest trees in the world, the giant Redwoods of California.

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THE work of the Sequoia League goes ahead steadily, and the public response does not lag. The most vital and important auxiliary to this work for justice and a square deal has been pledged. The Woman's Parliament of Southern California—a numerous and thoroughly organized body of thousands of intelligent women—has adopted for the coming year's program an active co-operation with the League for Indian relief, and has created a regular department for this purpose. Mrs. Arthur Bandini is chairman of this committee, which will work intelligently and zealously, not only to relieve the temporary needs of these ill-treated people, but also to take up actively a campaign for adequate legislation to establish a permanent remedy for the distress which has been notorious for more than thirty years. Mrs. J. D. Gibbs, president of the Parliament, is heartily in sympathy with the cause; and Mrs. Bandini will unquestionably make her department count seriously for humanity.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, \$1,401.00.

Homer Laughlin, Los Angeles, \$50.00 (life membership); Mrs. A. R. Gazzam, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y., \$50.00 (life membership).

\$2.00 Each (membership)—Mrs. N. D. Gleason, Mrs. J. H. Martindale, Mrs. Wm. S. Derby, W. W. Neuer, C. J. R. Carson, Jas. A. Montgomery, "A Friend," Los Angeles; "Low I D Class," Phi Alpha Sigma Sorority, Lowell High School, San Francisco; Dr. L. A. Wright, San Jacinto, Cal.; D. M. Riordan, New York City; W. D. Brophy, Bisbee, Ariz.; Mrs. Wm. P. Nelson, Chicago; Dr. J. W. Trueworthy, Prest. Board of Library Directors, Los Angeles; "Low 3 A Class," Lowell High School, San Francisco.

INDIAN RELIEF FUND.

Previously acknowledged, \$1,326.00.

A Friend, New York, \$8.00; Mrs. Wm. P. Nelson, Chicago, \$10.00; W. W. Neuer, Los Angeles, \$8.00.



FOUNDED 1895

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THE campaign to preserve the old California place-names—and to restore those that have been boggled—progresses splendidly. The War Department (through the direct action of Secretary Taft) was first to set a precedent at the Landmarks Club's request; and recently the Postoffice Department has restored the names of eighteen California towns, which had been misspelled by distant clerks.

During the past month a similar triumph has been won in the case of an important Southern California community. Through the efforts of Hon. Zoeth S. Eldridge, State Bank Examiner, and the Club, the Postoffice Department has consented to restore the historic name of San Juan Capistrano, which has for years been bobtailed to "Capistrano." At the same time, President Ripley, of the Santa Fé Railroad, and Mr. Arthur G. Wells, General Manager of the Coast Lines, have agreed to the Landmarks Club's petition and have restored the old name to the station. The San Juan part has been, for some years, carried three or four miles down to the beach for a little station there. With becoming fitness, this station is henceforth to be known as Serra—after the great apostle of California, who founded the mission at San Juan Capistrano.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORK.

Already acknowledged, \$8220.00.

New contributions—Mrs. Ida Hancock, Los Angeles, \$25.00 (life membership).

\$1.00 Each—Malcolm Macleod, Mrs. Anna S. Averill, Los Angeles.



"When in doubt, give a book," is a safe rule for the holiday season, and it is not the fault of the publishers, authors or illustrators if the gift-book does not bring pleasure. For even among the hundred and twenty-five volumes now on my review shelves—and these are but a small fraction of recent publications—there is a sufficient variety to suit every taste, from the crudest to the most cultivated. Moreover, of the whole lot, good bad and indifferent, there is hardly one which would not "just suit" some particular person of my acquaintance. It is impossible to mention, even briefly, all, or a majority, of these in the space available this month, and in my rather arbitrary selection I have been guided more by a desire to cover a wide range than by a wish to indicate personal preference.

Probably the one novel which it would be safest to select for a discriminating reader is Edith Wharton's *The House of Mirth* (Scribner; \$1.50), in which this brilliant and subtle writer is at her very best. If this novel in the final sifting fails to hold a place among the masterpieces, it will be only because it deals deliberately with the froth of life—with the "idle rich" and their hangers-on. There is barely a suggestion of the sort of achievement which alone gives any meaning to life. None sees more clearly nor points out more plainly than Mrs. Wharton that the "House of Mirth" is a house where no true joy is to be found, yet there is nothing like "sermonizing"—just a fascinating and convincing picture of life.

At quite the other extreme is such a book as Samuel Merwin's *The Road-Builders* (Macmillan; \$1.50), which is concerned with nothing but achievement—in this case the pushing of a railroad line through a desert in the Southwest against the opposition of an unscrupulous competitor. It is not only a good story, but better history than some that claim the latter title. For further variety in novels, one may turn to *The House of Cards*, by "John Heigh" (Macmillan; \$1.50), which is a study of finance and politics as seen in Philadelphia—and is worth the reading of any thoughtful man; to *The Ballingtons*, by Frances Squire (Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50), in which "the main interest centers in the spiritual awakening of Agnes Ballington, her struggle for the rights of the soul, and the steady involvement of other homes and individuals;" to S. R. Crockett's *The Cherry Ribband* (Barnes; \$1.50), in which Mr. Crockett, if not quite at his best, is very far from being at his worst; and to *My Friend the Chauffeur* (McClure; \$1.50), in which the Williamsons continue to work the profitable vein of automobile touring in Southern Europe, pretty girl, and nobleman in disguise.

Your friend prefers short stories? Well, here are half a dozen from California, by Margaret Collier Graham, published under the title, *The Wizard's Daughter* (Houghton-Mifflin; \$1.25)—and every one of them is a gem. Or *The Deep Sea's Toll* (Scribner; \$1.50) has more than that number of Connolly's stirring deep-water tales. *Captains All*, by W. W. Jacobs (Scribner; \$1.50), shows, in broad burlesque, the English sailor at home—and many readers find Mr. Jacobs' humor highly amusing. For myself, a little of him

goes a long way. The *Mountain of Fears*, by Henry C. Rowland (Barnes; \$1.50), will fascinate any lover of the fantastic and outré, particularly if he does not object to several shudders in each story. In *A Thief in the Night* (Scribner; \$1.50) we have a third installment of the adventures of Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman; while most of the stories in *McAllister and His Double*, by Arthur Train (Scribner; \$1.50) deal with the complications caused by the startling resemblance between a New York clubman and his quondam valet, a scallawag of parts.

Fiction is all very well in its way, but most persons who are really grown up would feel more complimented in the receipt of gift-books, if given credit for more serious tastes. Such a book, for instance, as *Old France in the New World*, by Dr. James Douglas (Burrows Brothers), would be a welcome addition to the library of anyone who deserves to have a library at all. This study of Quebec in the seventeenth century is a genuine addition to our historical literature. Real scholarship and a most happy style are rarely found better blended than in this volume. The illustrations, mostly from old prints, maps and portraits, are of exceptional significance and value; the Index is thoroughly useful; and the publishers have so done their duty as to make the volume a delight to eye and hand. For the benefit of those who think that scholarship handicaps a business man, it may just be mentioned that Dr. Douglas is at the head of great mining, smelting and railroad enterprises.

Theodore Roosevelt's *Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter* (Scribner; \$3., net), is another book which most readers would prefer to any novel. The crisp, direct narrative of our outdoor President needs no comment from me. The illustrations are all good and some of them notable. The volume is dedicated affectionately to "Oom John" Burroughs, who was with the President on one of the trips described. With it might very well go "Oom John's" own latest book, *Ways of Nature* (Houghton-Mifflin; \$1.10, net)—a series of essays, rather more argumentative than usual, but quite as charming as usual. *Two Bird-Lovers in Mexico*, by C. William Beebe, Curator of Ornithology in the New York Zoological Park (Houghton-Mifflin; \$3, net), is a delightful record of a delightful trip. *The Butterflies of the West Coast* (Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco; \$4, net) is a scholarly and careful treatment of its subject, and as complete as twenty-five years of patient work could make it. It is illustrated with 940 figures in color-photography of West Coast Butterflies, most of which were captured by the author, William Greenwood Wright, of San Bernardino, Cal.

Of works of travel, by far the most entertaining under my hand is *A Levantine Log-Book* (Longmans; \$2, net). This is by Jerome Hart, editor of the *Argonaut*, who declares: "I believe in telling the truth about travel. It may not much matter what a traveller thinks, but it does matter that he should, if he tells it, tell it truthfully. Most travellers rave to order." Mr. Hart assuredly does no raving; and the truth as he sees it is usually dashed with a touch of cynical wit in the telling that does not easily become tiresome. No less truthful, though more sympathetic, is Miss Betham-Edwards' *Home Life in France* (McClure; \$2.50, net). This is no record of a traveller's casual observations, but the outcome of a long and intimate acquaintance, and is, I believe, the most complete and just study of French family and school life available to the English reader.

Of special "holiday editions" of old favorites, I find only five on my shelves. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. send two of these—Bret Harte's *Her Letter*, with its two companion poems, "pictured" by Arthur I. Keller (\$2), and *The One Hoss Shay*, illustrated in color by Howard Pyle (\$1.50)—each an excep-

tionally fine piece of work. Henry Van Dyke's delightful *Fisherman's Luck* appears in a new edition, from new plates, with illustrations in tint (Scribner; \$1.50). Little, Brown & Co. present the "Pasadena Edition" of Helen Hunt Jackson's classic of Southern California, *Ramona* (\$2). While for those who want Dickens's *Christmas Carol* trimmed to the shape of a bell, adorned with holly and red ribbon and packed in a holly-decorated box, H. M. Caldwell & Co. have provided it (\$1.50).

The books so far mentioned were prepared mainly for the elders, though youngsters will find plenty of good meat and juicy in many of them. But if any day of them all belongs particularly to the children, Christmas is that day, and suggestions for Christmas buying that did not specially look after the lads and lassies would be sadly short-sighted. The first "juvenile" to catch my attention is one which brought an exclamation of delight and an "Oh, I must read that!" from a little girl of some thirty-odd when her eyes fell upon it—Frances Hodgson Burnett's *A Little Princess* (Scribner; \$2). This contains the full story of "Sara Crewe," as it developed while dramatizing the story about her—and a sweet story it is, while the book is "just lovely." Next I find *The Story of the Champions of the Round Table*, written and illustrated by Howard Pyle (Scribner; \$2.50, net)—a prize indeed for any boy who gets it. Next after these—I am not attempting to pass on the order of merit, but naming them as they come to my hand—is *Told by Uncle Remus*, being new stories of the old plantation, by Joel Chandler Harris (McClure; \$2). Brer Rabbit and his companions are no less entertaining in the new stories than they were in the old—and that is the highest praise.

Then, continuing among the "animal stories," there is W. A. Fraser's *Sá-Zada Tales* (Scribner; \$2), in which the inhabitants of the menagerie in a great city tell for themselves the stories of their lives; and Seton's *Animal Heroes* (Scribner; \$2), each of the stories vouched for by the author as founded on the actual life of a veritable animal hero; and, perhaps most informing of all, *Red Hunters and the Animal People*, by Charles A. Eastman, M. D., whose name among the Sioux Indians, of whom he is one, is "Ohiyesa" (Harper; \$1.25, net). And some very little people may find entertainment in the study of J. P. Benson's *Woozlebeasts* (Moffat-Yard; \$1.25, net), of whom the Ho-Zay, the Jumblerun and the Zoorabul are fair specimens. Of "Injun books" I find three of the "New Deerfoot Series," by Edward S. Ellis (Winston; \$1, each); and Everett Tomlinson's *The Red Chief* (Houghton-Mifflin; \$1.50). I should not recommend any of these to an ethnological student, but they will do no serious harm.

Because notice was particularly requested in or before the December number, I will close these pages of Christmas suggestions by mentioning such of the holiday offerings of Paul Elder & Co., of San Francisco, as have reached me. All of these have been prepared with great attention to form; some of them seem to me entirely unworthy a serious publishing house, while others are of more consequence. *Womanhood in Art*, by Phebe Estelle Spalding (\$1.50, net), is a "modest interpretation of a few of the best-known ideal conceptions of womanhood in art." *A Chorus of Leaves* (\$1.25, net) is a volume of poems by Charles G. Blanden—slender, but worthy. The *Psychological Year Book* is a series of quotations "showing the laws, the ways, the means, the methods, for gaining lasting health, happiness, peace and prosperity"—which ought to be cheap at 50 cents. *Sovereign Woman versus Mere Man* (\$1, net) is a "medley of quotations." *Blue Monday Book* (75 cents, net) is designed to do away with "the blues." *The Menehunes* (75 cents, net) is a Hawaiian legend told by Emily Foster Day. *Good Things and Graces*, by Isabel Goodhue (50 cents, net), is to my taste the cleverest of this firm's holiday offerings. *The Matrimonial Primer*, by V. B. Ames and Gordon Ross, is amusing. *A Child's Book of Abridged Wisdom*, by "Childe Harold" (75 cents, net), is sheer nonsense, as it was intended to be. *Joke Book Note Book*, invented and designed by Ethel Watts Mumford (75 cents, net), is a pocket-companion intended to aid in catching humor on the fly. *The Complete Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom for 1906* (75 cents, net) matches up with those for previous years.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.

STOCKTON

By *COLVIN B. BROWN*

THE closing months of the year 1905 have witnessed a remarkable activity in electric railway construction in Central California. One of the chief foci of the system now under construction is the city of Stockton. There are now being built in and around this city one hundred miles of electric railway, and two rival companies are each planning systems almost as extensive. By the time this article goes to print cars will be running upon one of these systems. The lines now building tap some of the finest fruit and vineyard districts in the State of California. Within twenty miles of Stockton are over 20,000 acres of vineyard and nearly as many acres of orchard. The electric roads now being built will traverse this orchard and vineyard district and will also lead out to the south and east where thousands of acres have been planted to alfalfa. The farmers of this section, who for a number of years have enjoyed rural mail delivery and telephones, are now to have the advantage of rapid transit on an hourly schedule. To appreciate what this means one ought to see the country. The district around Stockton is a level prairie, watered by no less than five considerable streams which flow across the country from east to west. There is no place in the State where so great an abundance of water can be so easily applied to the land.

The small farmer in San Joaquin County has prospered. He has been cutting from six to ten tons of alfalfa to the acre in a season and getting from five to seven dollars a ton for it. He has sold the grapes in his vineyard for from \$150 to \$300 an acre as they hung on the vines. He has harvested big crops of fruit at big prices, and his bank account has grown. Fifteen years ago two-thirds of the area of San Joaquin County was in grain. Today less than one-third of the county is planted to grain and this is rapidly diminishing. The orchard, vineyard and dairy farm



WINTER ON THE SAN JOAQUIN



"MILES OF NAVIGABLE CHANNEL"

are taking the place of the grain field. Grain land at \$40 an acre is being turned into vineyard worth \$300, or more, an acre. There are 300,000 acres in the county that can be utilized for vines and fruit trees. The electric lines now building will hasten the cutting up of the big wheat farms and lead to rapid growth in population and increasing prosperity. In 1890 there were 1700 farms in San Joaquin County. In 1900 there were 1966 farms



"ALL THE STREETS ARE SHADED WITH ELMS"

of an average size of 382 acres each. A crop census has just been taken showing that the number of farms in the county is 2360, an increase of 20 per cent. in five years.

Some idea of the variety of crops grown in San Joaquin County may be gathered from the following statistics taken from a report of the State Board of Agriculture on November 1, 1905, the figures being acres: Apples, 127; apricots, 850; cherries, 344; figs, 71; lemons, 16; oranges, 83; nectarines, 16; olives, 482; peaches, 1988; pears, 274; plums and prunmes, 687; quinces, 28; almonds, 1501; walnuts, 45; table grapes, 11,397; wine grapes, 9902; berries, 373; alfalfa, 11,794; asparagus, 1822; beans, 13,176; water-melons, 760;; onions, 724; potatoes, 17,823.

The census returns for 1900 include 2744 counties in the United States



IRRIGATING A VINEYARD

where agriculture is practiced, and give a comparative statement of the rewards of farm labor. They show that San Joaquin is the banner barley county of the Union, ranking first in acreage, output and profit, yielding 3,467,520 bushels and returning an average profit of \$12.38 per acre.

San Joaquin also ranks first among the 2744 counties in the production of wheat, having produced 4,192,727 bushels—a yield of 17.4 bushels and a profit of \$9.57 per acre to the farmer.

San Joaquin also ranks first in potatoes, showing an average profit of \$62.05 per acre, or \$3.55 more than any other county in the United States.

San Joaquin is also the banner bean county of the United States, yielding an average of 35.5 bushels and a net profit of \$55.03 per acre, which is said to be double that of any other county in the United States.

Thirty years ago Missouri was the greatest grape producing State, but,



"ROSES, ROSES EVERYWHERE"

according to the census of 1900, San Joaquin County produced twice as much wine as Missouri, Illinois and Michigan combined.

San Joaquin is the banner asparagus county of the Union, also, and ranks high in all other vegetables.

This is a wonderful showing for a single county, but conservative people



"A RIOT OF DAHLIAS"

such as Professor Henry, Dean of the Wisconsin State Agricultural College; Professor Roberts, Dean of Cornell; Dr. Albert Shaw, Editor of the *American Review of Reviews*, and many other equally eminent authorities, have given it as their opinion that the county has by no means reached the limits of its possibilities.

And what of Stockton, the seat of government of this fertile county of San Joaquin! This is what William E. Curtis, the well-known writer on economic problems, has to say in a recent letter to the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*:

Stockton, the capital of San Joaquin County, is a rich, lively town of nearly 25,000 inhabitants, with a semi-tropical air. The business blocks and residences indicate wealth and prosperity, and the streets, parks and private grounds are filled with a profusion of shade trees, palms, bananas and flowering shrubs. There is a good deal of manufacturing here, with oil for fuel, and electric power, generated in the mountains forty-five miles away. The output of the factories last year was more than \$14,000,000. Two railroads run through the



"THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE ARE SUBSTANTIAL AND HANDSOMELY BUILT"

city—the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe—and numerous steamship lines, for Stockton is at the head of tide water navigation.

The city of Stockton is located seventy-five miles due east of San Francisco, and is the chief city of and gateway to the great San Joaquin Valley. During the past few years its industrial growth has been phenomenal and it has come to be one of the leading manufacturing cities of California. That it will hold its rank as a manufacturing city seems undoubted. It is a first-class terminal with water competition and has cheap fuel in natural gas and oil. The Western Pacific, now building across the continent, will give to Stockton a third trans-continental railway. The county now has more steam railroad mileage than any other county in the State, and within the county are two hundred and sixty-three miles of navigable channel.

Immediately to the west of the city of Stockton are the famous delta or island lands—a diked country similar to that of Holland. These lands are reclaimed from overflow by throwing up levees along the river channels. The soil is mixed peat and sediment, wonderfully rich in humus and other



"THE STREETS ARE BROAD AND WELL-PAVED"

chemical elements essential to plant growth. The crops yields upon these lands are enormous. The irrigation problem is the simplest and cheapest known. The water in the channels, being navigable, belongs to the government and can be taken without cost by the farmer. As the water is a few



LOOKING DOWN STOCKTON HARBOR



"UNDER THE SHADE OF THE PALMS"

inches higher than the surface of the reclaimed land, all that is necessary is to tap the levee and, by means of a valve in a flood gate, let the water flow in on the land as needed. The largest herd of registered dairy cattle in the world is located on this delta. The very best pasture grows green the



"MANY BEAUTIFUL CHURCH BUILDINGS"



"THE SHASTA DAISY GROWS TO PERFECTION"

year round. The largest asparagus farm in the world is here. The total area of this San Joaquin delta is 300,000 acres. More than half of this has been reclaimed and the reclamation of the remainder is proceeding rapidly.

There is a Chamber of Commerce in Stockton which prints a magazine known as the Gateway. This magazine publishes original articles written by practical farmers who have had years of experience in the subjects



PICNICKING NEAR STOCKTON



ONE OF SAN JOAQUIN'S HUNDRED STREAMS

treated. It contains a great fund of true and valuable information concerning the section with which it deals, and is mailed free to all who write for it enclosing four cents in stamps to cover postage. If anyone wishes to know more of this wonderful farming country surrounding Stockton, or of the city itself, he should write to the Chamber of Commerce for the Gateway Magazine.



A STOCKTON HOME IN DECEMBER



A HOLIDAY AT LONG BEACH

LONG BEACH

By *HARRIET HARDIN GAGE*

TWENTY years ago Long Beach was principally climate and sheep ranch. The sheep ranch has disappeared, but the climate is still there, and as yet no enterprising firm has secured an option on it; hence it is as free as air to any one who claims it. Ten years ago Long Beach was attractive only as a summer resort, and prominent as the home of the Chautauqua Association of Southern California, and the Methodist Camp Meeting. These two assemblies brought a large number of the very best people annually, and many of them are now permanent residents, working strenuously for the enlargement of its borders and the strengthening of its stakes.

Five years ago Long Beach began to realize its importance and future possibilities as a commercial center. Since its awakening its growth in population and business power has been phenomenal. Its very location is a prime cause for growth, and attractiveness to health-seekers. Situated on a bluff overlooking the grand Pacific, with Catalina Island in the distance, and to the westward the Palos Verdes hills, it is protected from the direct west winds, and the climate is exceedingly equable, owing to its extended southern exposure. If a brisk ocean breeze is desired, locate on the sand or on the bluff commanding a limitless view of the water with the sailing vessels and steamers of San Pedro harbor.

Four miles of level land lying between the beach and the already famous Signal Hill offers a splendid choice of acreage for homes, or small farms for the cultivation of fruits and vegetables. The fertility of this soil is almost fabulous, the profits from one acre running as high as twelve and fifteen hundred dollars in a single year. The water supply is abundant, but

Illustrated from photographs by Bacon.



LONG BEACH PARK



THE SUN PARLOR

less irrigation is required at this point than further inland. On low ground apples and alfalfa are grown without irrigation.

The public spirit and civic pride of Long Beach is remarkable. Realty values are high, but the substantial character of the city's improvements insure their permanency.

The new pier, built a year ago, is something of which every resident and every one interested in the development of the Pacific Coast may well be proud. Since its completion Long Beach has had numerous visits from war ships, both foreign and domestic. Frequently during the year Uncle Sam's war vessels, cruising in southern waters, anchor off our harbor on account of the splendid landing facilities, the resources of the city, and its proximity to Los Angeles. Foreign cruisers, including French and Italian, have re-



THE PLEASURE PIER, LONG BEACH

ceived royal welcome here. These vessels are open to the public during their visits to our coast, and large crowds from the inland towns are attracted to Long Beach upon the arrival of a fleet of war-ships.

The pier is a promenade eighteen hundred feet long. On the outer end is a commodious sun-parlor, where one is privileged to enjoy the sunshine and water and at the same time be sheltered from the direct ocean breeze. Here also every afternoon and evening delightful concerts are given.

The Long Beach bath house has for three years been one of the show places of the city. The building is an artistic structure, one of the finest on the Pacific Coast, being exceeded in size by only two, and in equipment by none. The same may be said of the public schools. They are up to date in every particular, and are attracting so many home-seekers that there is sometimes difficulty in furnishing accommodations on demand. Four new school



A LONG BEACH BUSINESS STREET

buildings have been erected in the past four years and all the old ones remodeled and enlarged. The Pine Avenue building, in the course of construction, will cost seventy-five thousand dollars.

Almost every secret and fraternal organization is represented in Long Beach, and many have well appointed lodge rooms. The Masonic order possesses a fine temple.

Sixteen religious denominations are established in Long Beach, and nearly all have fine church edifices. The churches are strong and prosperous, and several of them are sustaining missions. Another building of interest to the community is the new home, owned jointly by the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations. It has ample accommodations for the needs and class work of both organizations. Each of the two associations owns a club-house and grounds on the river west of town, which are used for social and athletic purposes.

The Ebell, a literary club for women, with a membership of over one hundred, is building an artistic club-house on the beach.



THE AUDITORIUM, LONG BEACH

A vigorous "No Saloon" policy expresses the moral sentiment of the people, and this has probably done more than any other one factor to stimulate the substantial growth of this seaside city. For five years Long Beach has been absolutely free from the saloon.

As a whole it would be difficult to find streets and drives that surpass those in and around Long Beach. The beach itself is a driveway of smooth white sand, firm as asphalt, ten miles in length, extending from West Long Beach to Alamitos Bay, in an unbroken line. Special attention has been given to the city streets. There are at present more than thirty blocks of paved streets, and as many more are in immediate prospect. And all other



A FAVORITE SPORT AT LONG BEACH

principal thoroughfares of the city are oiled, and many of the suburban roads also. Cement curbing and sidewalks are extensive, and the streets are well lighted.

Long Beach has six banks, two National, two State and two Savings Banks. Their total assets exceed three millions of dollars. A handsome addition to the fine buildings on Pine street is the new home of the National Bank of Long Beach and the Long Beach Savings Bank. When completed it will be the largest and the most valuable block in the city, costing approximately \$165,000.00.

The city is well supplied with good family hotels and apartment houses. The traveling public has long been clamoring for a tourist hotel in Long Beach. The efforts of progressive citizens have at last culminated in the mag-



A LONG BEACH RESIDENCE

nificent hostelry that will be built at an expenditure of \$350,000.00, on the bluff and sands west of the pier. The plans are the work of J. C. Austin, who designed the famous Hotel Potter of Santa Barbara. It will be one of the largest and the most finely equipped of any in California.

The car system of Long Beach is thoroughly good, and extensions are constantly being made. The regular fifteen minute service to Los Angeles is increased to seven and even four minutes on special days and holidays. Five cities are at present directly connected with Long Beach by trolley, and the local lines are numerous. Two transcontinental railways—the Southern Pacific and the “Salt Lake”—touch Long Beach.

An edifice to which Long Beach may point with pride is the recently completed Auditorium, which adjoins the pier at the water's edge, built for the



A LONG BEACH BUSINESS CORNER

use of the public at an outlay of forty thousand dollars. Twenty-two thousand incandescent lamps are used in lighting it. It is unquestionably the finest auditorium on the Pacific coast, and also the largest, having a seating capacity of six thousand. Even this may prove too small for the crowds who



HOTEL TO BE ERECTED AT LONG BEACH



PALM DRIVE, SIGNAL HILL



A RESIDENCE ON SIGNAL HILL



NEW NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, LONG BEACH

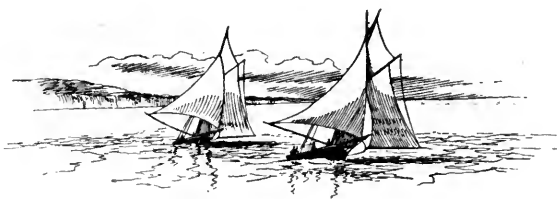
will attend the Chautauqua next July. The only Chautauqua in Southern California is located here, and our citizens take great pleasure and secure great profit in sustaining it.

The extension of the Pacific Electric to Signal Hill means much to Long Beach. A duplicate "Smiley Heights" is planned for this hill of ancient fame. From the summit of Signal Hill, four hundred feet above the sea, twenty-seven cities and towns are visible.

The elevation of this hill is favorable to the cultivation of flowers and small fruits. Several large floral gardens and bulb-ranches are located here. Freesias are grown by the acre.

Long Beach has "all the modern improvements"—a large electric light plant, three gas companies, two telephone systems, three daily papers and two weekly papers.

We have said but little of the beauty of Long Beach—its charming homes, its lawns and flowers and drive-ways, its magnificent views of mountain, sea and sky, its attractions and diversions for tourists—but we have them all. The foregoing story of achievements verifies the claim of Long Beach to the title, "The City That Does Things."



SAN JACINTO

By FRANCIS MINER MOODY

TO THE homeseeker and the tourist alike Mount San Jacinto and the city that bears its name are of great interest. The mountain surpasses all its brother giants on earth in the vast bulk that rises for ten thousand feet above the surrounding country. Other mountains have greater altitude, but none so great an uplift. Nowhere else can one find so lofty a spectacle as may be seen from the adjoining valleys for many miles. Of all possible viewpoints for a near vision of its manifold wonders, the city of San Jacinto is the best. Look at him! Cloud crowned and glorious, his hoary head gleaming in the sun of the winter morning, and his cool soft breath stirring the pulses, he offers for one's quickening an ozone more invigorating than an electric shock.

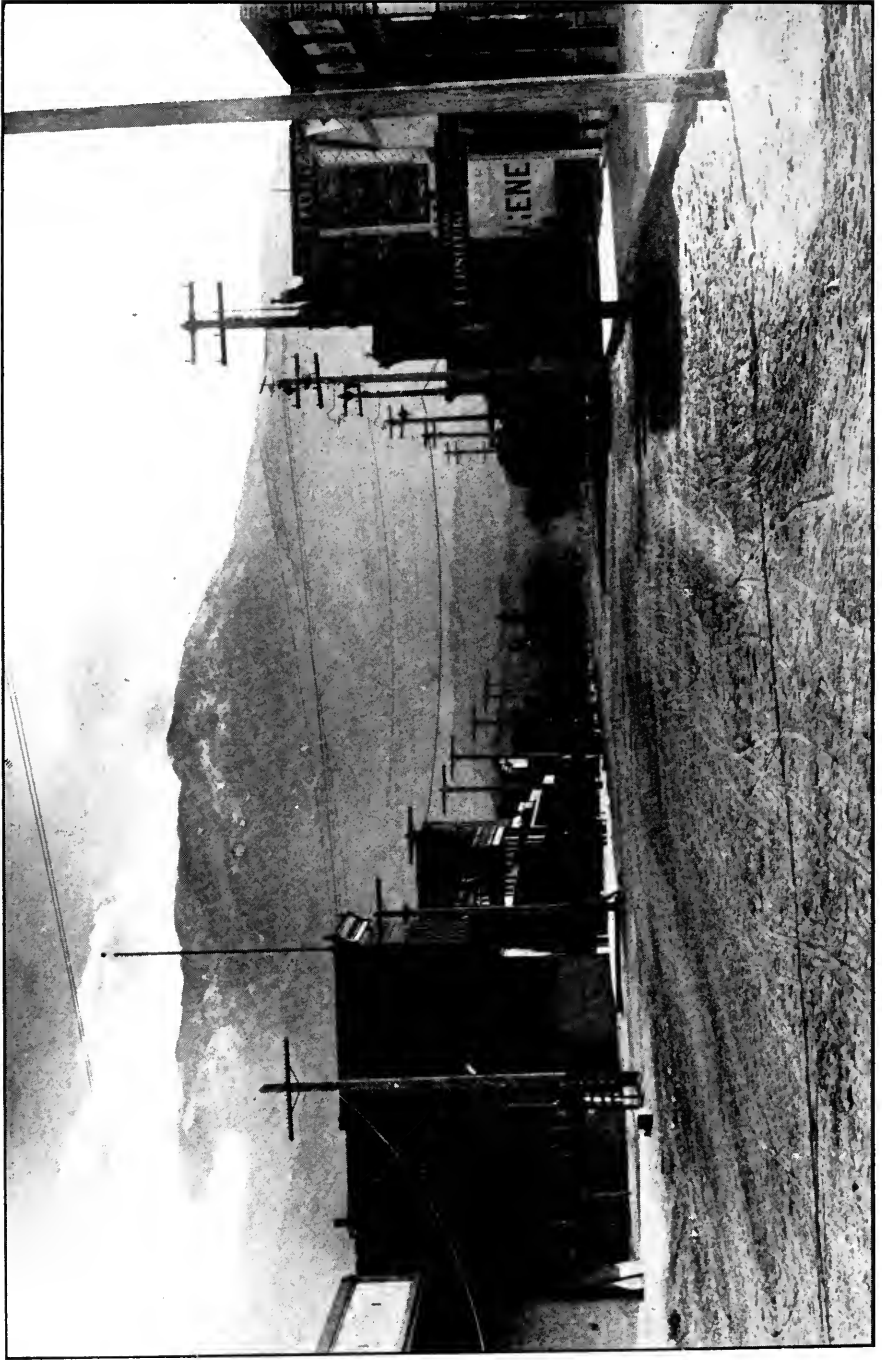
Separated from the ocean by a span of fifty miles, and mountain-girt on every hand, this singularly favored city is seldom visited by either fogs or "Northers." So the clear, bright days, for which our sunny southland is justly famous, are more numerous and more enjoyed. Such days bring the summer fruit to its highest perfection, and give well ripened maturity to the mid-winter vegetables. Every variety of deciduous fruit thrives abundantly in this garden spot. Peaches, pears and grapes are particularly fine in quality. The children live out in the sunshine, eat the fruit and grow strong. No wonder death finds scant harvesting in such a pestless paradise.

For the health seeker there are added attractions. From the nearby hill-sides flow an unusual number and variety of mineral waters. For example, the Soboba Lithia and Sulphur Springs provide direct from Nature's store-house healing waters, some hot and some cold. A comfortable bath house, with wide verandas, stands hard-by the hill. Five miles northwest of San Jacinto, are the Relief Hot Mud Springs. The hot sulphur water and hot mud baths of these Springs have effected the cure of many forms of rheumatism and of other blood diseases.

A mile in the air above sea level and fifteen miles by road from the city is the Idyllwild Mountain Hotel Resort, with its healthful burden of clustered pine trees and wealth of balsam shade, a fine, dry air for tired lungs, and rest



DAIRY HERD NEAR SAN JACINTO



MAIN STREET, SAN JACINTO PEAK IN BACKGROUND



A SAN JACINTO SCHOOL

for weary nerves. Ranging along the mountain stream of Strawberry Valley and through its forests, many a tourist has found more abundant life.

Great as these allurements are to the wise-hearted tourist and transient resident, the inducements to the permanent homeseeker are even greater. Water and good soil are the two equally important factors in determining the value of a home in Southern California. San Jacinto is the fortunate possessor of both of these in abundance. An artesian water belt of five thousand acres lies under and around the city. The deep rich soil of this part of the San Jacinto Valley needs only the judicious use of this water supply in order to secure results that will challenge comparison with the best lands. To purchase some of the thousand acres of this artesian land that are on the market, is to lay the foundation of a good success. To illustrate, let us consider some of the results accomplished, as officially stated by the Chamber of Commerce:

On the Copeland Bros.' dairy ranch is a two-inch well, which spouts forth a steady stream of water to a height of seventeen inches above the pipe. This one small well furnishes enough water to irrigate ten acres of alfalfa from which an average of not less than eight tons of cured hay per acre is secured per annum. At the low price of \$7.50 per ton, here is a yield of \$60.00 per acre or \$600.00 for the ten acres. Consider this hay fed to high grade dairy cows whose butter averages from 20 cents to 30 cents per pound the year around, and you can see for yourself whether dairying in San Jacinto's artesian belt is profitable or not. Do you wonder that San Jacinto's monthly butter output is very close to 30,000 pounds? What can a man not do in a place where eight tons of alfalfa, twenty tons of tomatoes, ten to fifteen tons of pears, or as many peaches, can be raised from a single acre in



STREET SCENE, SAN JACINTO

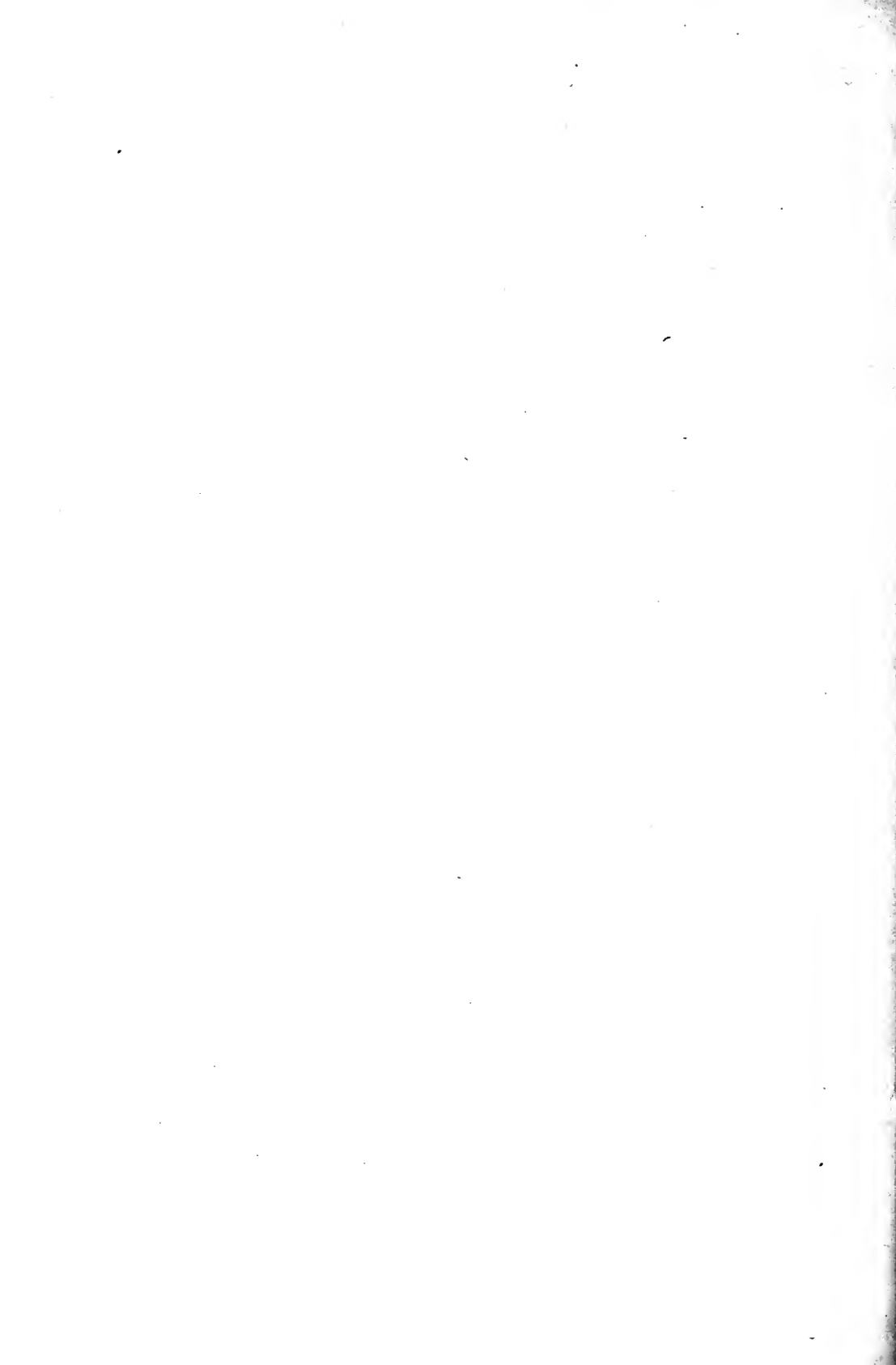
a single year? Who would not like to live in a place where cauliflower, asparagus and other vegetables are at their best in December, January, and February and where strawberries may be raised nearly the entire year around?

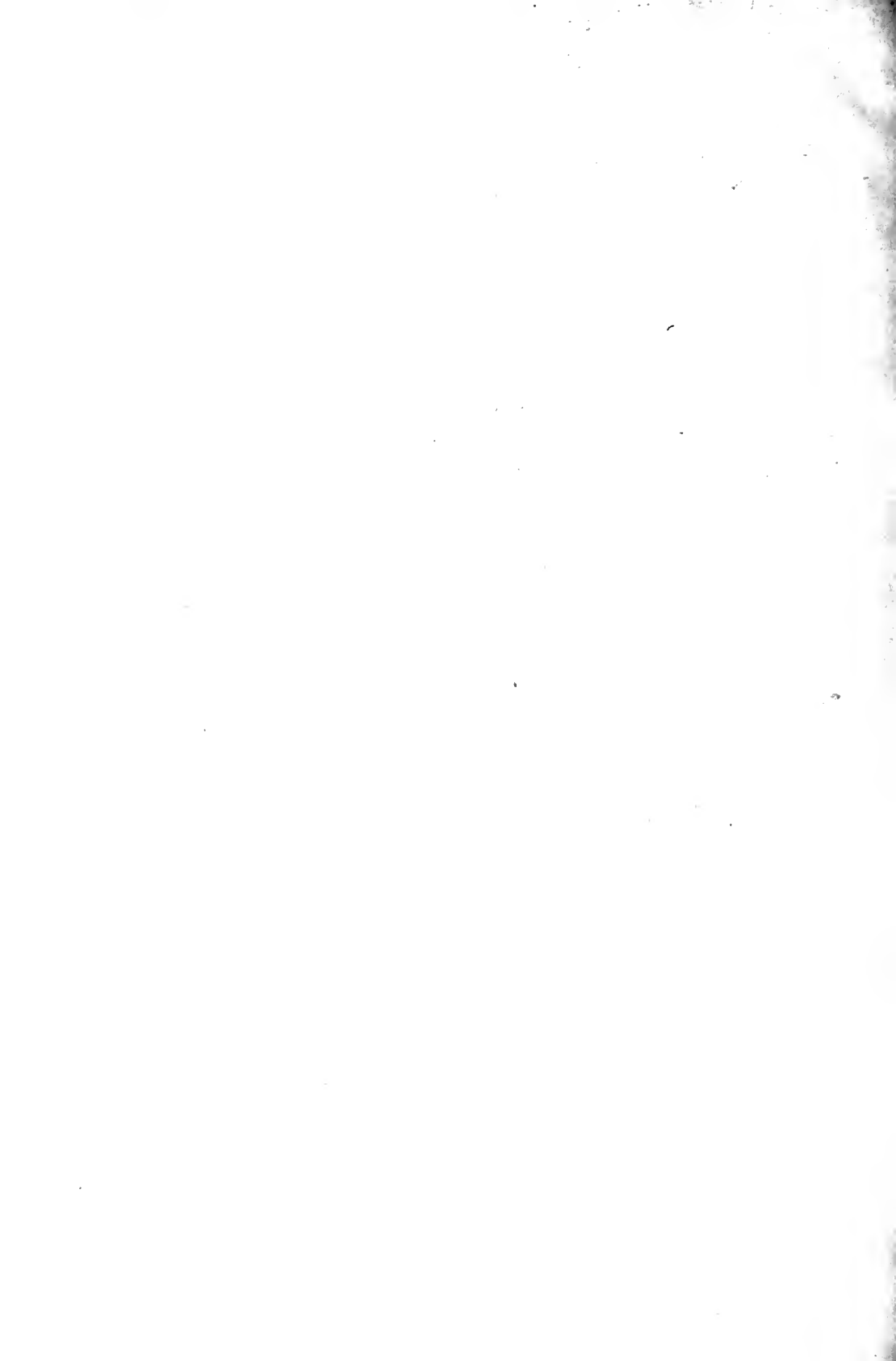
In this connection we must not forget to mention the quarter-acre strawberry patch that yielded one-hundred and forty-two dollars worth of berries in six months.

Outside this artesian belt and only two miles from the city, lie three thousand acres of good mesa land. For the irrigation of this tract the San Jacinto Water Company has completed a system of cement ditches and pipes through which an abundant supply of water will be furnished to the ranchers who take up the property. A few miles off to the northwest of the city are Snyder's lime kilns, furnishing a high grade of lime to the trade.

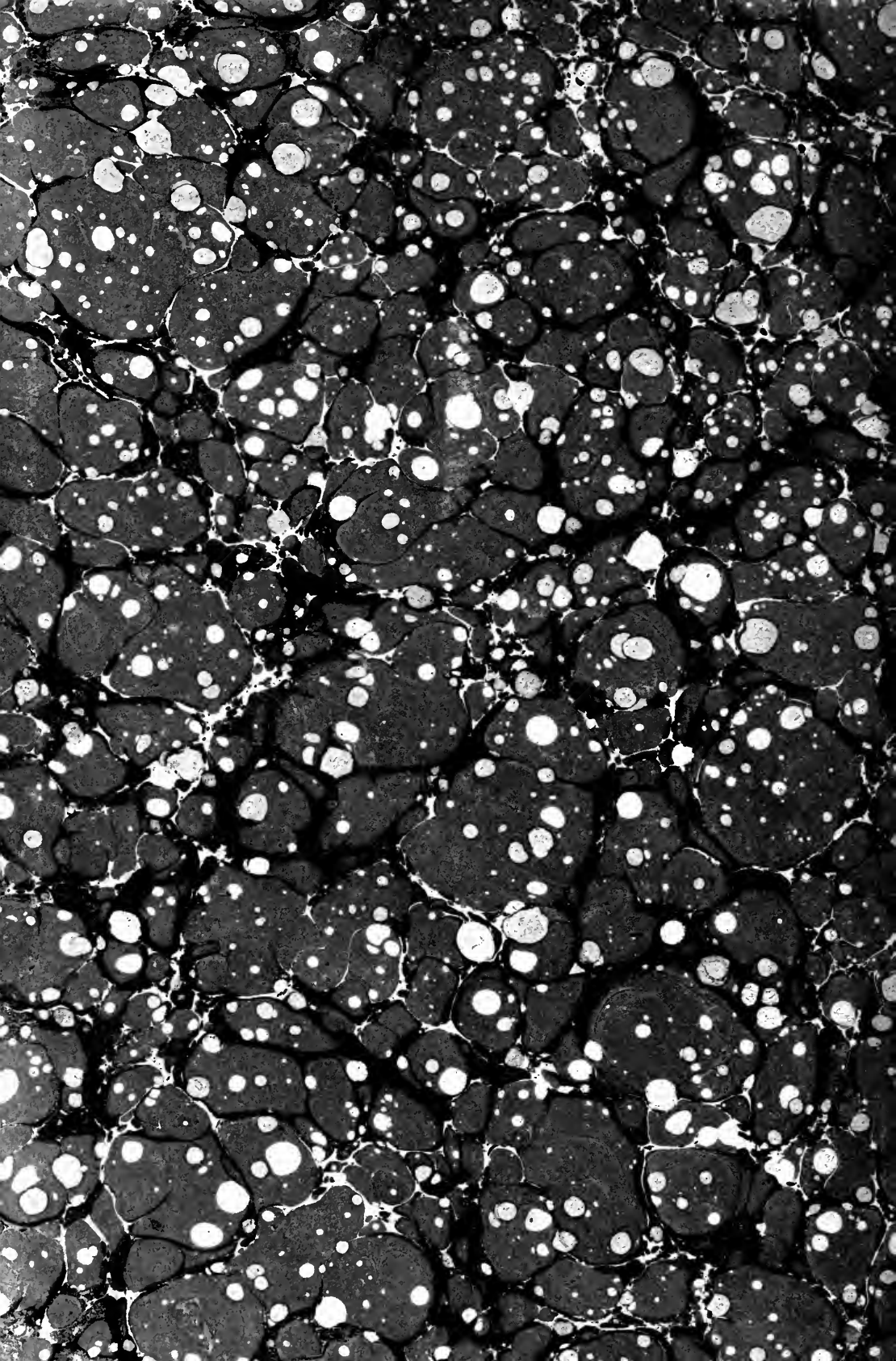
We have shown you the setting of our jewel, San Jacinto; now about the gem city of the valley. It is regularly incorporated as a city of the fifth class. Several churches open their doors for worship to the many people. Educational interests are provided for by a grammar school and a high school. The prosperity of the numerous business houses is certified by the presence of a thrifty and well managed National Bank. Of the two creameries that care for the dairy products brought in from the surrounding country, one is connected with an ice-plant and uses the Pasteurizing process. The two lumber yards are entirely supplied by native timber. Two planing mills and a box factory, two hotels and a newspaper, a city pumping plant and water-pipe system, and electric lights for the town reveal the progressive spirit of the citizens. The Sunset Telephone Company has been long in this field, and the Home Company has just completed an exchange including over two hundred telephones, with long distance connections. Already the terminus of an important branch of the Santa Fé railroad, San Jacinto expects a speedy connection with Redlands by trolley, for which a survey is now being made.











The image shows a close-up of a book cover with a traditional marbled paper pattern. The pattern consists of dark, irregular shapes, possibly representing leaves or cells, with numerous small, bright white spots scattered throughout. A white, trapezoidal label is affixed to the cover, tilted at an angle. The label contains two lines of handwritten text in black ink. The top line reads "Out West" and the bottom line reads "v 2-3".

Out West

v 2-3

